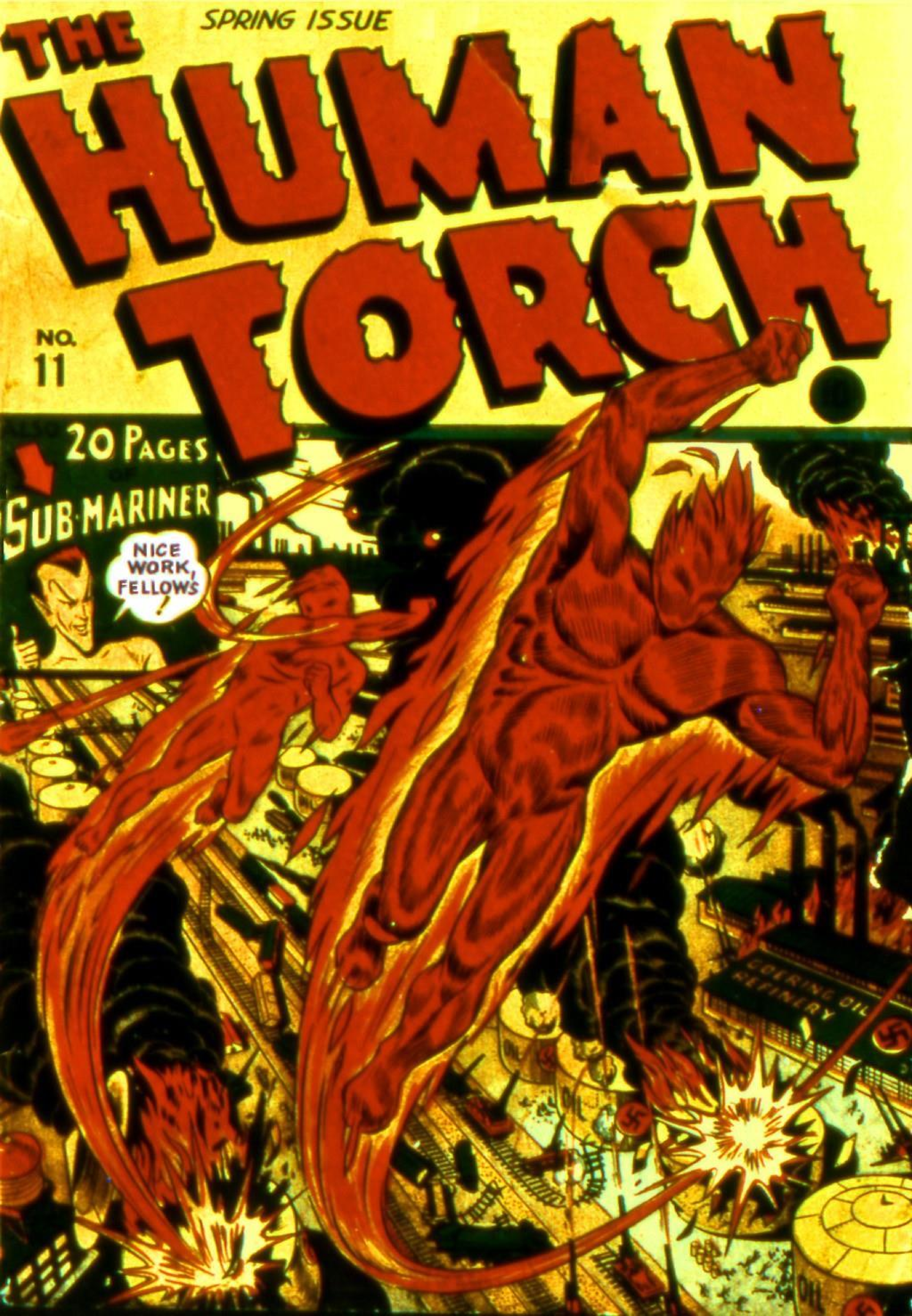
SPRING ISSUE

THE HUMAN TORCH!

NO. 11

ALSO 20 PAGES OF SUB-MARINER



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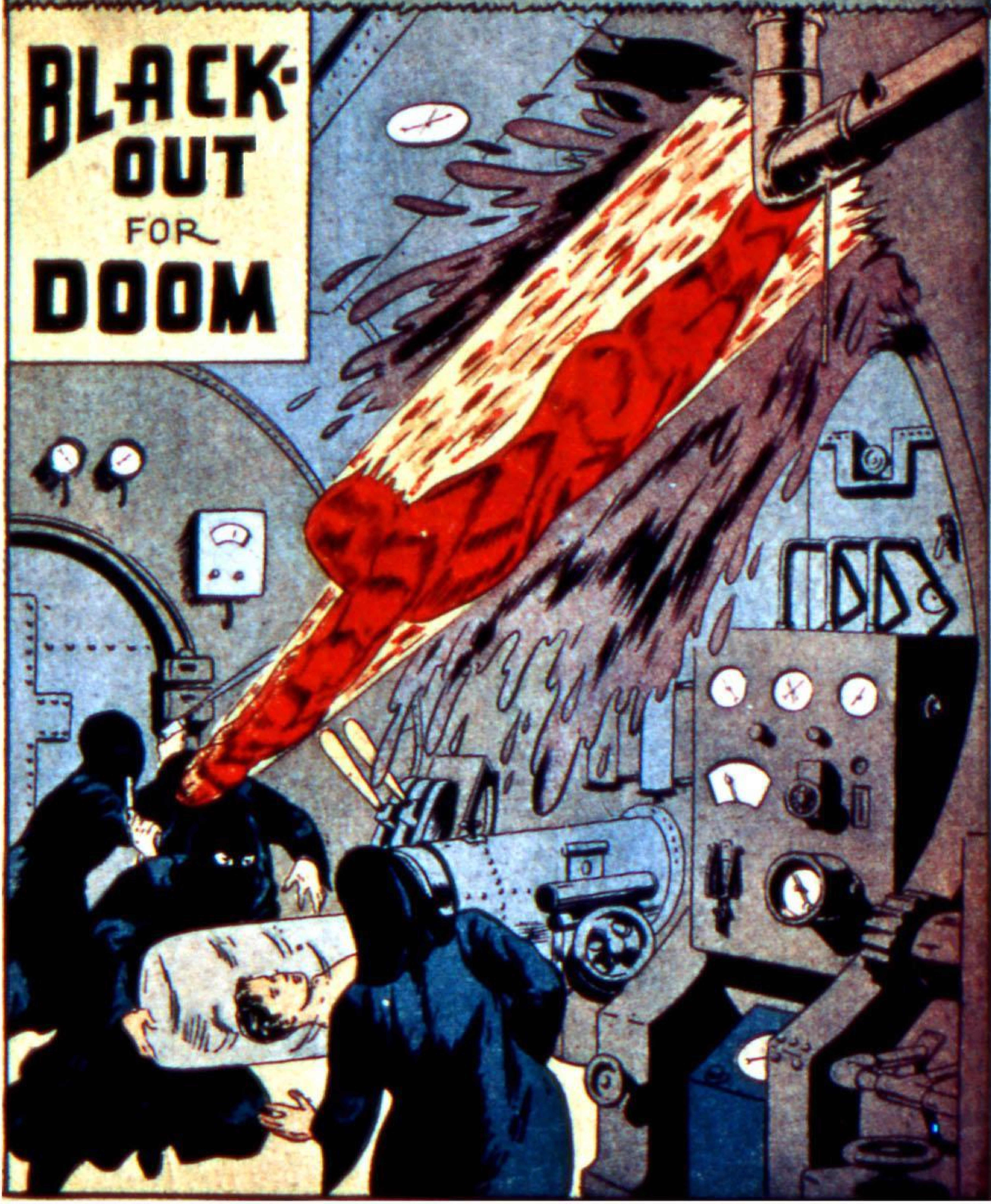
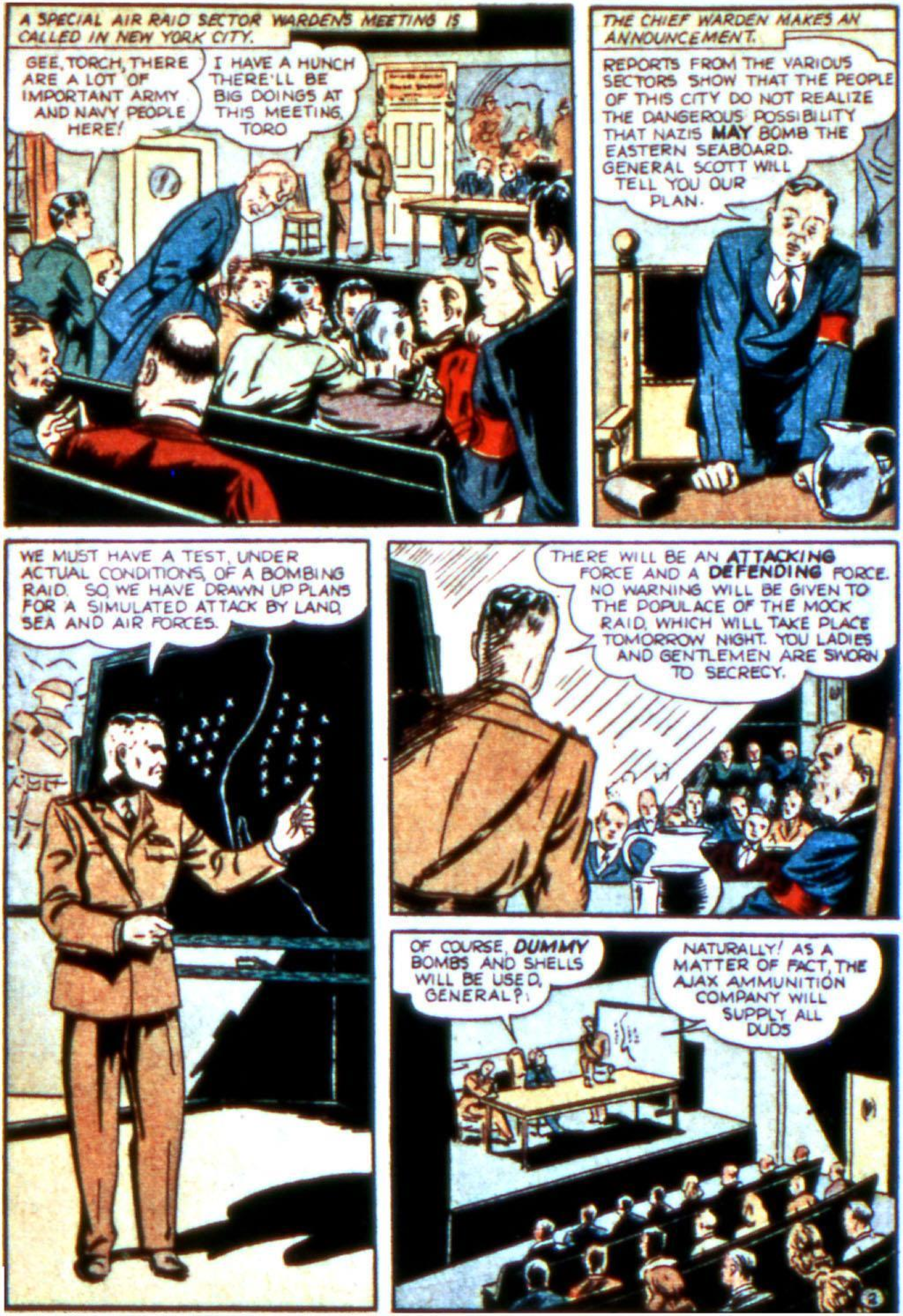
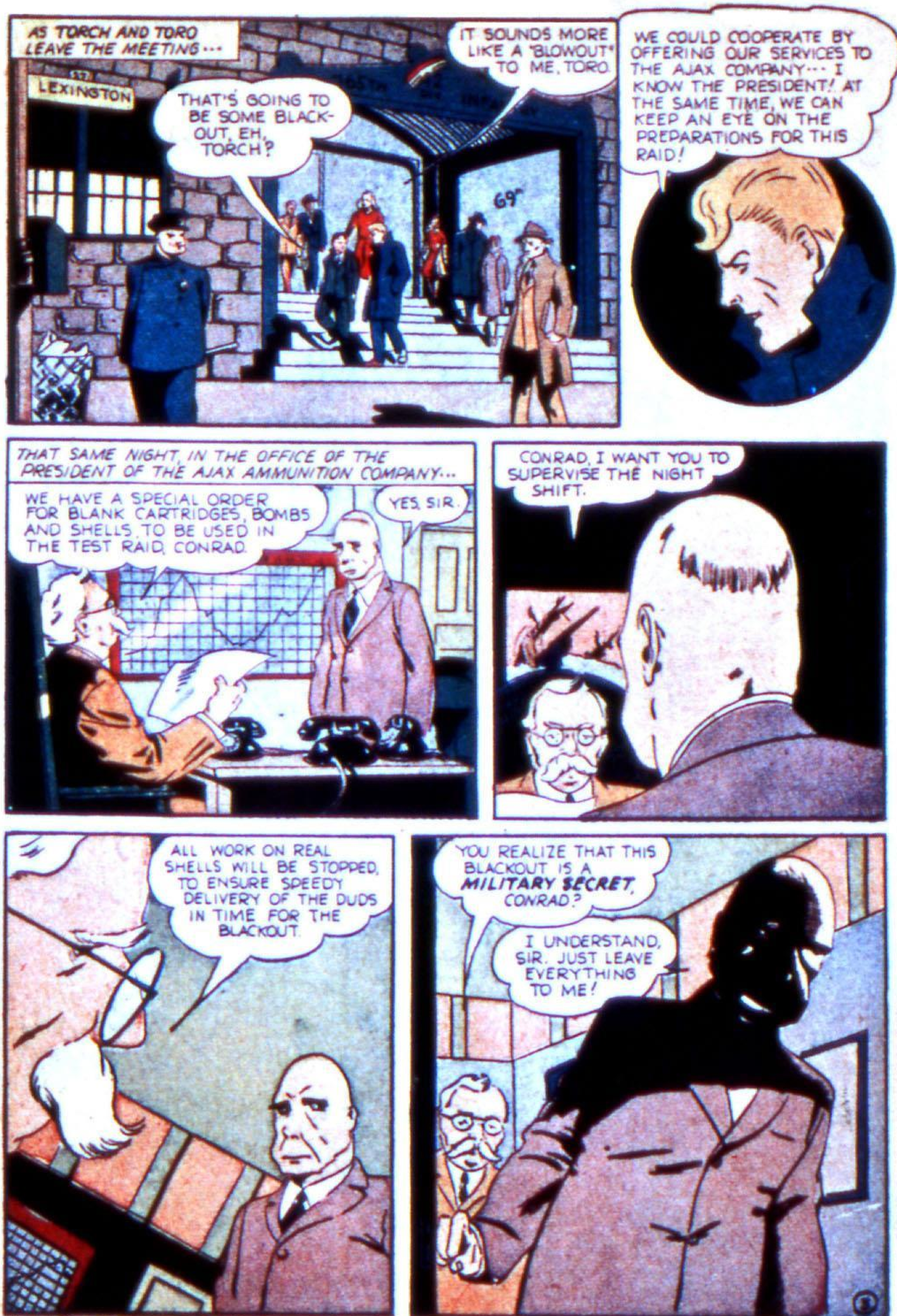
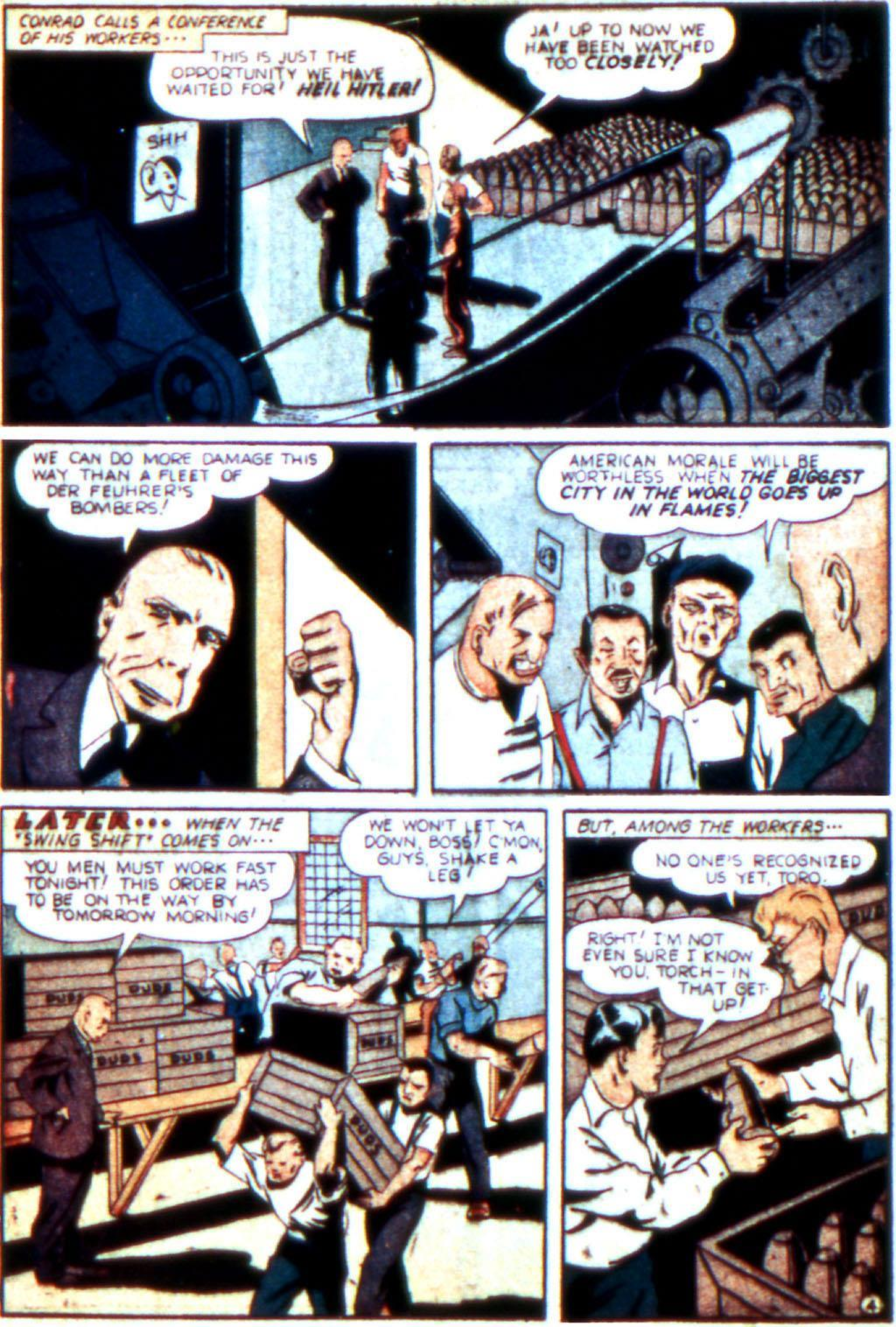
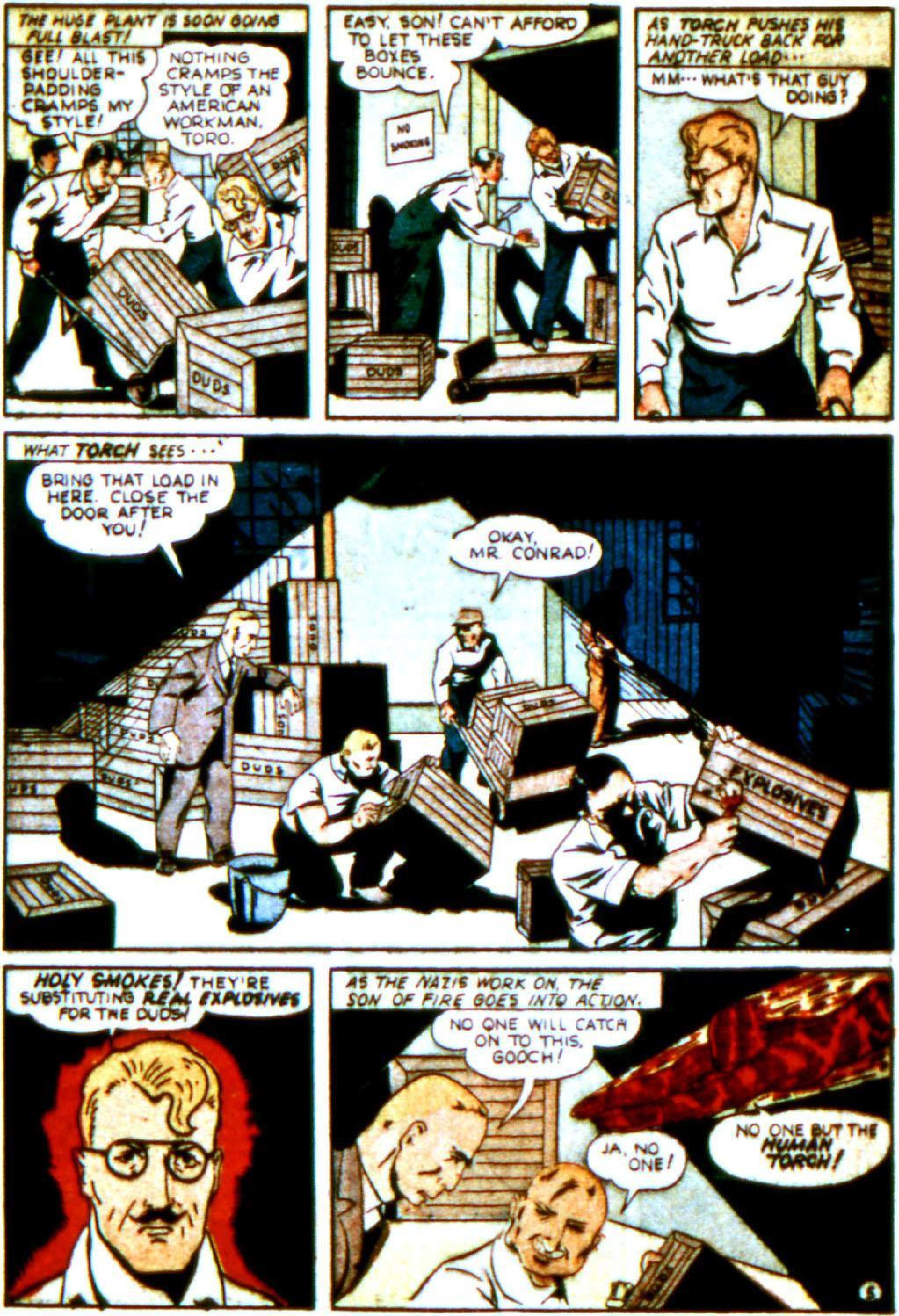
HUMAN TORCH

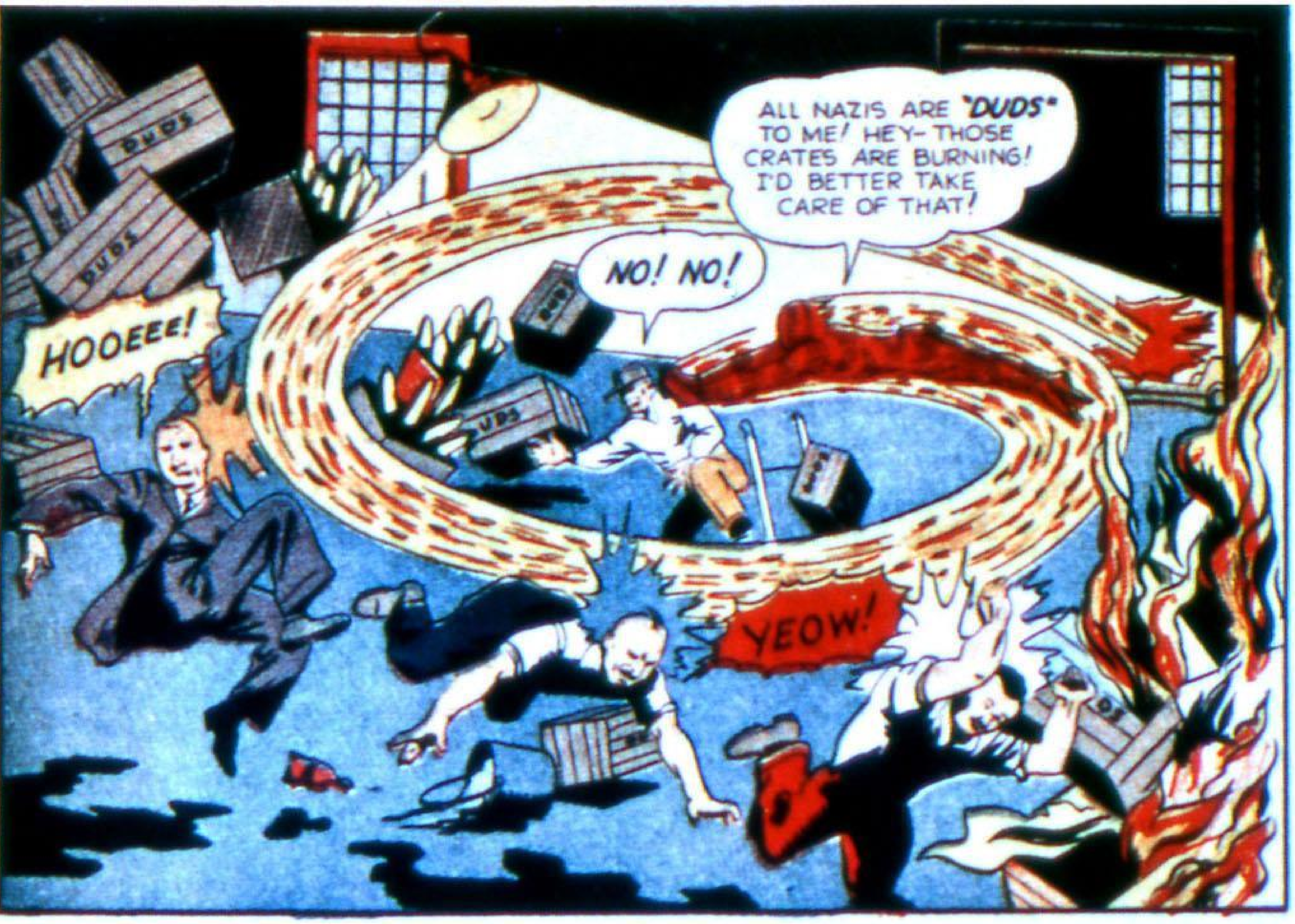

BLACK-OUT FOR DOOM

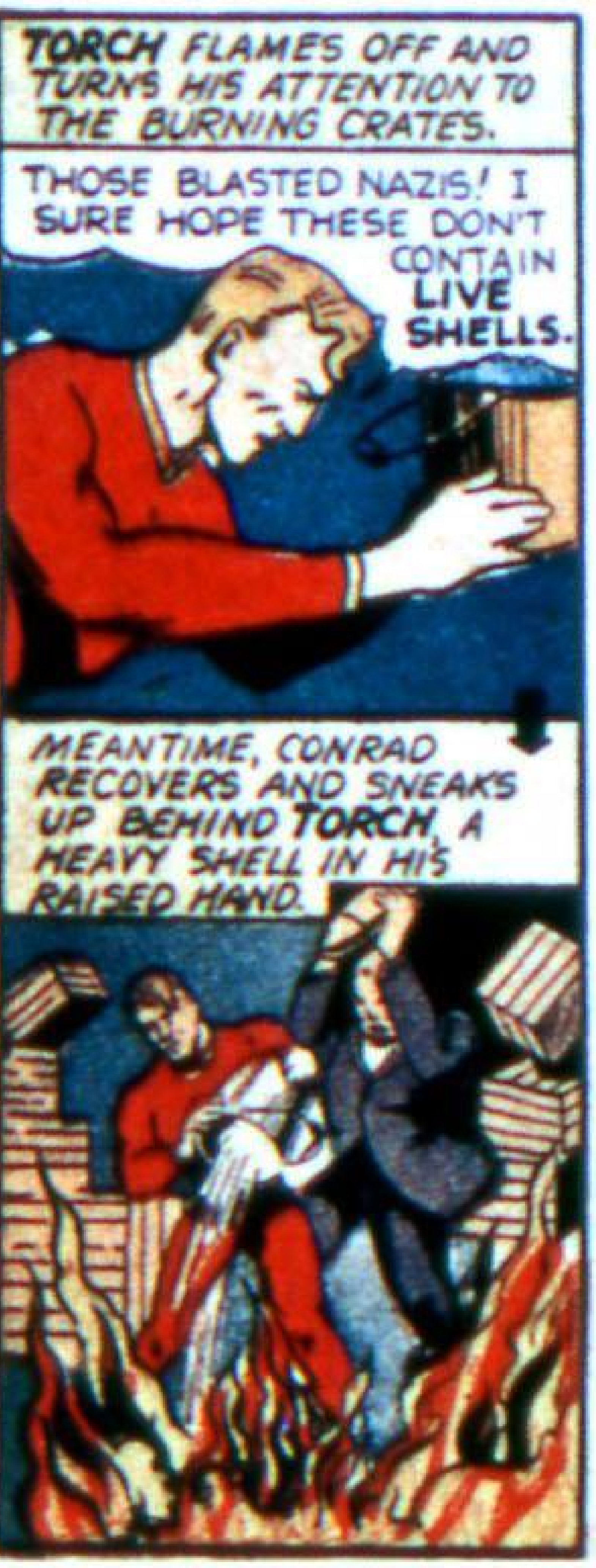

A SPECIAL AIR RAID SECTOR WARDEN'S MEETING IS CALLED IN NEW YORK CITY.
GEE, TORCH, THERE ARE A LOT OF IMPORTANT ARMY AND NAVY PEOPLE HERE!
I HAVE A HUNCH THERE'LL BE BIG DOINGS AT THIS MEETING, TORO
THE CHIEF WARDEN MAKES AN ANNOUNCEMENT.
REPORTS FROM THE VARIOUS SECTORS SHOW THAT THE PEOPLE OF THIS CITY DO NOT REALIZE THE DANGEROUS POSSIBILITY THAT NAZIS **MAY** BOMB THE EASTERN SEABOARD. GENERAL SCOTT WILL TELL YOU OUR PLAN.
WE MUST HAVE A TEST, UNDER ACTUAL CONDITIONS, OF A BOMBING RAID. SO, WE HAVE DRAWN UP PLANS FOR A SIMULATED ATTACK BY LAND, SEA AND AIR FORCES.
THERE WILL BE AN **ATTACKING** FORCE AND A **DEFENDING** FORCE. NO WARNING WILL BE GIVEN TO THE POPULACE OF THE MOCK RAID, WHICH WILL TAKE PLACE TOMORROW NIGHT. YOU LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ARE SWORN TO SECRECY.
OF COURSE, ***DUMMY*** BOMBS AND SHELLS WILL BE USED, GENERAL?
NATURALLY! AS A MATTER OF FACT, THE AJAX AMMUNITION COMPANY WILL SUPPLY ALL DUDS

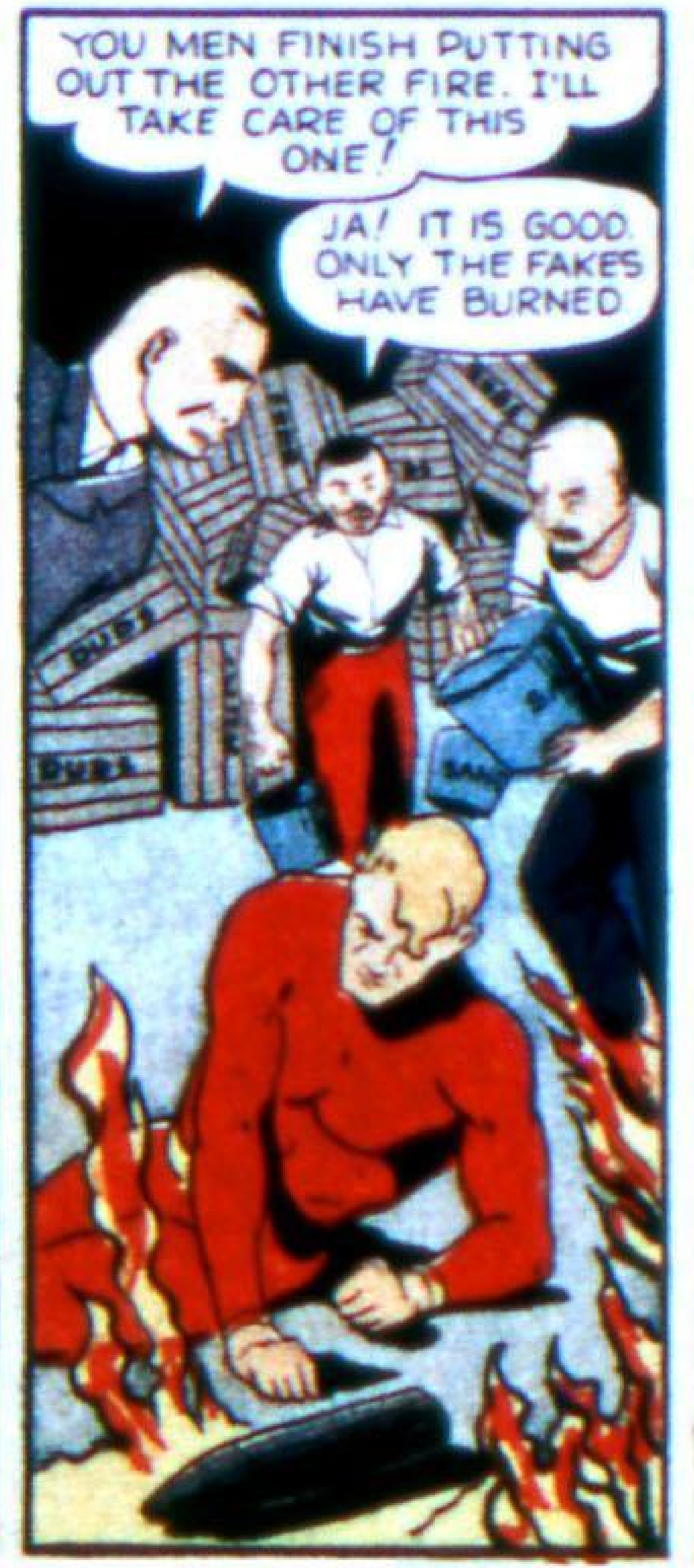

AS TORCH AND TORO LEAVE THE MEETING...
57
LEXINGTON
69th
THAT'S GOING TO BE SOME BLACK-OUT, EH, TORCH?
IT SOUNDS MORE LIKE A "BLOWOUT" TO ME, TORO.
WE COULD COOPERATE BY OFFERING OUR SERVICES TO THE AJAX COMPANY... I KNOW THE PRESIDENT! AT THE SAME TIME, WE CAN KEEP AN EYE ON THE PREPARATIONS FOR THIS RAID!
THAT SAME NIGHT, IN THE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE AJAX AMMUNITION COMPANY...
WE HAVE A SPECIAL ORDER FOR BLANK CARTRIDGES, BOMBS AND SHELLS TO BE USED IN THE TEST RAID, CONRAD.
YES, SIR.
CONRAD, I WANT YOU TO SUPERVISE THE NIGHT SHIFT.
ALL WORK ON REAL SHELLS WILL BE STOPPED, TO ENSURE SPEEDY DELIVERY OF THE DUDS IN TIME FOR THE BLACKOUT.
YOU REALIZE THAT THIS BLACKOUT IS A MILITARY SECRET, CONRAD?
I UNDERSTAND, SIR. JUST LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME!

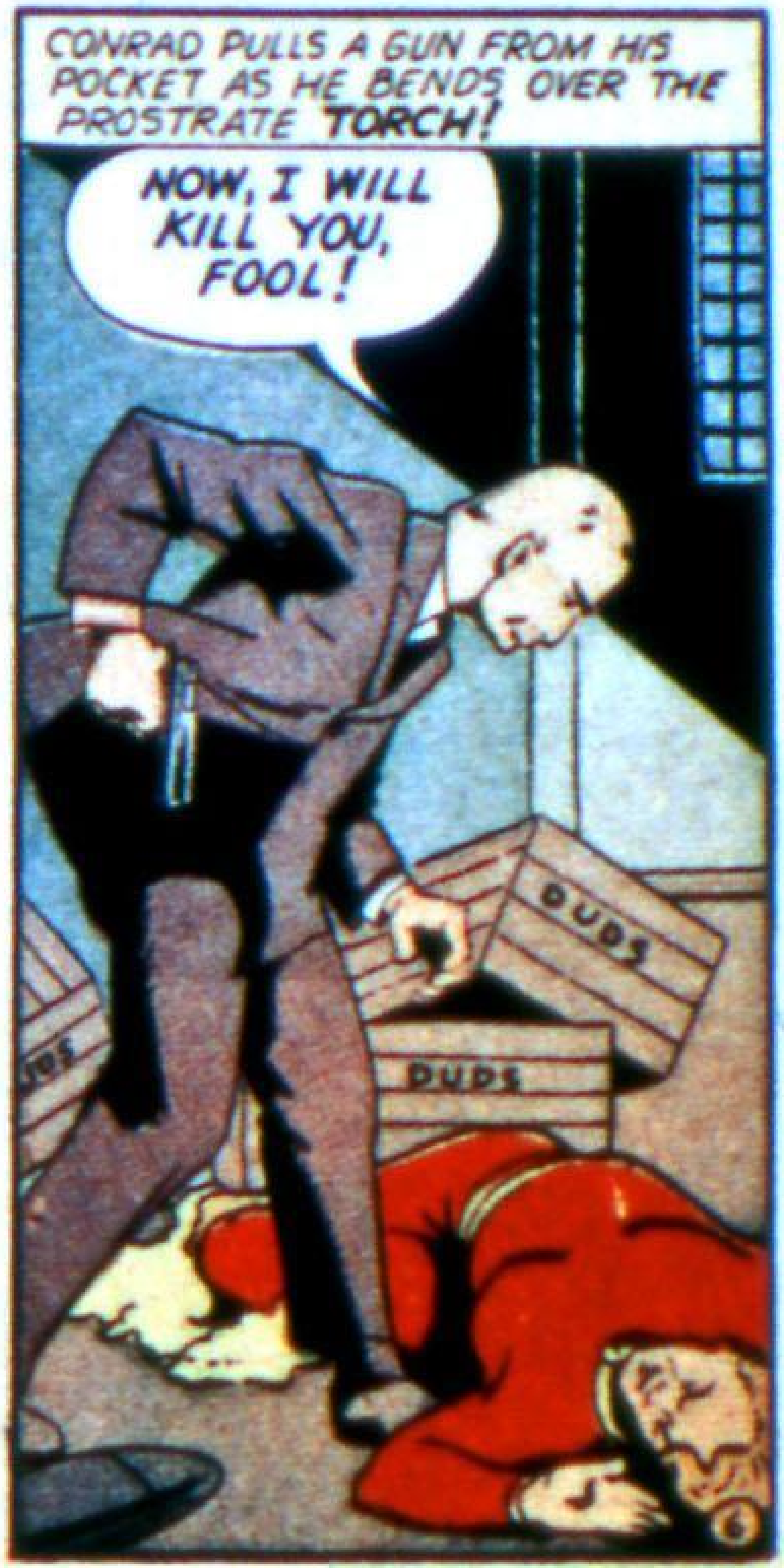

CONRAD CALLS A CONFERENCE OF HIS WORKERS...
THIS IS JUST THE OPPORTUNITY WE HAVE WAITED FOR! HEIL HITLER!
JA! UP TO NOW WE HAVE BEEN WATCHED TOO CLOSELY!
SHH
WE CAN DO MORE DAMAGE THIS WAY THAN A FLEET OF DER FEUHRER'S BOMBERS!
AMERICAN MORALE WILL BE WORTHLESS WHEN THE BIGGEST CITY IN THE WORLD GOES UP IN FLAMES!
LATER... WHEN THE 'SWING SHIFT' COMES ON...
YOU MEN MUST WORK FAST TONIGHT! THIS ORDER HAS TO BE ON THE WAY BY TOMORROW MORNING!
WE WON'T LET YA DOWN, BOSS! C'MON, GUYS, SHAKE A LEG!
DUDS
BUT, AMONG THE WORKERS...
NO ONE'S RECOGNIZED US YET, TORO.
RIGHT! I'M NOT EVEN SURE I KNOW YOU, TORCH—IN THAT GET-UP!

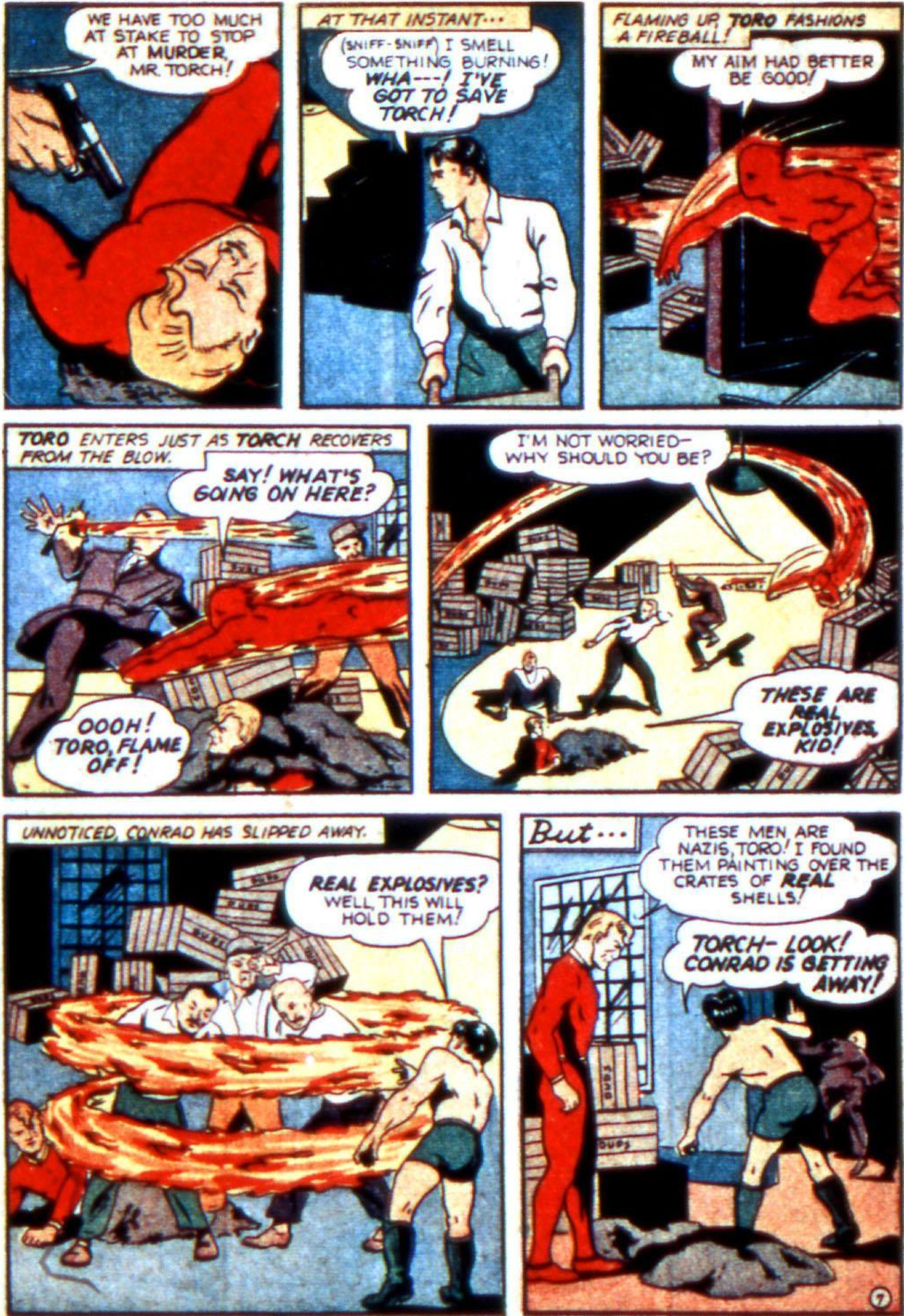

THE HUGE PLANT IS SOON GOING FULL BLAST!
GEE! ALL THIS SHOULDER-PADDING CRAMPS MY STYLE!
NOTHING CRAMPS THE STYLE OF AN AMERICAN WORKMAN, TORO.
DUDS
DUDS
DUDS
EASY, SON! CAN'T AFFORD TO LET THESE BOXES BOUNCE.
NO SMOKING
DUDS
DUDS
DUDS
AS TORCH PUSHES HIS HAND-TRUCK BACK FOR ANOTHER LOAD...
MM... WHAT'S THAT GUY DOING?
WHAT TORCH SEES...
BRING THAT LOAD IN HERE. CLOSE THE DOOR AFTER YOU!
OKAY, MR. CONRAD!
DUDS
DUDS
EXPLOSIVES
HOLY SMOKES! THEY'RE SUBSTITUTING REAL EXPLOSIVES FOR THE DUDS!
AS THE NAZIS WORK ON, THE SON OF FIRE GOES INTO ACTION.
NO ONE WILL CATCH ON TO THIS, GOOCH!
JA, NO ONE!
NO ONE BUT THE HUMAN TORCH!

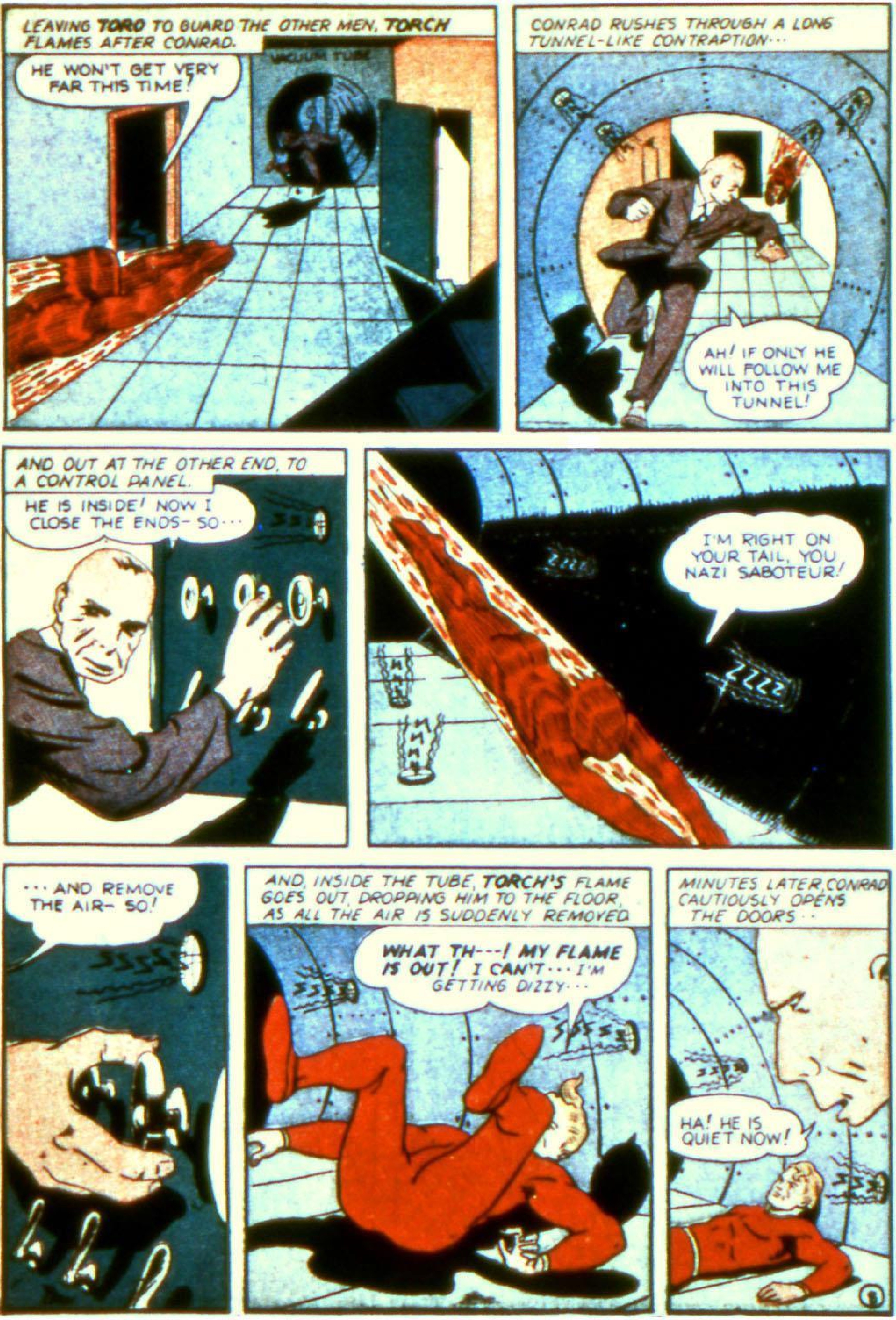

HOOEEE!
NO! NO!
ALL NAZIS ARE "DUDS" TO ME! HEY- THOSE CRATES ARE BURNING! I'D BETTER TAKE CARE OF THAT!
YEOW!
DUDS

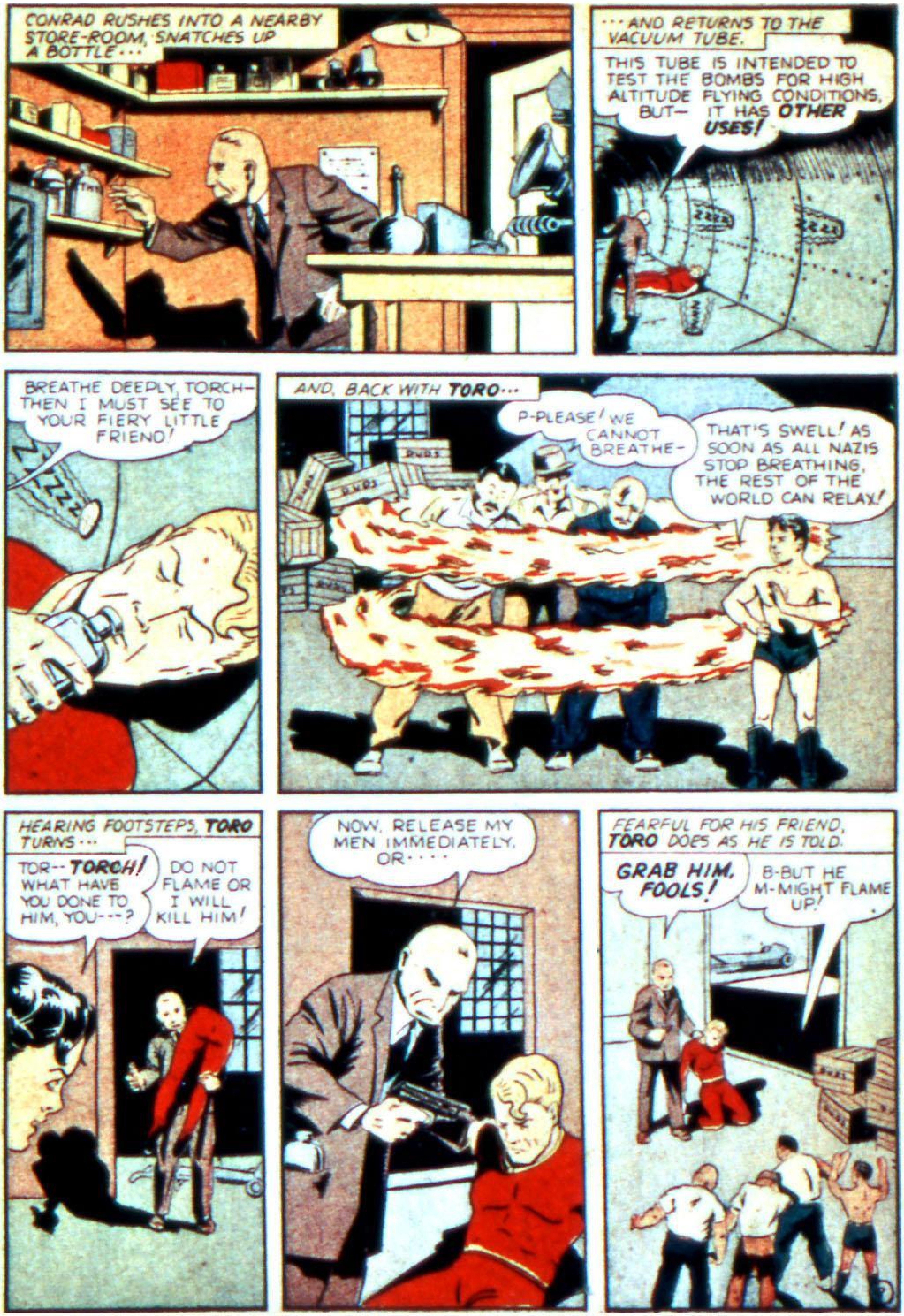

TORCH FLAMES OFF AND TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO THE BURNING CRATES.
THOSE BLASTED NAZIS! I SURE HOPE THESE DON'T CONTAIN LIVE SHELLS.
MEANTIME, CONRAD RECOVERS AND SNEAKS UP BEHIND TORCH, A HEAVY SHELL IN HIS RAISED HAND.

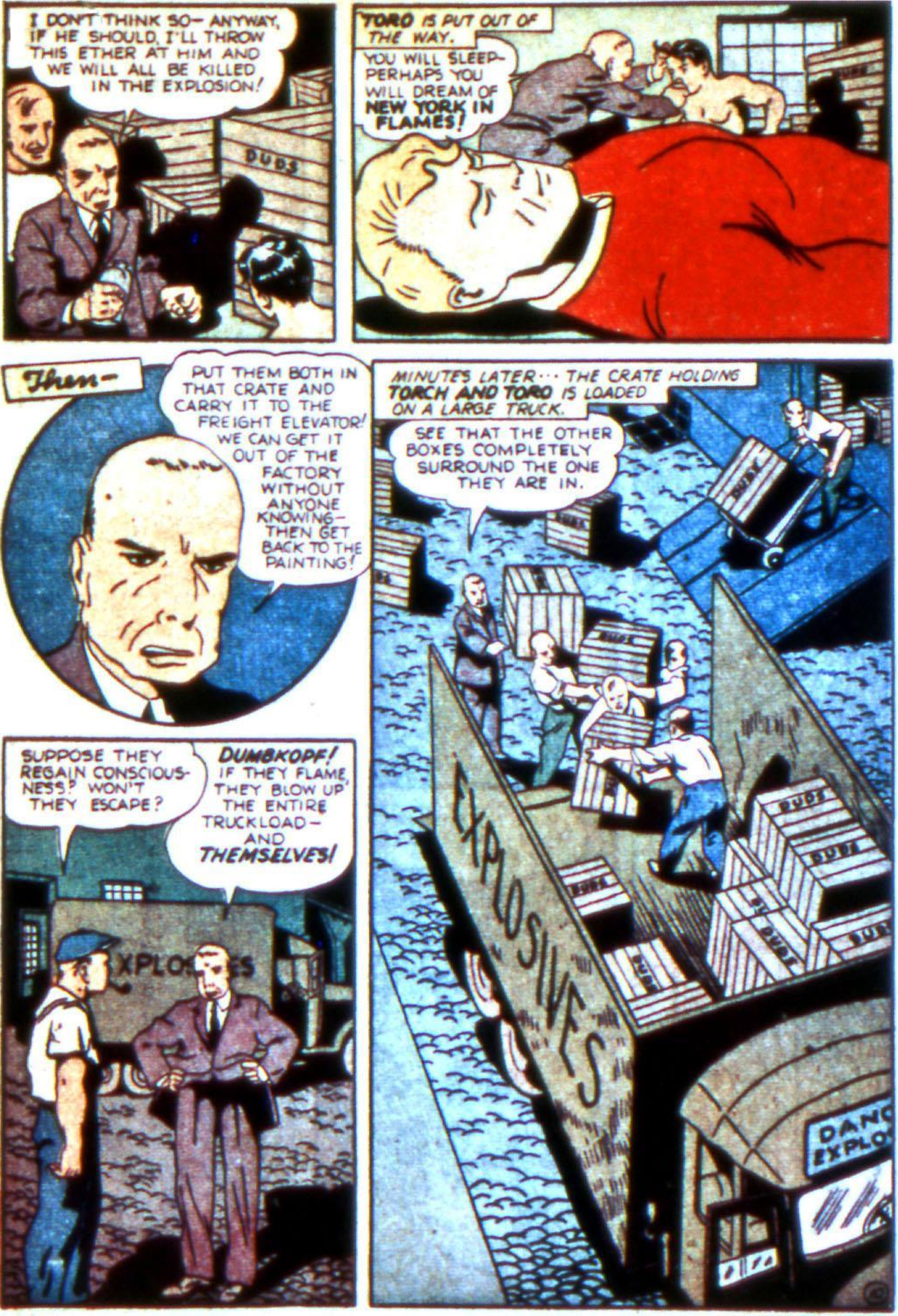

YOU MEN FINISH PUTTING OUT THE OTHER FIRE. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS ONE!
JA! IT IS GOOD. ONLY THE FAKES HAVE BURNED
DUDS

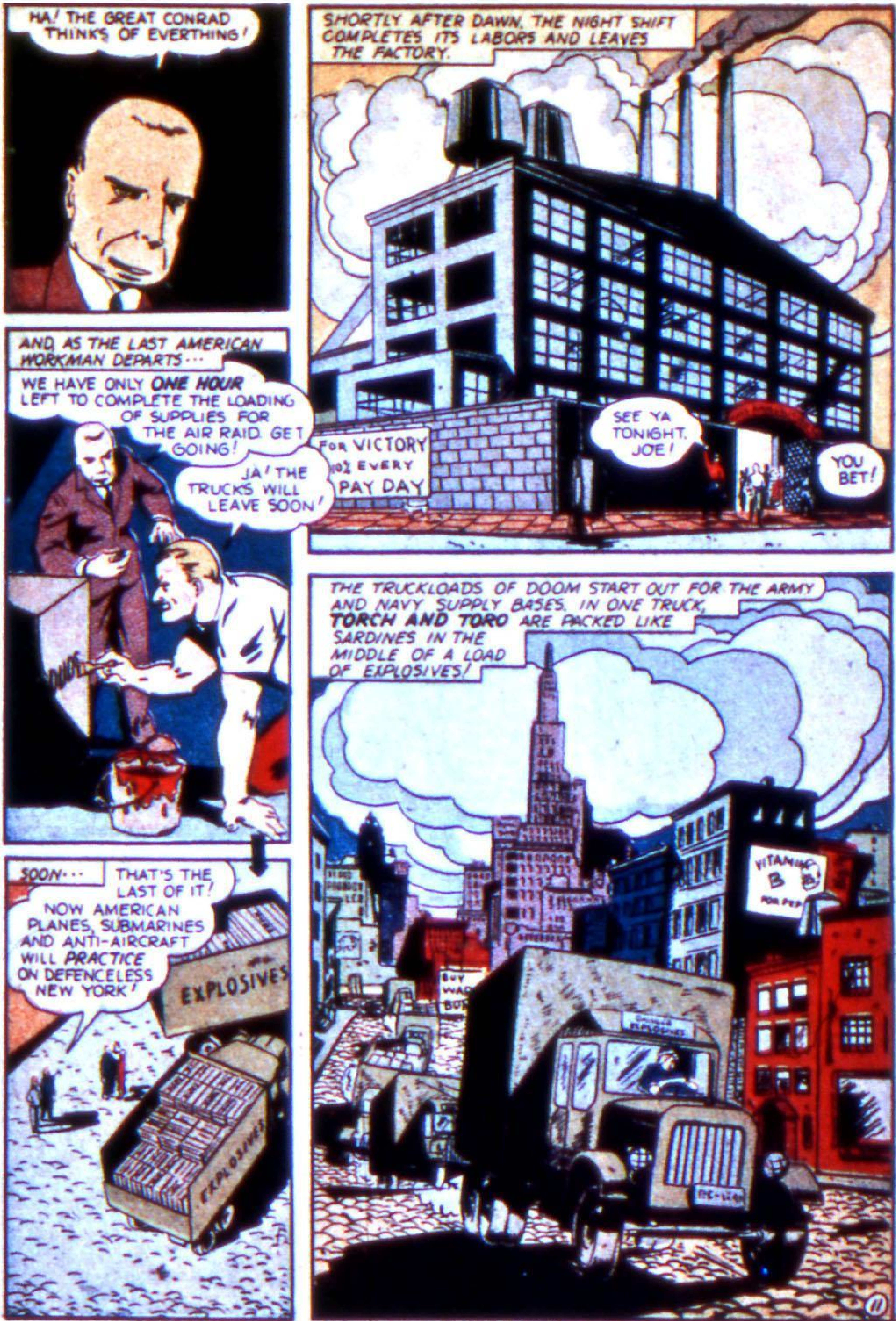

CONRAD PULLS A GUN FROM HIS POCKET AS HE BENDS OVER THE PROSTRATE TORCH!
NOW, I WILL KILL YOU, FOOL!
DUDS

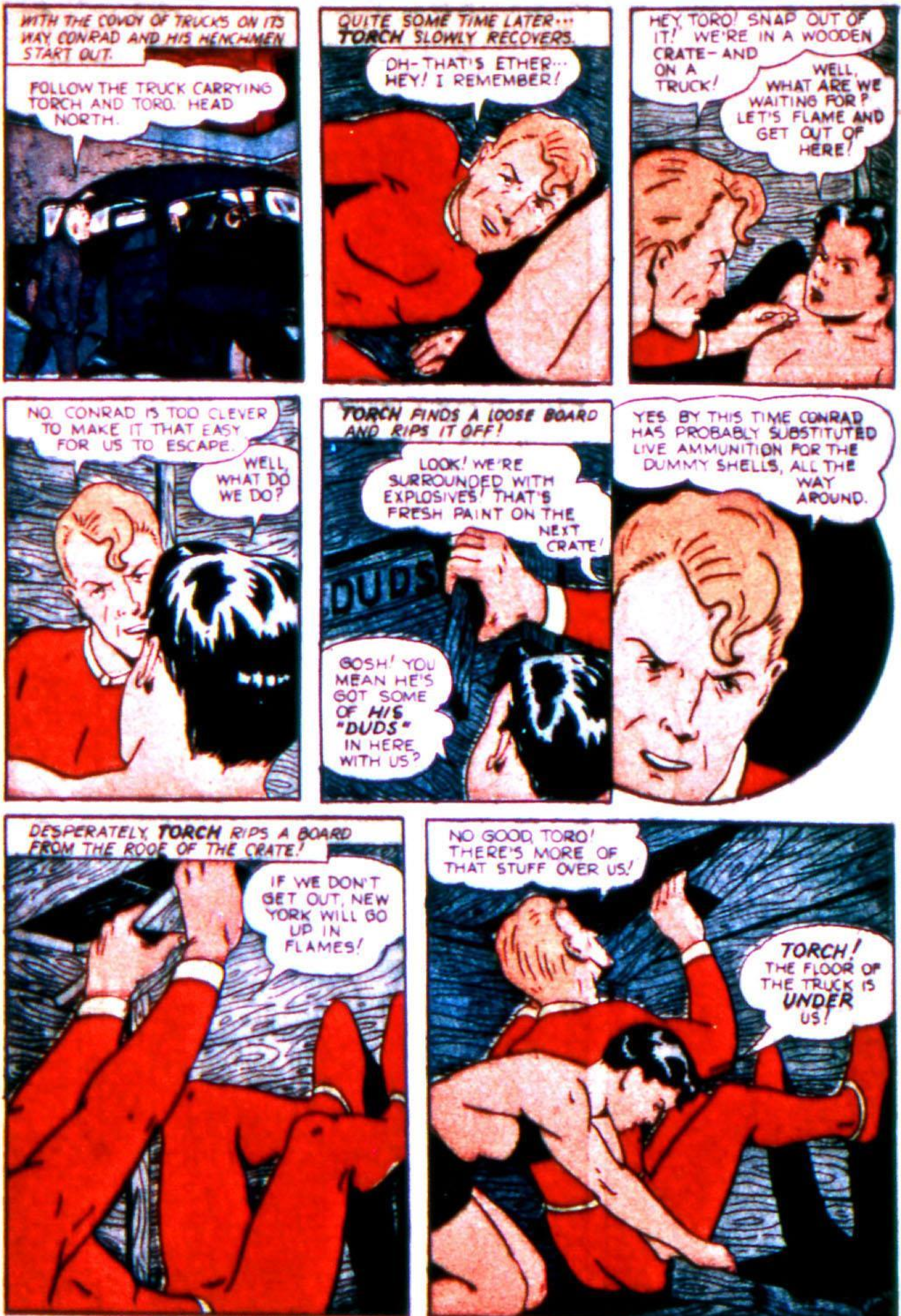

WE HAVE TOO MUCH AT STAKE TO STOP AT **MURDER**, MR. TORCH!
AT THAT INSTANT...
(SNIFF-SNIFF) I SMELL SOMETHING BURNING! ***WHA---! I'VE GOT TO SAVE TORCH!***
*FLAMING UP, **TORO** FASHIONS A FIREBALL!*
MY AIM HAD BETTER BE GOOD!
TORO *ENTERS JUST AS **TORCH** RECOVERS FROM THE BLOW.*
SAY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
OOOH! TORO, FLAME OFF!
I'M NOT WORRIED- WHY SHOULD YOU BE?
THESE ARE REAL EXPLOSIVES, KID!
UNNOTICED, CONRAD HAS SLIPPED AWAY.
REAL EXPLOSIVES? WELL, THIS WILL HOLD THEM!
But...
THESE MEN ARE NAZIS, TORO! I FOUND THEM PAINTING OVER THE CRATES OF ***REAL*** SHELLS!
TORCH- LOOK! CONRAD IS GETTING AWAY!

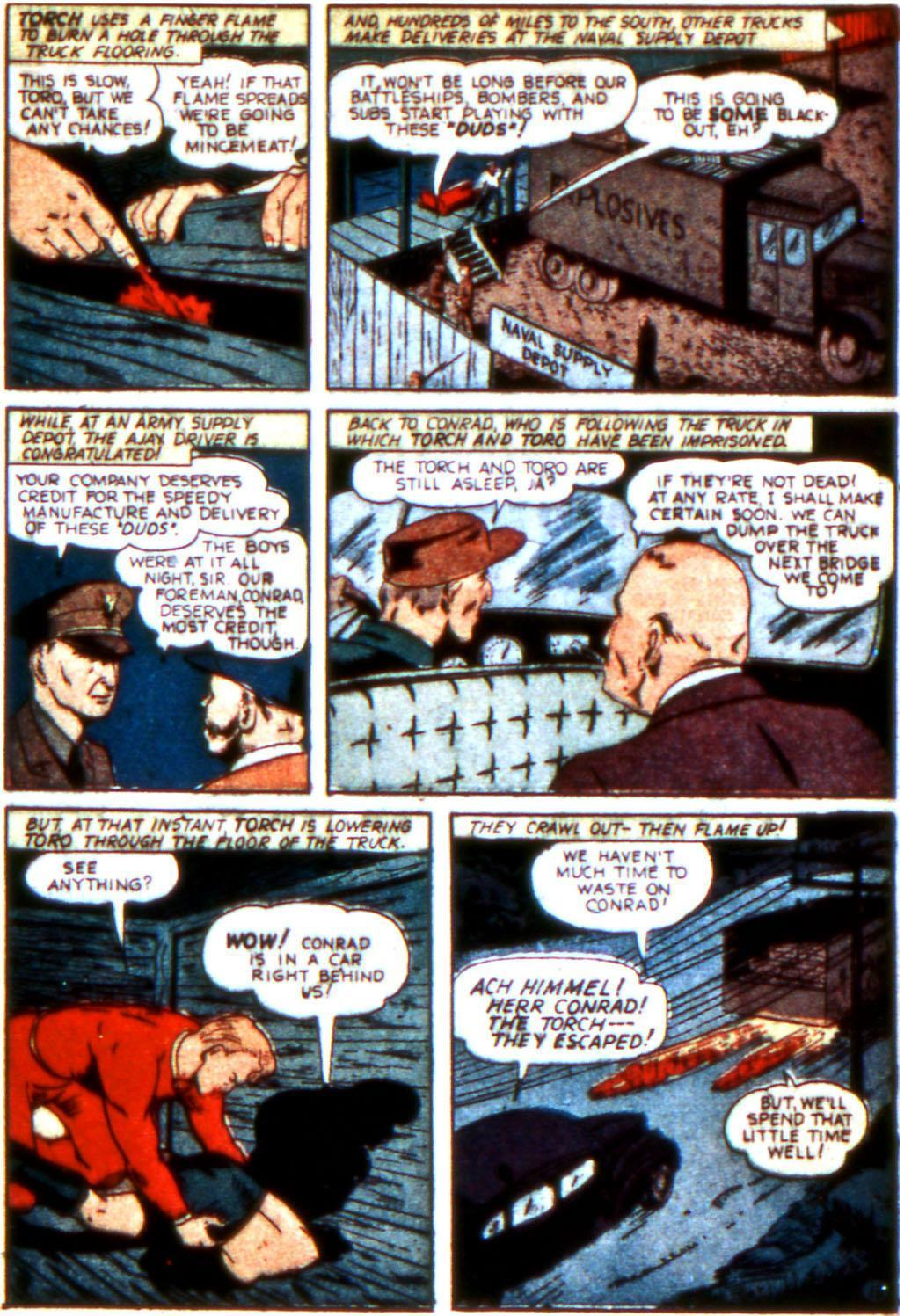

LEAVING TORO TO GUARD THE OTHER MEN, TORCH FLAMES AFTER CONRAD.
HE WON'T GET VERY FAR THIS TIME!
VACUUM TUBE
CONRAD RUSHES THROUGH A LONG TUNNEL-LIKE CONTRAPTION...
AH! IF ONLY HE WILL FOLLOW ME INTO THIS TUNNEL!
AND OUT AT THE OTHER END, TO A CONTROL PANEL.
HE IS INSIDE! NOW I CLOSE THE ENDS– SO...
I'M RIGHT ON YOUR TAIL, YOU NAZI SABOTEUR!
...AND REMOVE THE AIR– SO!
AND, INSIDE THE TUBE, TORCH'S FLAME GOES OUT, DROPPING HIM TO THE FLOOR, AS ALL THE AIR IS SUDDENLY REMOVED.
WHAT TH---! MY FLAME IS OUT! I CAN'T... I'M GETTING DIZZY...
MINUTES LATER, CONRAD CAUTIOUSLY OPENS THE DOORS..
HA! HE IS QUIET NOW!

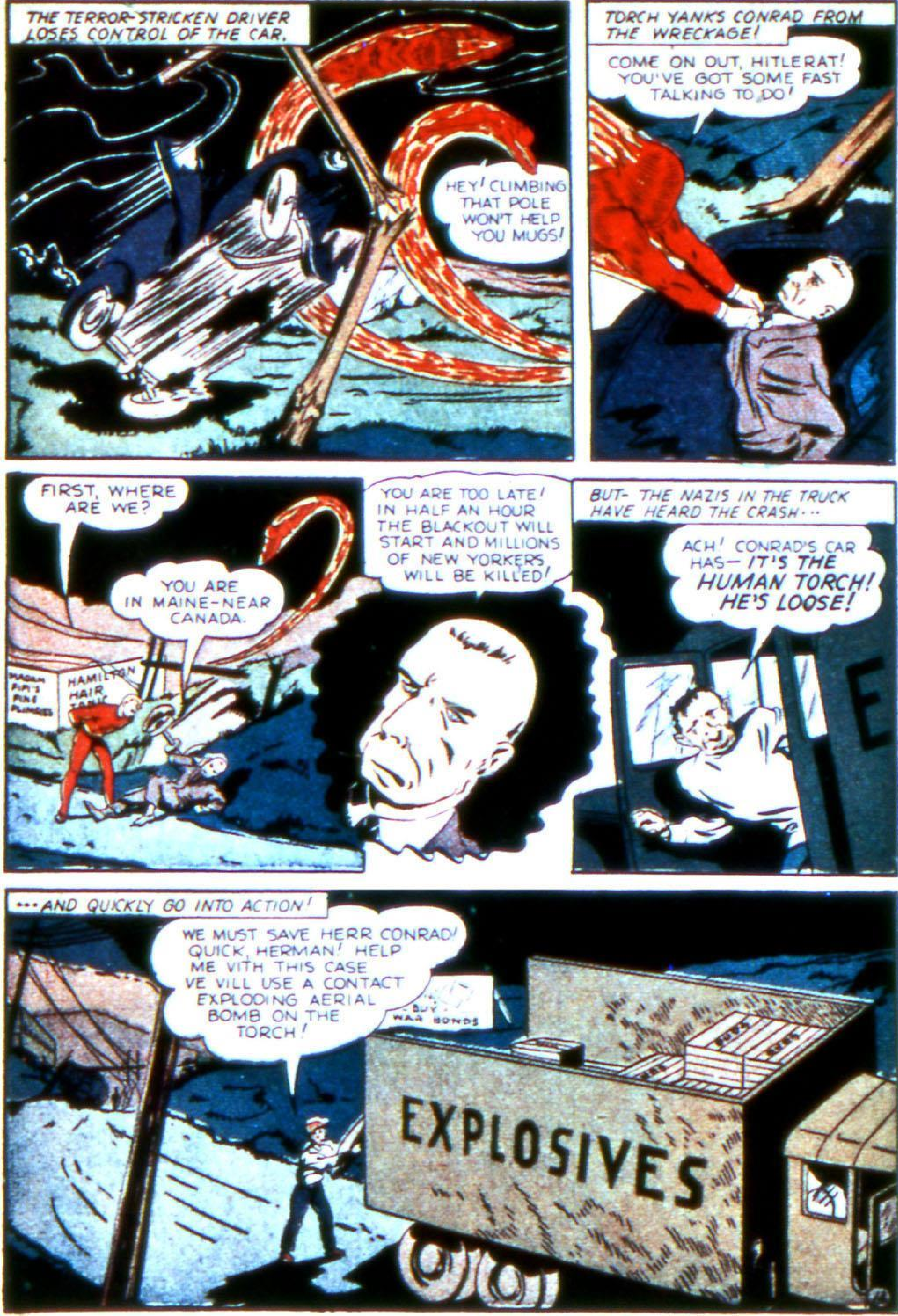

CONRAD RUSHES INTO A NEARBY STORE-ROOM, SNATCHES UP A BOTTLE...
...AND RETURNS TO THE VACUUM TUBE.
THIS TUBE IS INTENDED TO TEST THE BOMBS FOR HIGH ALTITUDE FLYING CONDITIONS, BUT— IT HAS OTHER USES!
BREATHE DEEPLY, TORCH— THEN I MUST SEE TO YOUR FIERY LITTLE FRIEND!
AND, BACK WITH TORO...
P-PLEASE! WE CANNOT BREATHE—
THAT'S SWELL! AS SOON AS ALL NAZIS STOP BREATHING, THE REST OF THE WORLD CAN RELAX!
DUDS
HEARING FOOTSTEPS, TORO TURNS...
TOR--TORCH! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HIM, YOU---?
DO NOT FLAME OR I WILL KILL HIM!
NOW, RELEASE MY MEN IMMEDIATELY, OR····
FEARFUL FOR HIS FRIEND, TORO DOES AS HE IS TOLD.
GRAB HIM, FOOLS!
B-BUT HE M-MIGHT FLAME UP!

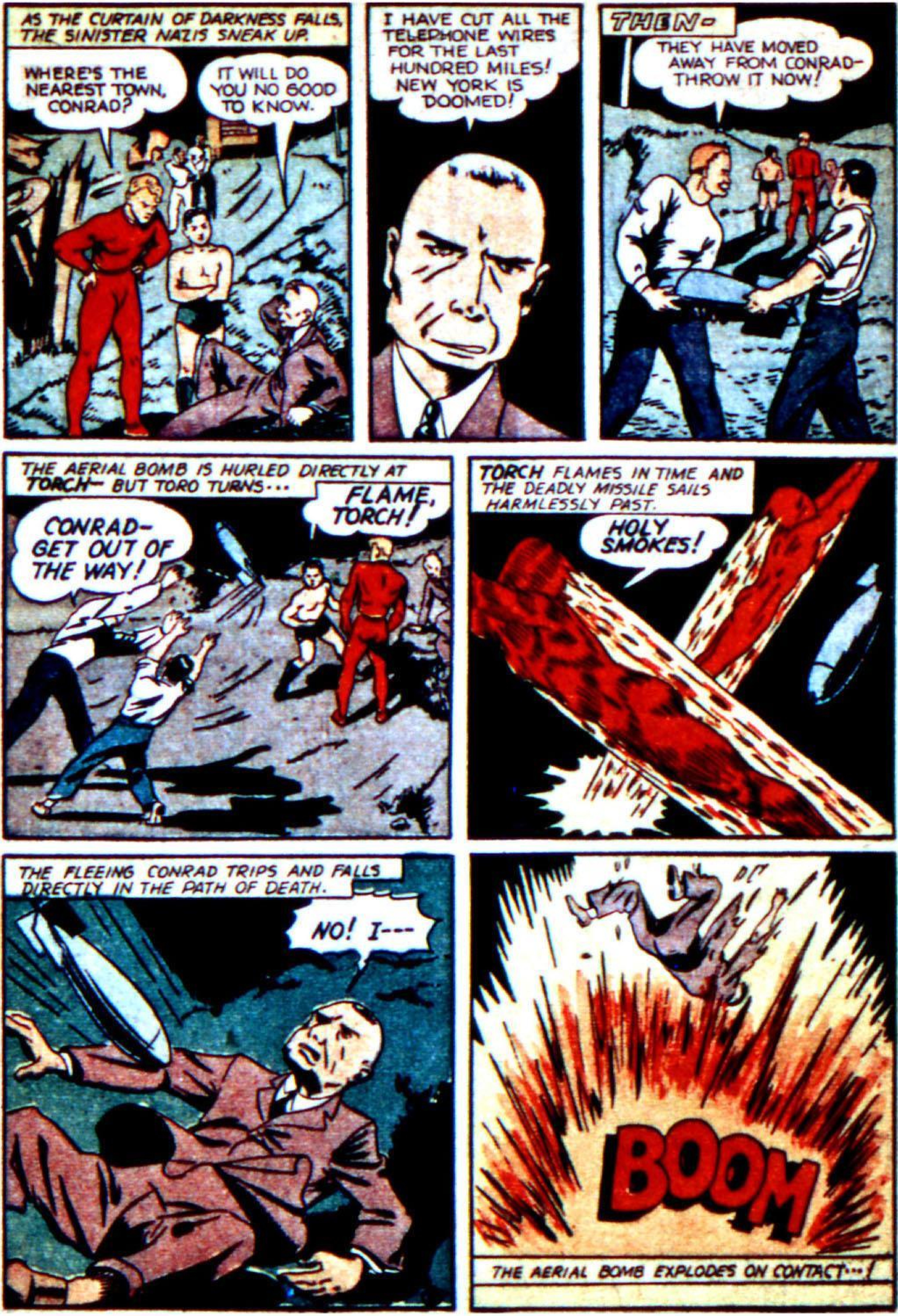

I DON'T THINK SO— ANYWAY, IF HE SHOULD, I'LL THROW THIS ETHER AT HIM AND WE WILL ALL BE KILLED IN THE EXPLOSION!
DUDS
TORO IS PUT OUT OF THE WAY.
YOU WILL SLEEP— PERHAPS YOU WILL DREAM OF NEW YORK IN FLAMES!
Then—
PUT THEM BOTH IN THAT CRATE AND CARRY IT TO THE FREIGHT ELEVATOR! WE CAN GET IT OUT OF THE FACTORY WITHOUT ANYONE KNOWING— THEN GET BACK TO THE PAINTING!
MINUTES LATER... THE CRATE HOLDING TORCH AND TORO IS LOADED ON A LARGE TRUCK.
SEE THAT THE OTHER BOXES COMPLETELY SURROUND THE ONE THEY ARE IN.
DUDS
EXPLOSIVES
DANG
EXPLO
SUPPOSE THEY REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS? WON'T THEY ESCAPE?
DUMBKOPF! IF THEY FLAME, THEY BLOW UP THE ENTIRE TRUCKLOAD— AND THEMSELVES!
XPLOS ES

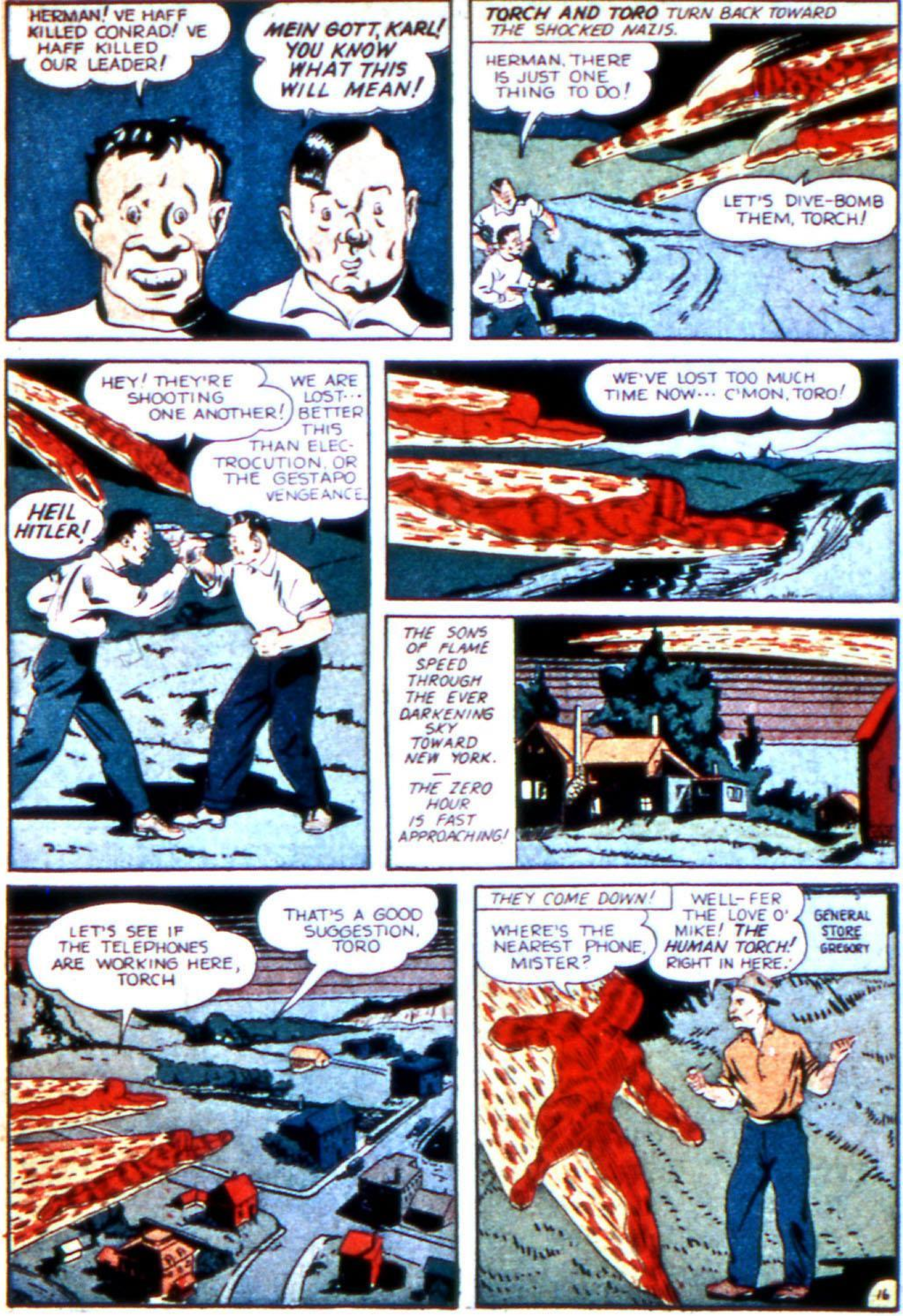

HA! THE GREAT CONRAD THINKS OF EVERTHING!
SHORTLY AFTER DAWN, THE NIGHT SHIFT COMPLETES ITS LABORS AND LEAVES THE FACTORY.
FOR VICTORY 10% EVERY PAY DAY
SEE YA TONIGHT, JOE!
YOU BET!
AND AS THE LAST AMERICAN WORKMAN DEPARTS...
WE HAVE ONLY ONE HOUR LEFT TO COMPLETE THE LOADING OF SUPPLIES FOR THE AIR RAID. GET GOING!
JA! THE TRUCKS WILL LEAVE SOON!
SOON...
THAT'S THE LAST OF IT! NOW AMERICAN PLANES, SUBMARINES AND ANTI-AIRCRAFT WILL PRACTICE ON DEFENCELESS NEW YORK!
EXPLOSIVES
EXPLOSIVES
THE TRUCKLOADS OF DOOM START OUT FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY SUPPLY BASES. IN ONE TRUCK, TORCH AND TORO ARE PACKED LIKE SARDINES IN THE MIDDLE OF A LOAD OF EXPLOSIVES!
VITAMIN B FOR PEP
DANGER EXPLOSIVES

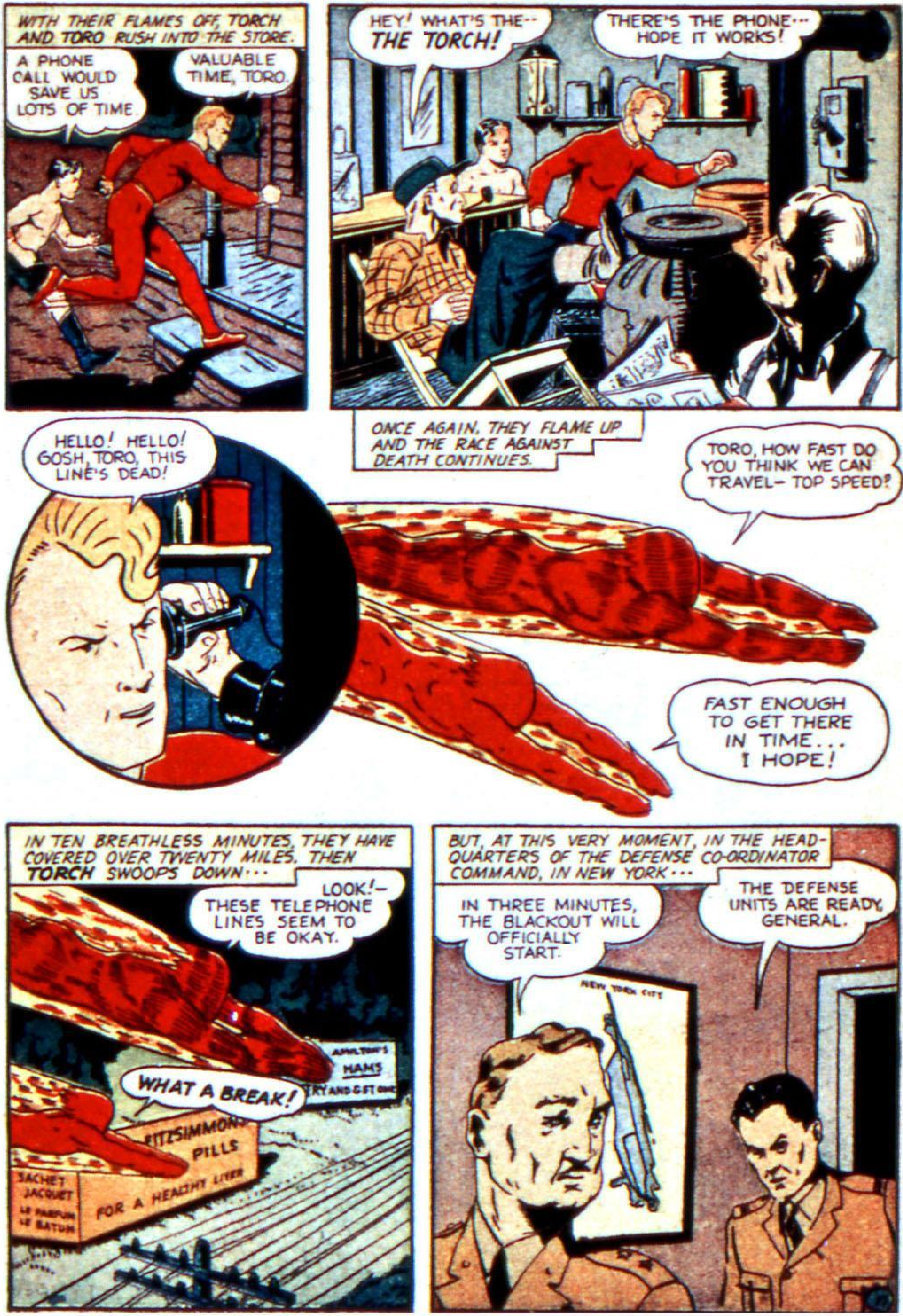

WITH THE COVOY OF TRUCKS ON ITS WAY CONRAD AND HIS HENCHMEN START OUT.
FOLLOW THE TRUCK CARRYING TORCH AND TORO. HEAD NORTH.
QUITE SOME TIME LATER... TORCH SLOWLY RECOVERS.
OH-THAT'S ETHER... HEY! I REMEMBER!
HEY, TORO! SNAP OUT OF IT! WE'RE IN A WOODEN CRATE-AND ON A TRUCK!
WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S FLAME AND GET OUT OF HERE!
NO. CONRAD IS TOO CLEVER TO MAKE IT THAT EASY FOR US TO ESCAPE.
WELL, WHAT DO WE DO?
TORCH FINDS A LOOSE BOARD AND RIPS IT OFF!
LOOK! WE'RE SURROUNDED WITH EXPLOSIVES! THAT'S FRESH PAINT ON THE NEXT CRATE!
DUDS
GOSH! YOU MEAN HE'S GOT SOME OF HIS "DUDS" IN HERE WITH US?
YES. BY THIS TIME CONRAD HAS PROBABLY SUBSTITUTED LIVE AMMUNITION FOR THE DUMMY SHELLS, ALL THE WAY AROUND.
DESPERATELY, TORCH RIPS A BOARD FROM THE ROOF OF THE CRATE!
IF WE DON'T GET OUT, NEW YORK WILL GO UP IN FLAMES!
NO GOOD, TORO! THERE'S MORE OF THAT STUFF OVER US!
TORCH! THE FLOOR OF THE TRUCK IS UNDER US!

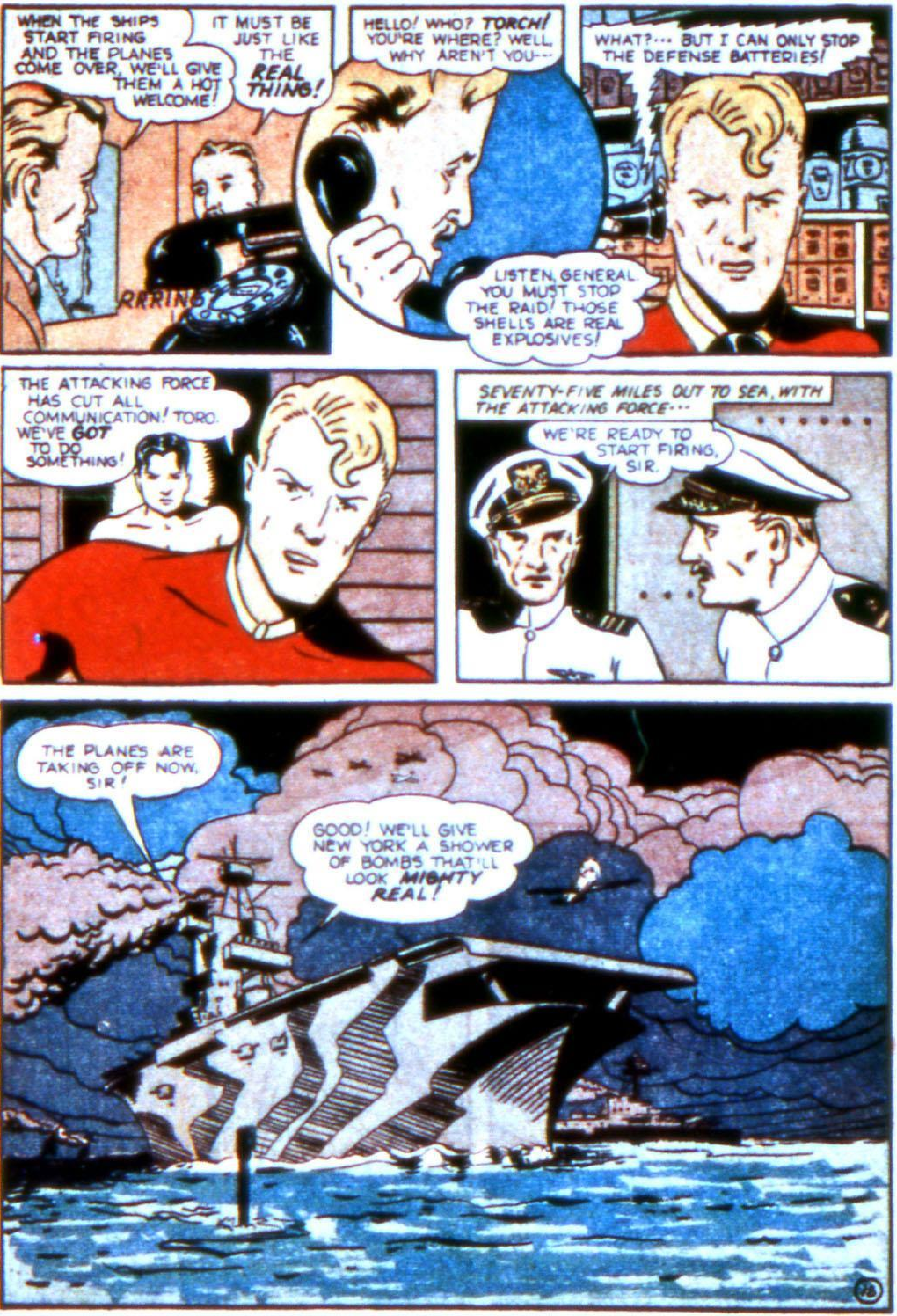

TORCH USES A FINGER FLAME TO BURN A HOLE THROUGH THE TRUCK FLOORING.
THIS IS SLOW, TORO, BUT WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!
YEAH! IF THAT FLAME SPREADS WE'RE GOING TO BE MINCEMEAT!
AND, HUNDREDS OF MILES TO THE SOUTH, OTHER TRUCKS MAKE DELIVERIES AT THE NAVAL SUPPLY DEPOT
IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE OUR BATTLESHIPS, BOMBERS, AND SUBS START PLAYING WITH THESE "DUDS"!
THIS IS GOING TO BE SOME BLACK-OUT, EH?
EXPLOSIVES
NAVAL SUPPLY DEPOT
WHILE, AT AN ARMY SUPPLY DEPOT, THE AJAX DRIVER IS CONGRATULATED!
YOUR COMPANY DESERVES CREDIT FOR THE SPEEDY MANUFACTURE AND DELIVERY OF THESE 'DUDS'.
THE BOYS WERE AT IT ALL NIGHT, SIR. OUR FOREMAN, CONRAD, DESERVES THE MOST CREDIT, THOUGH.
BACK TO CONRAD, WHO IS FOLLOWING THE TRUCK IN WHICH TORCH AND TORO HAVE BEEN IMPRISONED.
THE TORCH AND TORO ARE STILL ASLEEP, JA?
IF THEY'RE NOT DEAD! AT ANY RATE, I SHALL MAKE CERTAIN SOON. WE CAN DUMP THE TRUCK OVER THE NEXT BRIDGE WE COME TO!
BUT, AT THAT INSTANT TORCH IS LOWERING TORO THROUGH THE FLOOR OF THE TRUCK.
SEE ANYTHING?
WOW! CONRAD IS IN A CAR RIGHT BEHIND US!
THEY CRAWL OUT– THEN FLAME UP!
WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME TO WASTE ON CONRAD!
ACH HIMMEL! HERR CONRAD! THE TORCH--- THEY ESCAPED!
BUT, WE'LL SPEND THAT LITTLE TIME WELL!

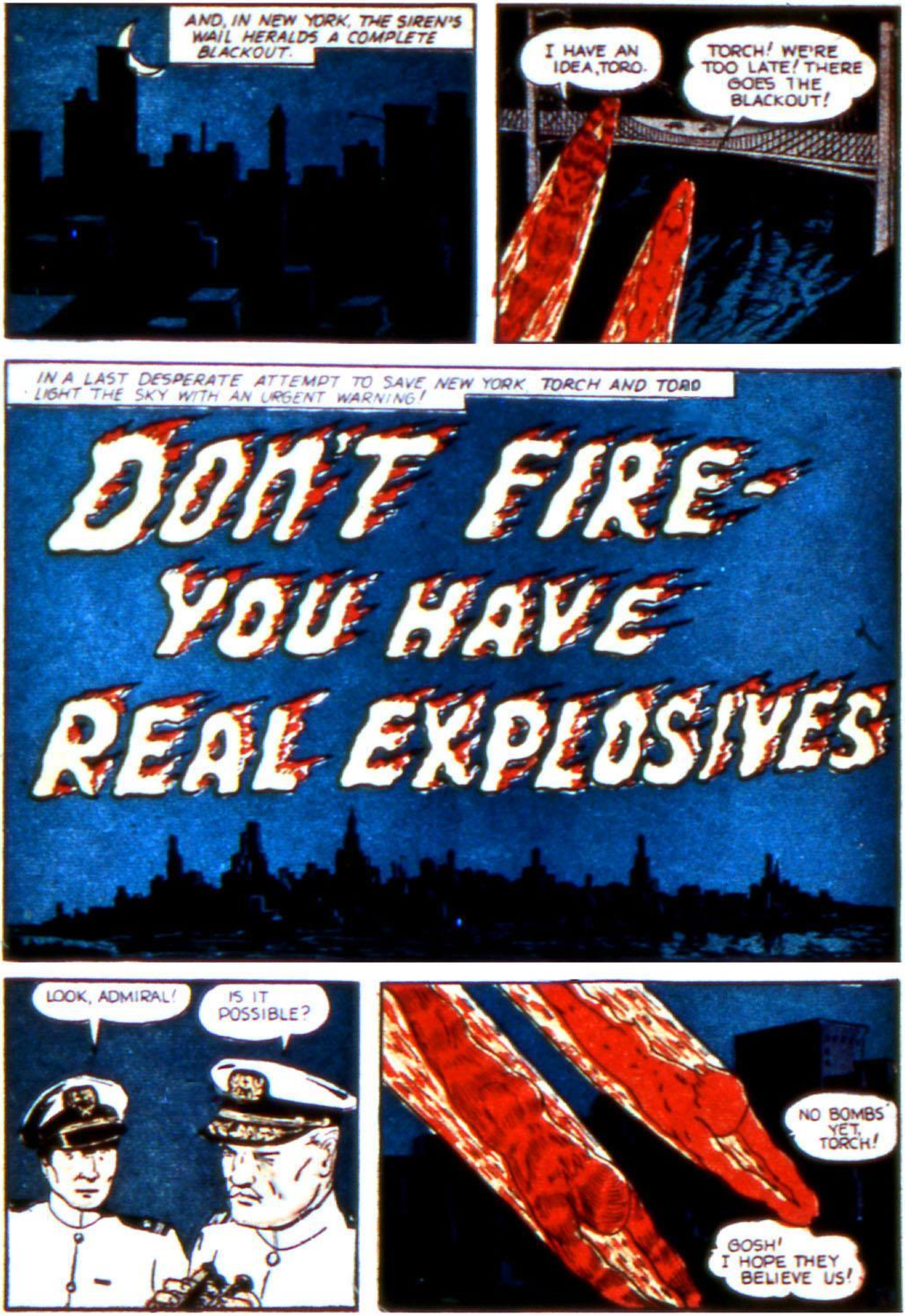

THE TERROR-STRICKEN DRIVER LOSES CONTROL OF THE CAR.
HEY! CLIMBING THAT POLE WON'T HELP YOU MUGS!
TORCH YANKS CONRAD FROM THE WRECKAGE!
COME ON OUT, HITLERAT! YOU'VE GOT SOME FAST TALKING TO DO!
FIRST, WHERE ARE WE?
YOU ARE IN MAINE-NEAR CANADA.
HAMILTON HAIR
YOU ARE TOO LATE! IN HALF AN HOUR THE BLACKOUT WILL START AND MILLIONS OF NEW YORKERS WILL BE KILLED!
BUT- THE NAZIS IN THE TRUCK HAVE HEARD THE CRASH...
ACH! CONRAD'S CAR HAS— IT'S THE HUMAN TORCH! HE'S LOOSE!
...AND QUICKLY GO INTO ACTION!
WE MUST SAVE HERR CONRAD! QUICK, HERMAN! HELP ME VITH THIS CASE VE VILL USE A CONTACT EXPLODING AERIAL BOMB ON THE TORCH!
BUY WAR BONDS
EXPLOSIVES

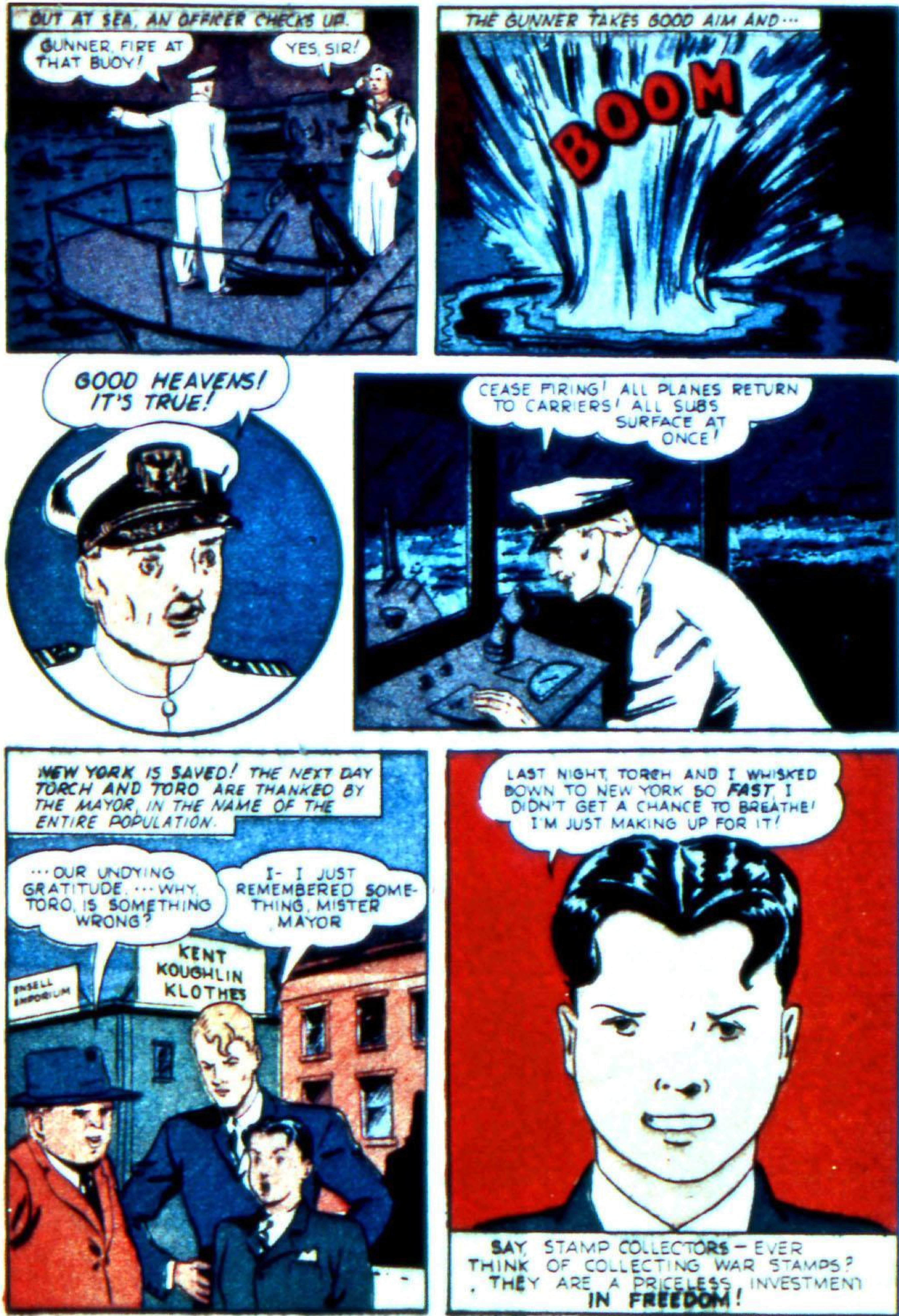

AS THE CURTAIN OF DARKNESS FALLS, THE SINISTER NAZIS SNEAK UP.
WHERE'S THE NEAREST TOWN, CONRAD?
IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD TO KNOW.
I HAVE CUT ALL THE TELEPHONE WIRES FOR THE LAST HUNDRED MILES! NEW YORK IS DOOMED!
THEN-
THEY HAVE MOVED AWAY FROM CONRAD- THROW IT NOW!
THE AERIAL BOMB IS HURLED DIRECTLY AT TORCH- BUT TORO TURNS...
CONRAD- GET OUT OF THE WAY!
FLAME, TORCH!
TORCH FLAMES IN TIME AND THE DEADLY MISSILE SAILS HARMLESSLY PAST.
HOLY SMOKES!
THE FLEEING CONRAD TRIPS AND FALLS DIRECTLY IN THE PATH OF DEATH.
NO! I---
BOOM
THE AERIAL BOMB EXPLODES ON CONTACT...!

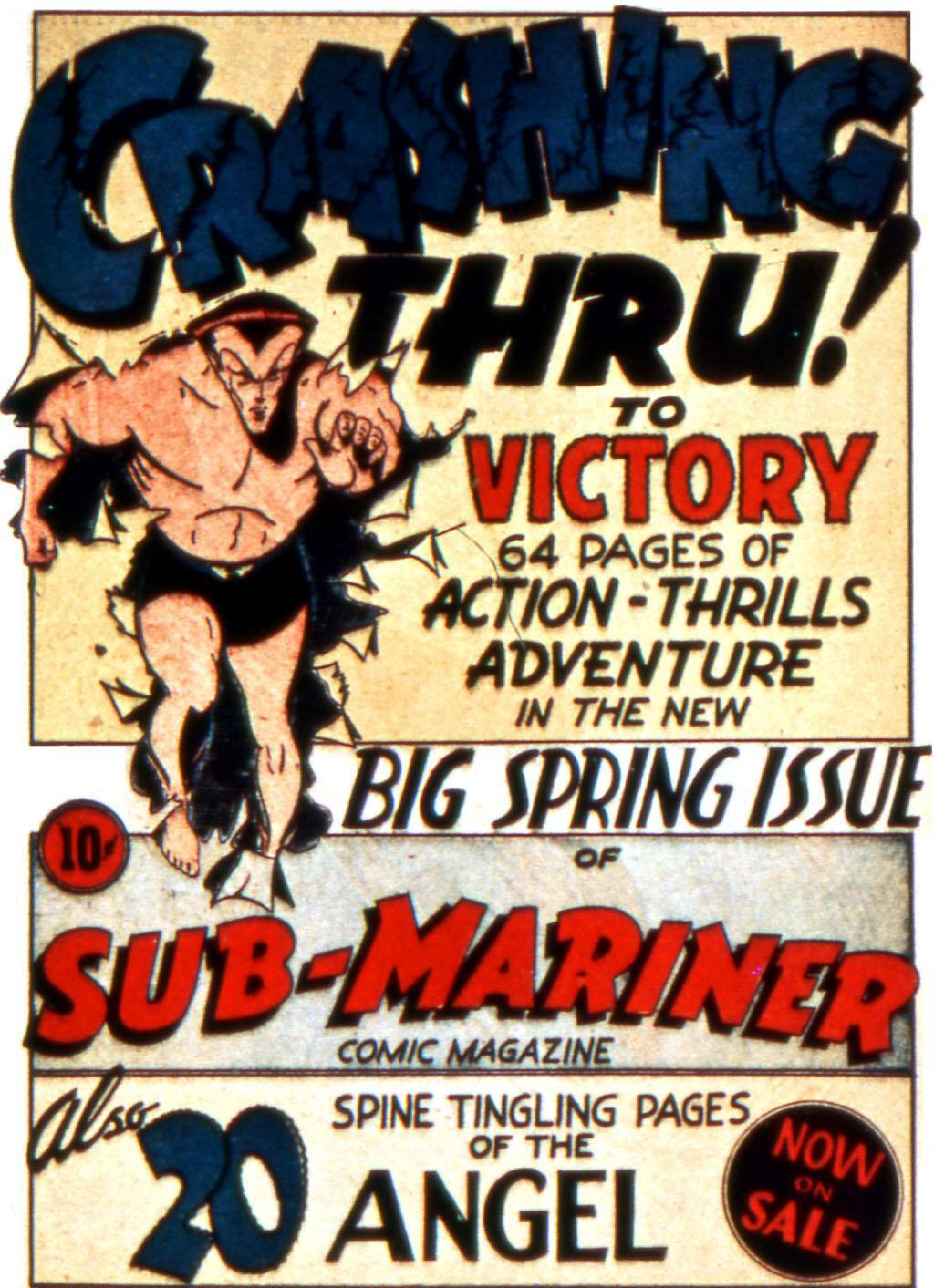

HERMAN! VE HAFF KILLED CONRAD! VE HAFF KILLED OUR LEADER!
MEIN GOTT, KARL! YOU KNOW WHAT THIS WILL MEAN!
TORCH AND TORO TURN BACK TOWARD THE SHOCKED NAZIS.
HERMAN, THERE IS JUST ONE THING TO DO!
LET'S DIVE-BOMB THEM, TORCH!
HEY! THEY'RE SHOOTING ONE ANOTHER!
WE ARE LOST... BETTER THIS THAN ELECTROCUTION, OR THE GESTAPO VENGEANCE.
HEIL HITLER!
WE'VE LOST TOO MUCH TIME NOW... C'MON, TORO!
THE SONS OF FLAME SPEED THROUGH THE EVER DARKENING SKY TOWARD NEW YORK. — THE ZERO HOUR IS FAST APPROACHING!
LET'S SEE IF THE TELEPHONES ARE WORKING HERE, TORCH
THAT'S A GOOD SUGGESTION, TORO
THEY COME DOWN!
WHERE'S THE NEAREST PHONE, MISTER?
WELL-FER THE LOVE O' MIKE! THE HUMAN TORCH! RIGHT IN HERE.
GENERAL STORE GREGORY

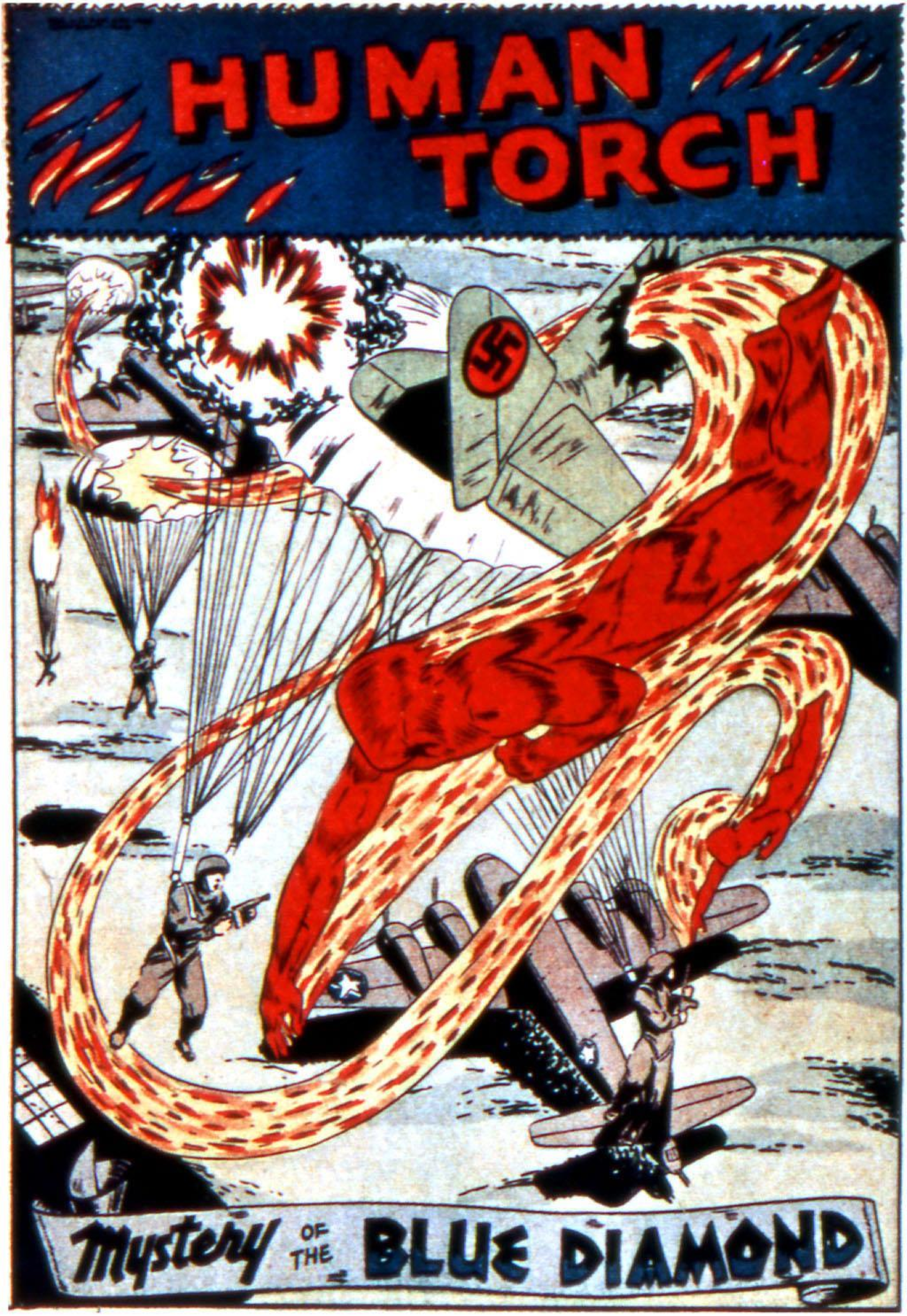

WITH THEIR FLAMES OFF, TORCH AND TORO RUSH INTO THE STORE.
A PHONE CALL WOULD SAVE US LOTS OF TIME.
VALUABLE TIME, TORO.
HEY! WHAT'S THE-- THE TORCH!
THERE'S THE PHONE... HOPE IT WORKS!
HELLO! HELLO! GOSH, TORO, THIS LINE'S DEAD!
ONCE AGAIN, THEY FLAME UP AND THE RACE AGAINST DEATH CONTINUES.
TORO, HOW FAST DO YOU THINK WE CAN TRAVEL- TOP SPEED?
FAST ENOUGH TO GET THERE IN TIME... I HOPE!
IN TEN BREATHLESS MINUTES, THEY HAVE COVERED OVER TWENTY MILES. THEN TORCH SWOOPS DOWN...
LOOK!- THESE TELEPHONE LINES SEEM TO BE OKAY.
APPLETON'S HAMS TRY AND GET ONE
WHAT A BREAK!
FITZSIMMONS PILLS FOR A HEALTHY LIVER
SACHET JACQUET LE PARFUM LE BATUM
BUT, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE DEFENSE CO-ORDINATOR COMMAND, IN NEW YORK...
IN THREE MINUTES, THE BLACKOUT WILL OFFICIALLY START.
THE DEFENSE UNITS ARE READY, GENERAL.
NEW YORK CITY

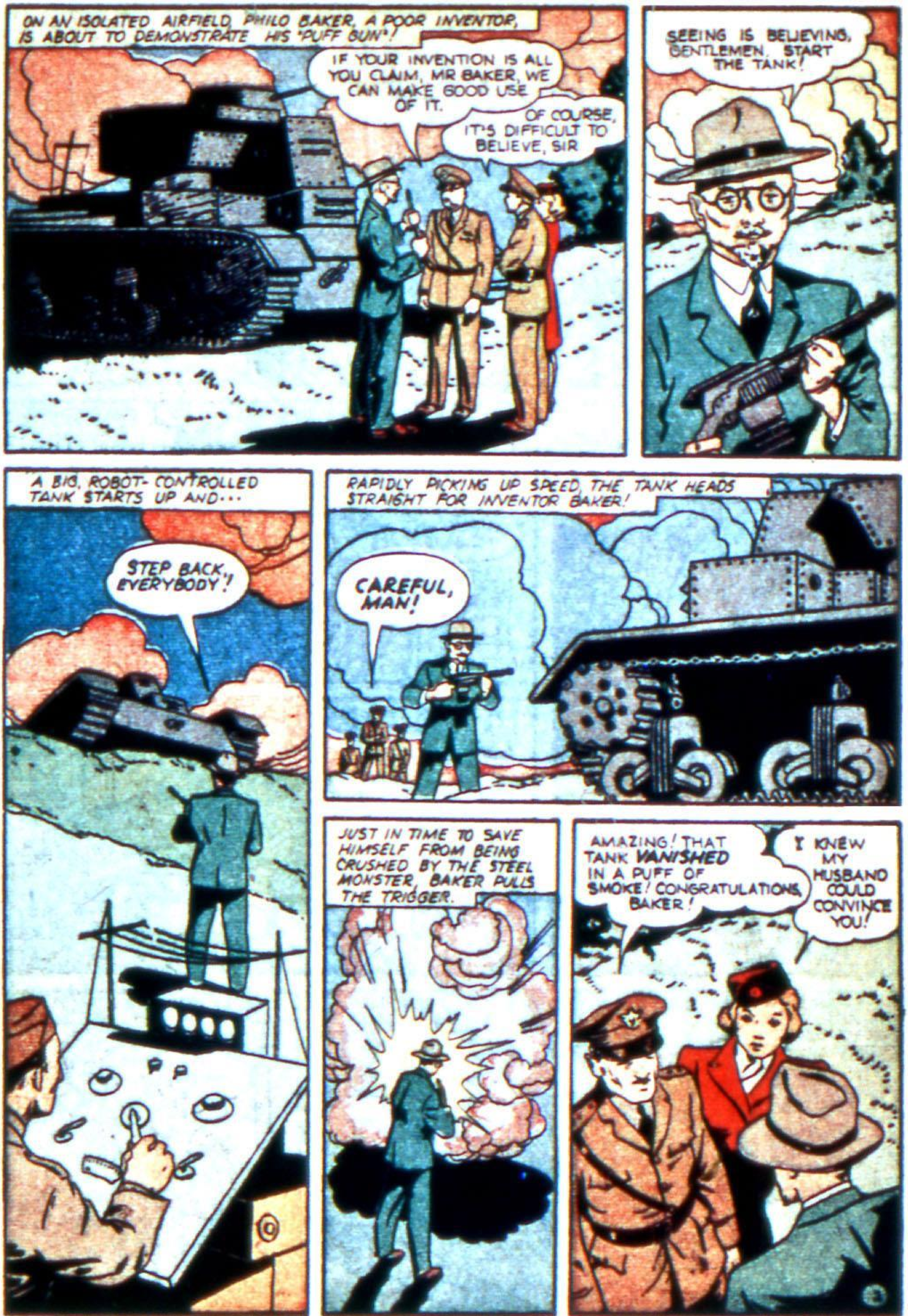

WHEN THE SHIPS START FIRING AND THE PLANES COME OVER, WE'LL GIVE THEM A HOT WELCOME!
IT MUST BE JUST LIKE THE REAL THING!
RRRING
HELLO! WHO? TORCH! YOU'RE WHERE? WELL, WHY AREN'T YOU---
WHAT?--- BUT I CAN ONLY STOP THE DEFENSE BATTERIES!
LISTEN, GENERAL. YOU MUST STOP THE RAID! THOSE SHELLS ARE REAL EXPLOSIVES!
THE ATTACKING FORCE HAS CUT ALL COMMUNICATION! TORO, WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!
SEVENTY-FIVE MILES OUT TO SEA, WITH THE ATTACKING FORCE---
WE'RE READY TO START FIRING, SIR.
THE PLANES ARE TAKING OFF NOW, SIR!
GOOD! WE'LL GIVE NEW YORK A SHOWER OF BOMBS THAT'LL LOOK MIGHTY REAL!

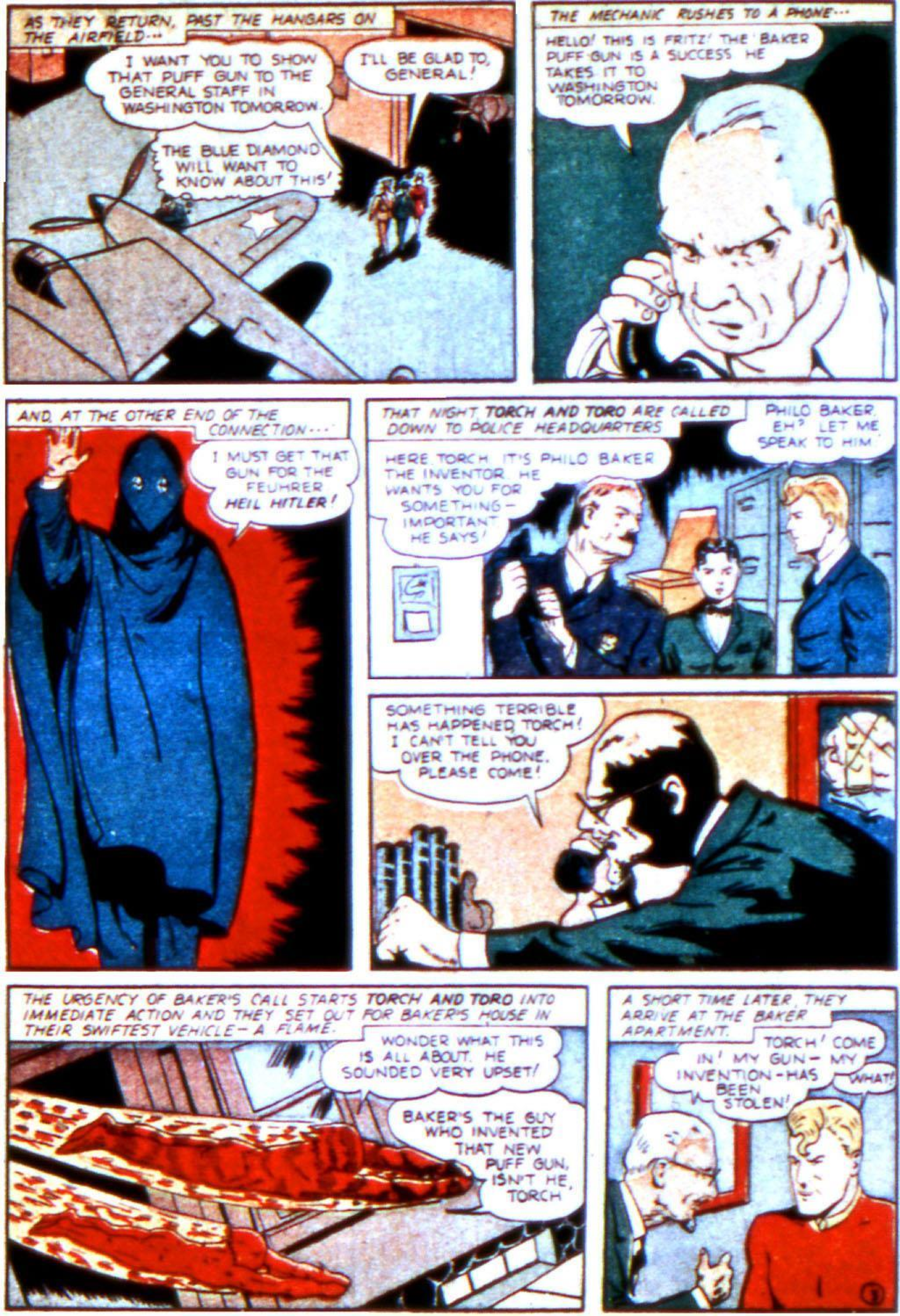

AND, IN NEW YORK, THE SIREN'S WAIL HERALDS A COMPLETE BLACKOUT.
I HAVE AN IDEA, TORO.
TORCH! WE'RE TOO LATE! THERE GOES THE BLACKOUT!
IN A LAST DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO SAVE NEW YORK, TORCH AND TORO LIGHT THE SKY WITH AN URGENT WARNING!
DON'T FIRE - YOU HAVE REAL EXPLOSIVES
LOOK, ADMIRAL!
IS IT POSSIBLE?
NO BOMBS YET, TORCH!
GOSH! I HOPE THEY BELIEVE US!

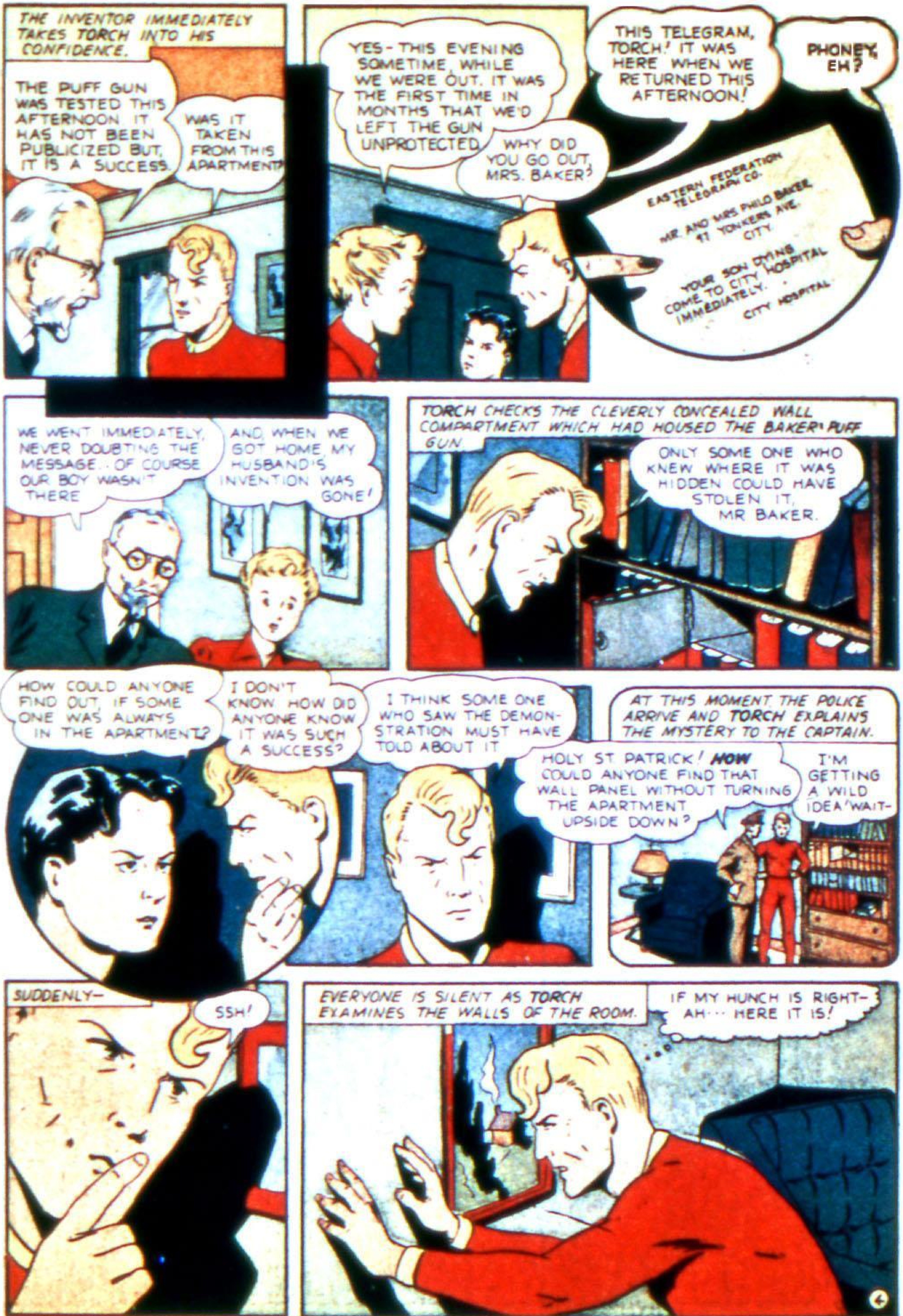

OUT AT SEA, AN OFFICER CHECKS UP.
GUNNER, FIRE AT THAT BUOY!
YES, SIR!
THE GUNNER TAKES GOOD AIM AND...
BOOM
GOOD HEAVENS! IT'S TRUE!
CEASE FIRING! ALL PLANES RETURN TO CARRIERS! ALL SUBS SURFACE AT ONCE!
NEW YORK IS SAVED! THE NEXT DAY TORCH AND TORO ARE THANKED BY THE MAYOR, IN THE NAME OF THE ENTIRE POPULATION.
...OUR UNDYING GRATITUDE. ...WHY, TORO, IS SOMETHING WRONG?
I- I JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING, MISTER MAYOR
INSELL EMPORIUM
KENT KOUGHLIN KLOTHES
LAST NIGHT, TORCH AND I WHISKED DOWN TO NEW YORK SO FAST I DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO BREATHE! I'M JUST MAKING UP FOR IT!
SAY, STAMP COLLECTORS — EVER THINK OF COLLECTING WAR STAMPS? THEY ARE A PRICELESS INVESTMENT IN FREEDOM!

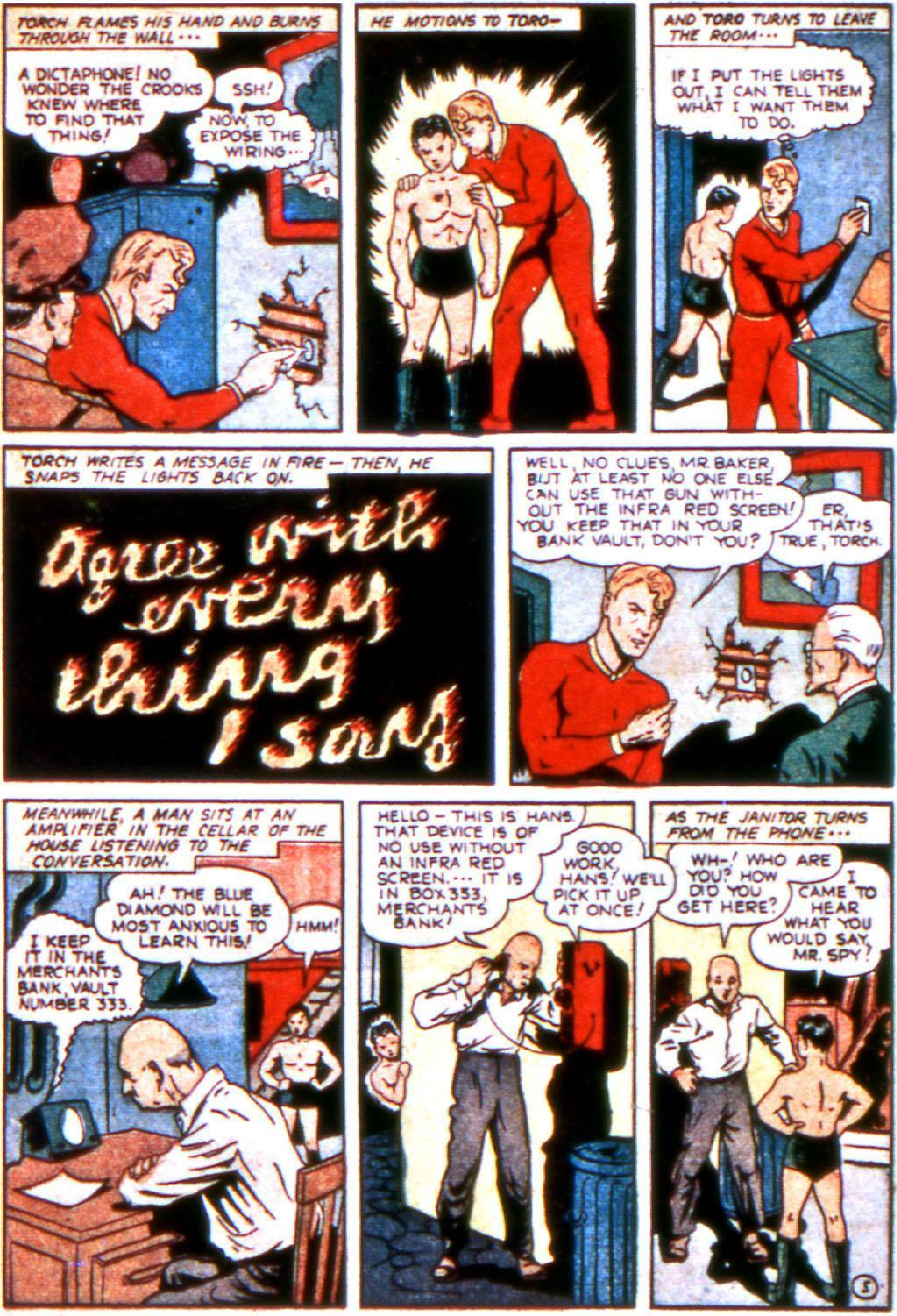

CRASHING THRU!
TO
VICTORY
64 PAGES OF
ACTION - THRILLS
ADVENTURE
IN THE NEW
BIG SPRING ISSUE
10¢
OF
SUB-MARINER
COMIC MAGAZINE
also 20
SPINE TINGLING PAGES
OF THE
ANGEL
NOW ON SALE

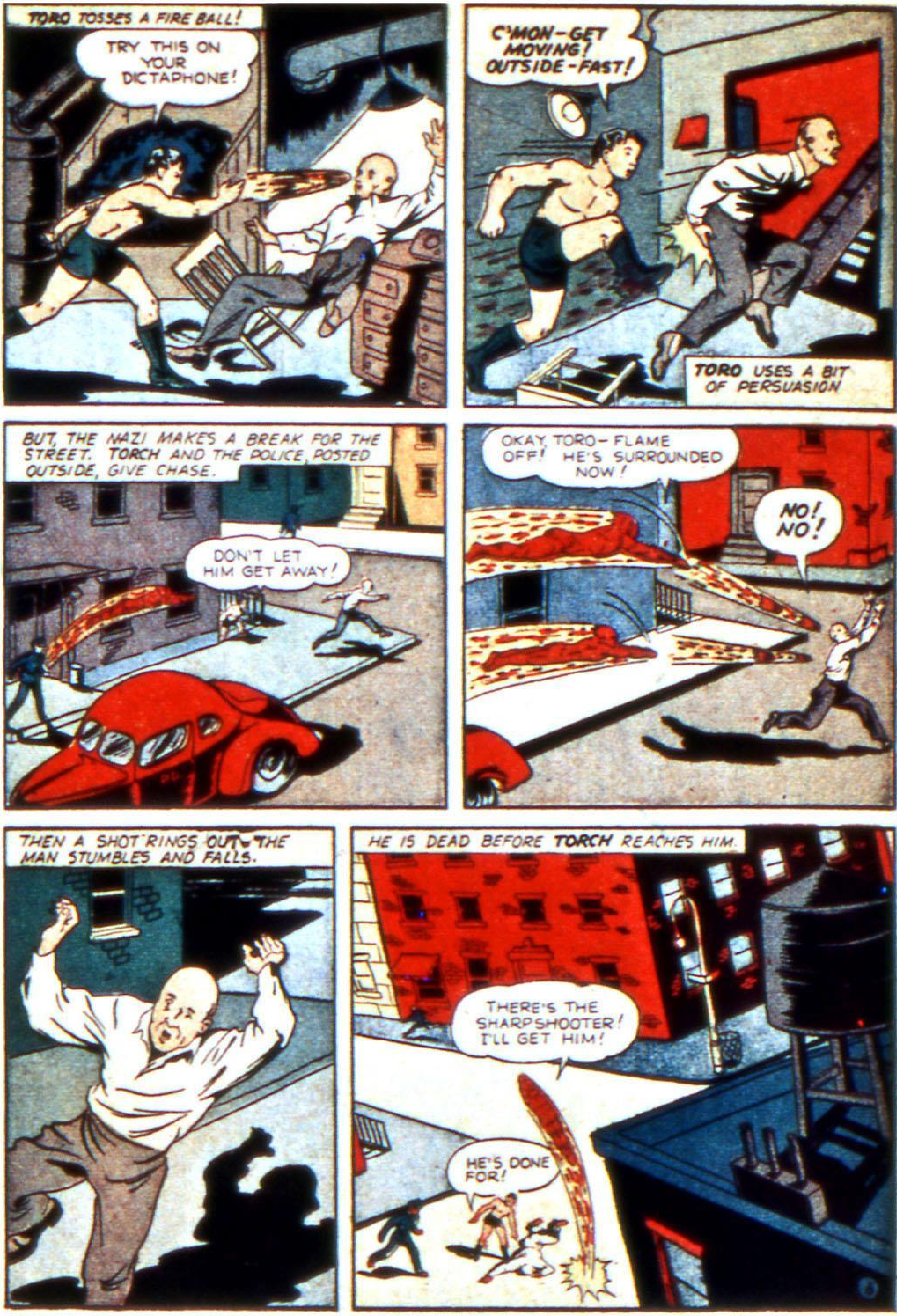

HUMAN TORCH
Mystery OF THE BLUE DIAMOND

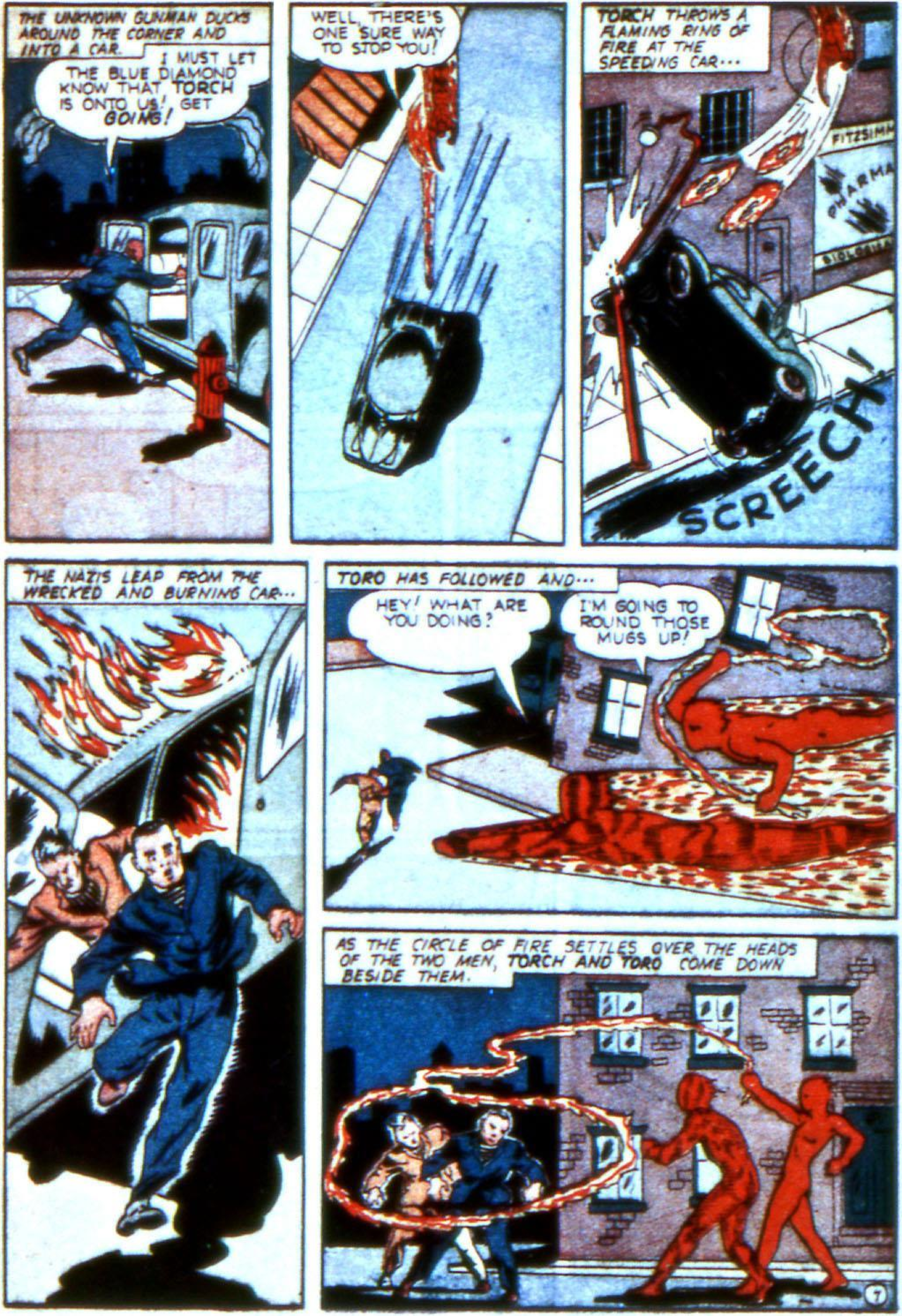

ON AN ISOLATED AIRFIELD, PHILO BAKER, A POOR INVENTOR, IS ABOUT TO DEMONSTRATE HIS 'PUFF GUN'!
IF YOUR INVENTION IS ALL YOU CLAIM, MR BAKER, WE CAN MAKE GOOD USE OF IT.
OF COURSE, IT'S DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE, SIR
SEEING IS BELIEVING, GENTLEMEN. START THE TANK!
A BIG, ROBOT-CONTROLLED TANK STARTS UP AND...
STEP BACK, EVERYBODY!
RAPIDLY PICKING UP SPEED, THE TANK HEADS STRAIGHT FOR INVENTOR BAKER!
CAREFUL, MAN!
JUST IN TIME TO SAVE HIMSELF FROM BEING CRUSHED BY THE STEEL MONSTER, BAKER PULLS THE TRIGGER.
AMAZING! THAT TANK VANISHED IN A PUFF OF SMOKE! CONGRATULATIONS, BAKER!
I KNEW MY HUSBAND COULD CONVINCE YOU!

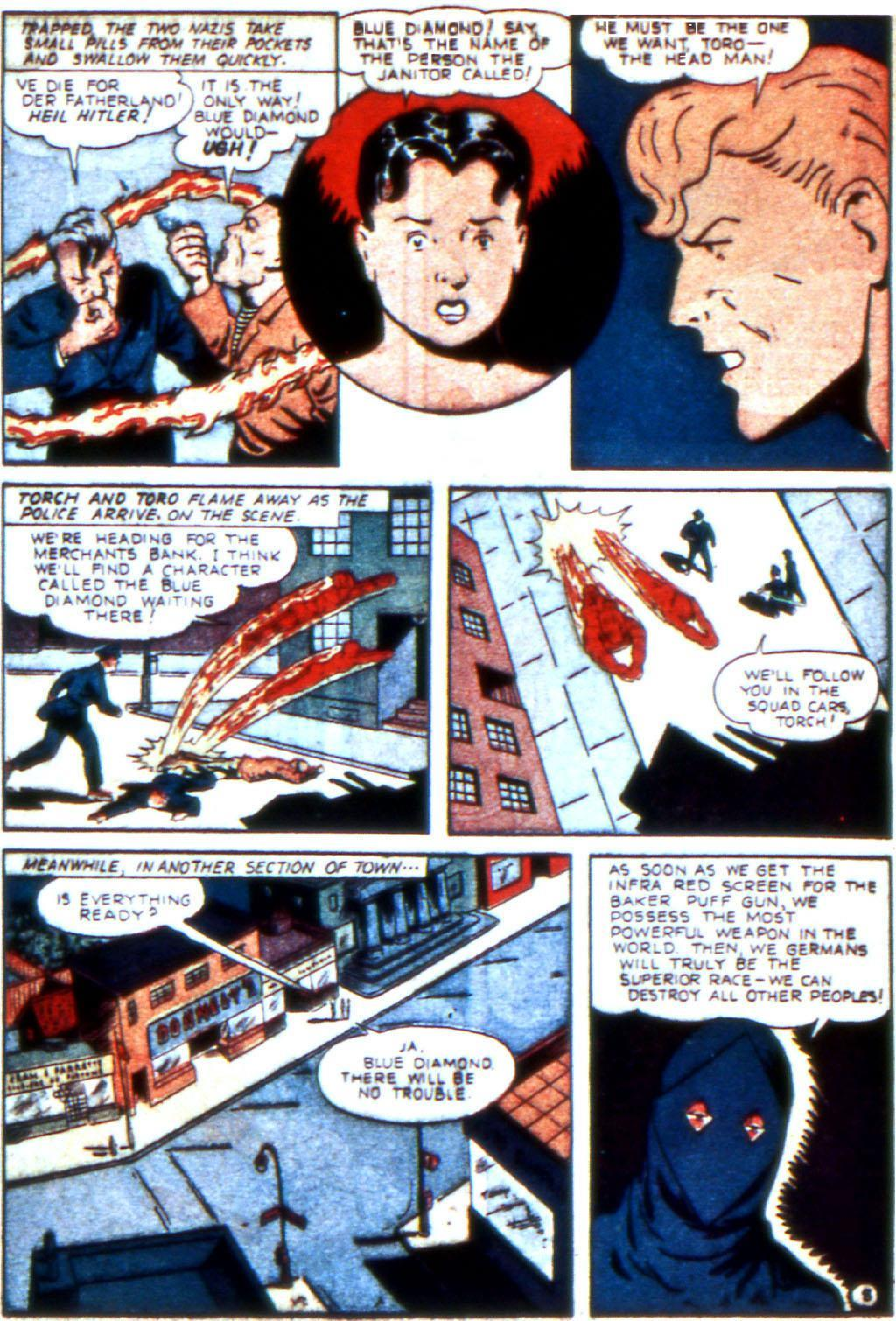

AS THEY RETURN, PAST THE HANGARS ON THE AIRFIELD...
I WANT YOU TO SHOW THAT PUFF GUN TO THE GENERAL STAFF IN WASHINGTON TOMORROW.
I'LL BE GLAD TO, GENERAL!
THE BLUE DIAMOND WILL WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THIS!
THE MECHANIC RUSHES TO A PHONE...
HELLO! THIS IS FRITZ! THE BAKER PUFF GUN IS A SUCCESS HE TAKES IT TO WASHINGTON TOMORROW.
AND, AT THE OTHER END OF THE CONNECTION...
I MUST GET THAT GUN FOR THE FEUHRER HEIL HITLER!
THAT NIGHT, TORCH AND TORO ARE CALLED DOWN TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS
HERE TORCH. IT'S PHILO BAKER THE INVENTOR. HE WANTS YOU FOR SOMETHING— IMPORTANT HE SAYS!
PHILO BAKER, EH? LET ME SPEAK TO HIM.
SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED, TORCH! I CAN'T TELL YOU OVER THE PHONE. PLEASE COME!
THE URGENCY OF BAKER'S CALL STARTS TORCH AND TORO INTO IMMEDIATE ACTION AND THEY SET OUT FOR BAKER'S HOUSE IN THEIR SWIFTEST VEHICLE— A FLAME.
WONDER WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT. HE SOUNDED VERY UPSET!
BAKER'S THE GUY WHO INVENTED THAT NEW PUFF GUN, ISN'T HE, TORCH
A SHORT TIME LATER, THEY ARRIVE AT THE BAKER APARTMENT.
TORCH! COME IN! MY GUN— MY INVENTION—HAS BEEN STOLEN!
WHAT!
3

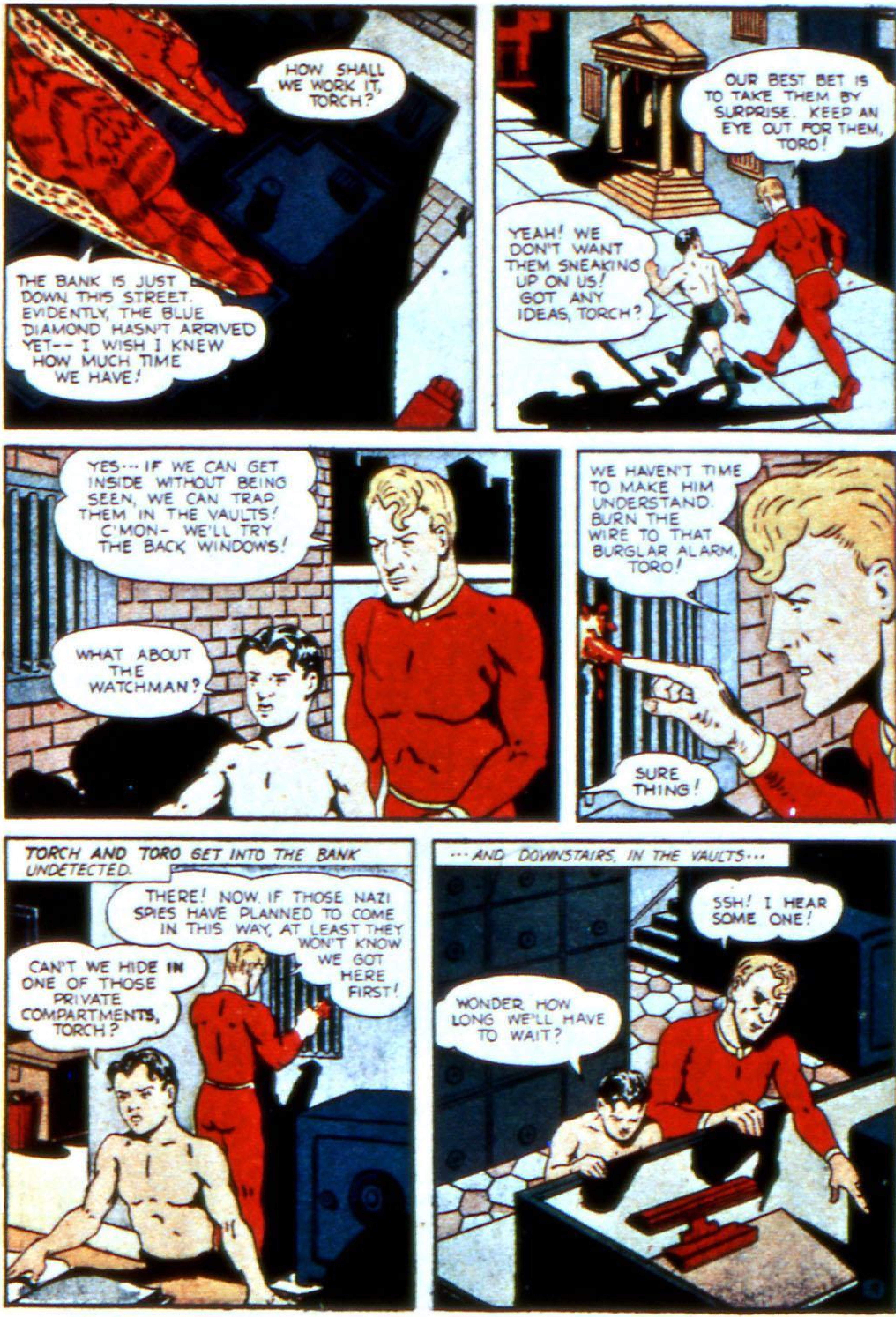

THE INVENTOR IMMEDIATELY TAKES TORCH INTO HIS CONFIDENCE.
THE PUFF GUN WAS TESTED THIS AFTERNOON. IT HAS NOT BEEN PUBLICIZED BUT, IT IS A SUCCESS.
WAS IT TAKEN FROM THIS APARTMENT?
YES - THIS EVENING SOMETIME, WHILE WE WERE OUT. IT WAS THE FIRST TIME IN MONTHS THAT WE'D LEFT THE GUN UNPROTECTED.
WHY DID YOU GO OUT, MRS. BAKER?
THIS TELEGRAM, TORCH! IT WAS HERE WHEN WE RETURNED THIS AFTERNOON!
PHONEY, EH?
EASTERN FEDERATION TELEGRAPH CO.
MR. AND MRS PHILO BAKER 97 YONKERS AVE. CITY
YOUR SON DYING COME TO CITY HOSPITAL IMMEDIATELY. CITY HOSPITAL
WE WENT IMMEDIATELY, NEVER DOUBTING THE MESSAGE.. OF COURSE OUR BOY WASN'T THERE.
AND, WHEN WE GOT HOME, MY HUSBAND'S INVENTION WAS GONE!
TORCH CHECKS THE CLEVERLY CONCEALED WALL COMPARTMENT WHICH HAD HOUSED THE BAKER PUFF GUN.
ONLY SOME ONE WHO KNEW WHERE IT WAS HIDDEN COULD HAVE STOLEN IT, MR BAKER.
HOW COULD ANYONE FIND OUT, IF SOME ONE WAS ALWAYS IN THE APARTMENT?
I DON'T KNOW. HOW DID ANYONE KNOW IT WAS SUCH A SUCCESS?
I THINK SOME ONE WHO SAW THE DEMONSTRATION MUST HAVE TOLD ABOUT IT.
AT THIS MOMENT THE POLICE ARRIVE AND TORCH EXPLAINS THE MYSTERY TO THE CAPTAIN.
HOLY ST PATRICK! HOW COULD ANYONE FIND THAT WALL PANEL WITHOUT TURNING THE APARTMENT UPSIDE DOWN?
I'M GETTING A WILD IDEA! WAIT-
SUDDENLY-
SSH!
EVERYONE IS SILENT AS TORCH EXAMINES THE WALLS OF THE ROOM.
IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT- AH... HERE IT IS!

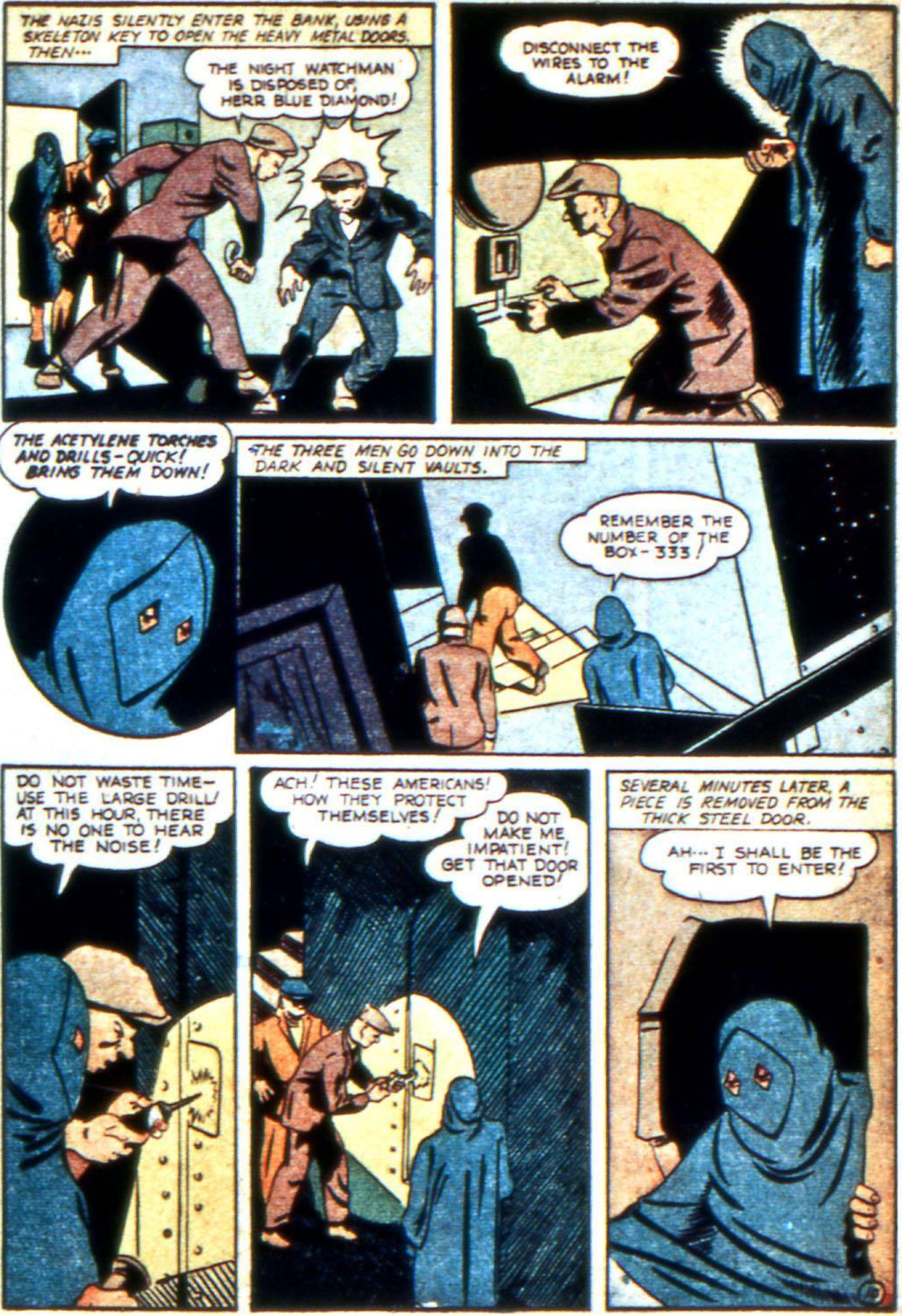

TORCH FLAMES HIS HAND AND BURNS THROUGH THE WALL...
A DICTAPHONE! NO WONDER THE CROOKS KNEW WHERE TO FIND THAT THING!
SSH!
NOW, TO EXPOSE THE WIRING...
HE MOTIONS TO TORO—
AND TORO TURNS TO LEAVE THE ROOM...
IF I PUT THE LIGHTS OUT, I CAN TELL THEM WHAT I WANT THEM TO DO.
TORCH WRITES A MESSAGE IN FIRE — THEN, HE SNAPS THE LIGHTS BACK ON.
Agree with every thing I say
WELL, NO CLUES, MR. BAKER, BUT AT LEAST NO ONE ELSE CAN USE THAT GUN WITHOUT THE INFRA RED SCREEN! YOU KEEP THAT IN YOUR BANK VAULT, DON'T YOU?
ER, THAT'S TRUE, TORCH.
MEANWHILE, A MAN SITS AT AN AMPLIFIER IN THE CELLAR OF THE HOUSE LISTENING TO THE CONVERSATION.
I KEEP IT IN THE MERCHANTS BANK, VAULT NUMBER 333.
AH! THE BLUE DIAMOND WILL BE MOST ANXIOUS TO LEARN THIS!
HMM!
HELLO — THIS IS HANS. THAT DEVICE IS OF NO USE WITHOUT AN INFRA RED SCREEN. ... IT IS IN BOX 333, MERCHANTS BANK!
GOOD WORK, HANS! WE'LL PICK IT UP AT ONCE!
AS THE JANITOR TURNS FROM THE PHONE...
WH-! WHO ARE YOU? HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
I CAME TO HEAR WHAT YOU WOULD SAY, MR. SPY!

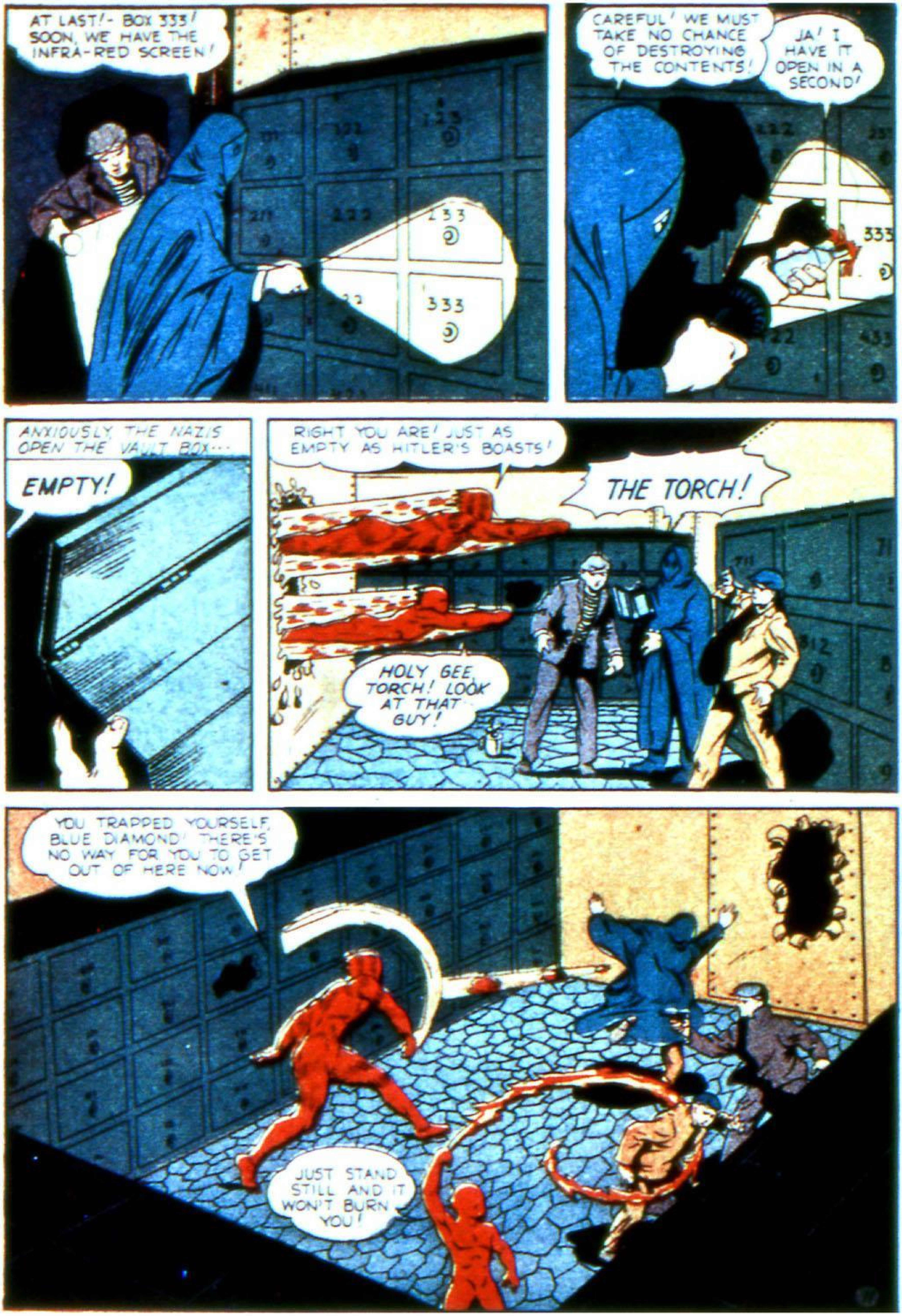

TORO TOSSES A FIRE BALL!
TRY THIS ON YOUR DICTAPHONE!
C'MON-GET MOVING! OUTSIDE-FAST!
TORO USES A BIT OF PERSUASION
BUT, THE NAZI MAKES A BREAK FOR THE STREET. TORCH AND THE POLICE, POSTED OUTSIDE, GIVE CHASE.
DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!
OKAY, TORO- FLAME OFF! HE'S SURROUNDED NOW!
NO! NO!
THEN A SHOT RINGS OUT-THE MAN STUMBLES AND FALLS.
HE IS DEAD BEFORE TORCH REACHES HIM.
THERE'S THE SHARPSHOOTER! I'LL GET HIM!
HE'S DONE FOR!

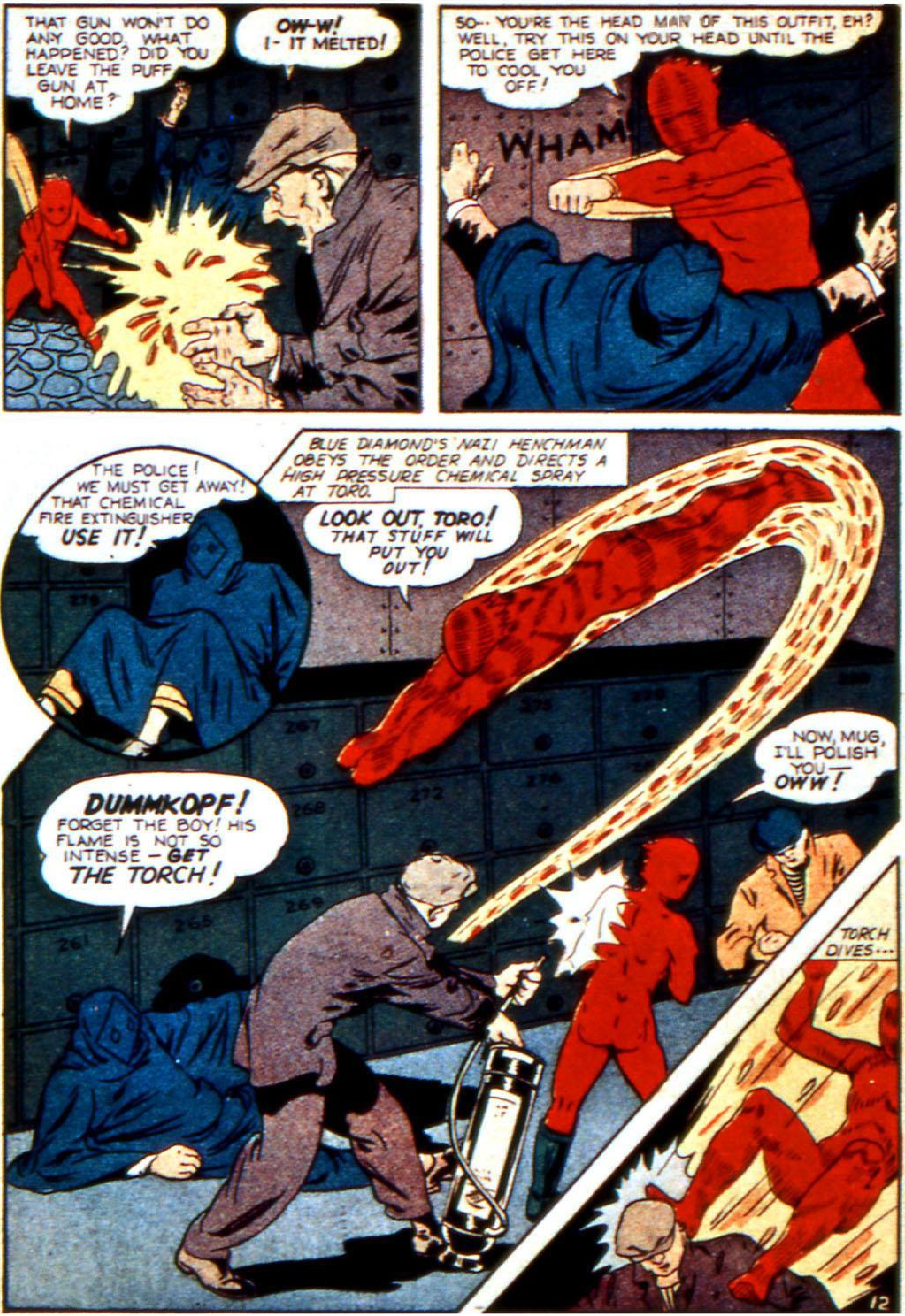

THE UNKNOWN GUNMAN DUCKS AROUND THE CORNER AND INTO A CAR.
I MUST LET THE BLUE DIAMOND KNOW THAT TORCH IS ONTO US!, GET GOING!
WELL, THERE'S ONE SURE WAY TO STOP YOU!
TORCH THROWS A FLAMING RING OF FIRE AT THE SPEEDING CAR...
FITZSIMM
PHARMA
SCREECH
THE NAZIS LEAP FROM THE WRECKED AND BURNING CAR...
TORO HAS FOLLOWED AND...
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I'M GOING TO ROUND THOSE MUGS UP!
AS THE CIRCLE OF FIRE SETTLES OVER THE HEADS OF THE TWO MEN, TORCH AND TORO COME DOWN BESIDE THEM.

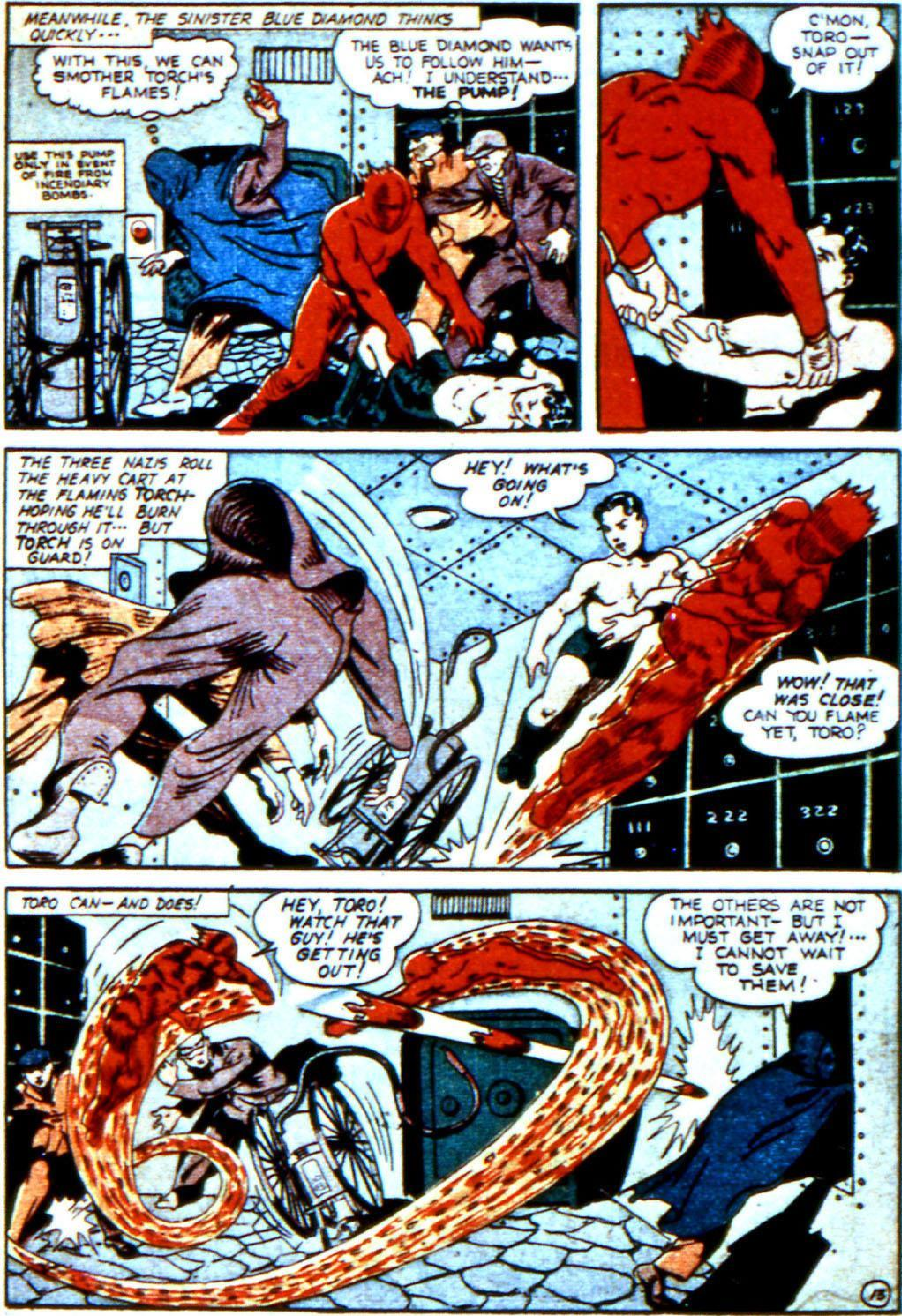

TRAPPED, THE TWO NAZIS TAKE SMALL PILLS FROM THEIR POCKETS AND SWALLOW THEM QUICKLY.
VE DIE FOR DER FATHERLAND! HEIL HITLER!
IT IS THE ONLY WAY! BLUE DIAMOND WOULD— UGH!
BLUE DIAMOND! SAY, THAT'S THE NAME OF THE PERSON THE JANITOR CALLED!
HE MUST BE THE ONE WE WANT, TORO— THE HEAD MAN!
TORCH AND TORO FLAME AWAY AS THE POLICE ARRIVE ON THE SCENE.
WE'RE HEADING FOR THE MERCHANTS BANK. I THINK WE'LL FIND A CHARACTER CALLED THE BLUE DIAMOND WAITING THERE!
WE'LL FOLLOW YOU IN THE SQUAD CARS, TORCH!
MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER SECTION OF TOWN···
IS EVERYTHING READY?
JA, BLUE DIAMOND. THERE WILL BE NO TROUBLE.
DONNELLY'S
AS SOON AS WE GET THE INFRA RED SCREEN FOR THE BAKER PUFF GUN, WE POSSESS THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON IN THE WORLD. THEN, WE GERMANS WILL TRULY BE THE SUPERIOR RACE—WE CAN DESTROY ALL OTHER PEOPLES!

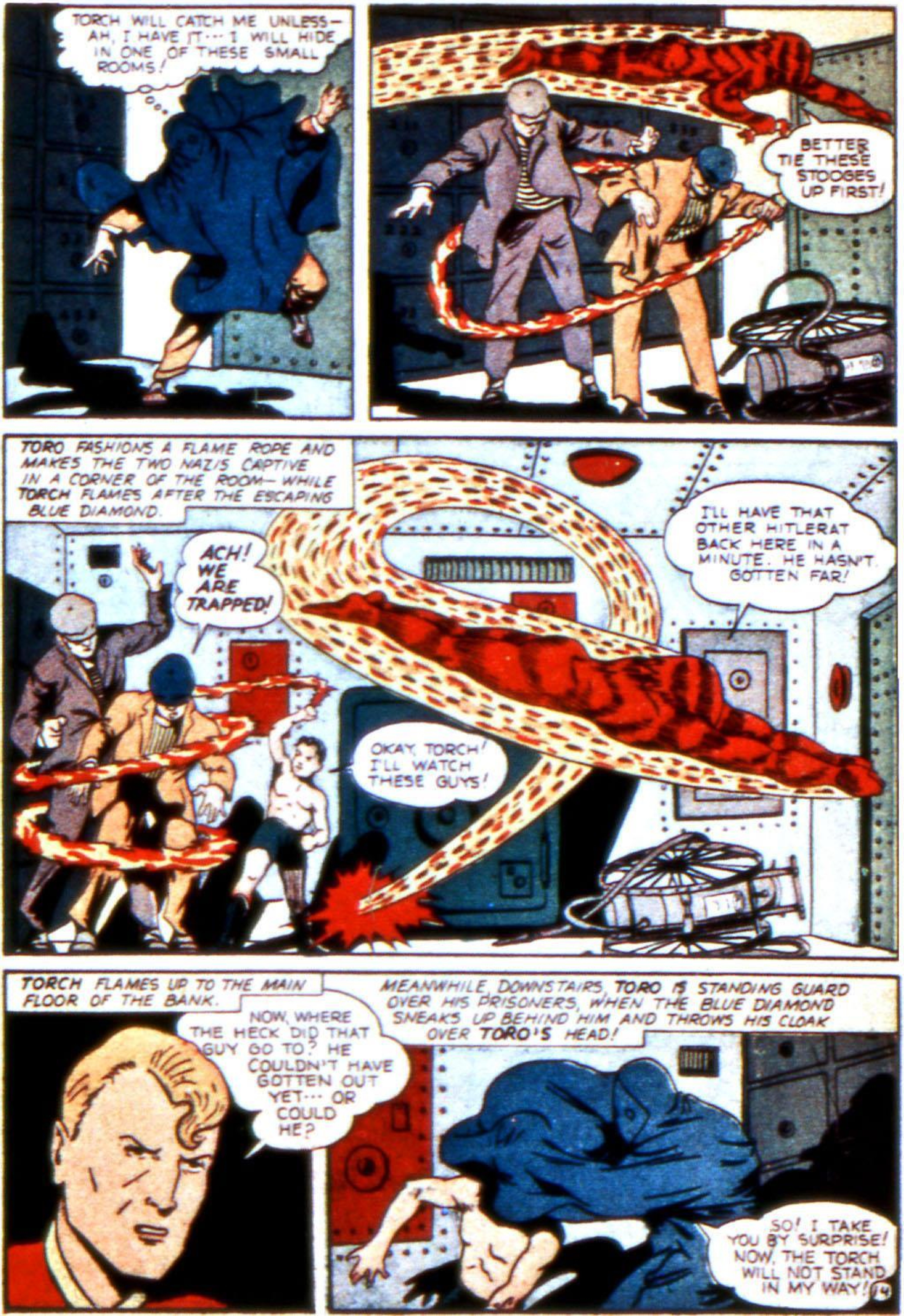

HOW SHALL WE WORK IT, TORCH?
THE BANK IS JUST DOWN THIS STREET. EVIDENTLY, THE BLUE DIAMOND HASN'T ARRIVED YET-- I WISH I KNEW HOW MUCH TIME WE HAVE!
OUR BEST BET IS TO TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE. KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR THEM, TORO!
YEAH! WE DON'T WANT THEM SNEAKING UP ON US! GOT ANY IDEAS, TORCH?
YES... IF WE CAN GET INSIDE WITHOUT BEING SEEN, WE CAN TRAP THEM IN THE VAULTS! C'MON- WE'LL TRY THE BACK WINDOWS!
WHAT ABOUT THE WATCHMAN?
WE HAVEN'T TIME TO MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND. BURN THE WIRE TO THAT BURGLAR ALARM, TORO!
SURE THING!
TORCH AND TORO GET INTO THE BANK UNDETECTED.
THERE! NOW, IF THOSE NAZI SPIES HAVE PLANNED TO COME IN THIS WAY, AT LEAST THEY WON'T KNOW WE GOT HERE FIRST!
CAN'T WE HIDE IN ONE OF THOSE PRIVATE COMPARTMENTS, TORCH?
...AND DOWNSTAIRS, IN THE VAULTS...
SSH! I HEAR SOME ONE!
WONDER HOW LONG WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT?

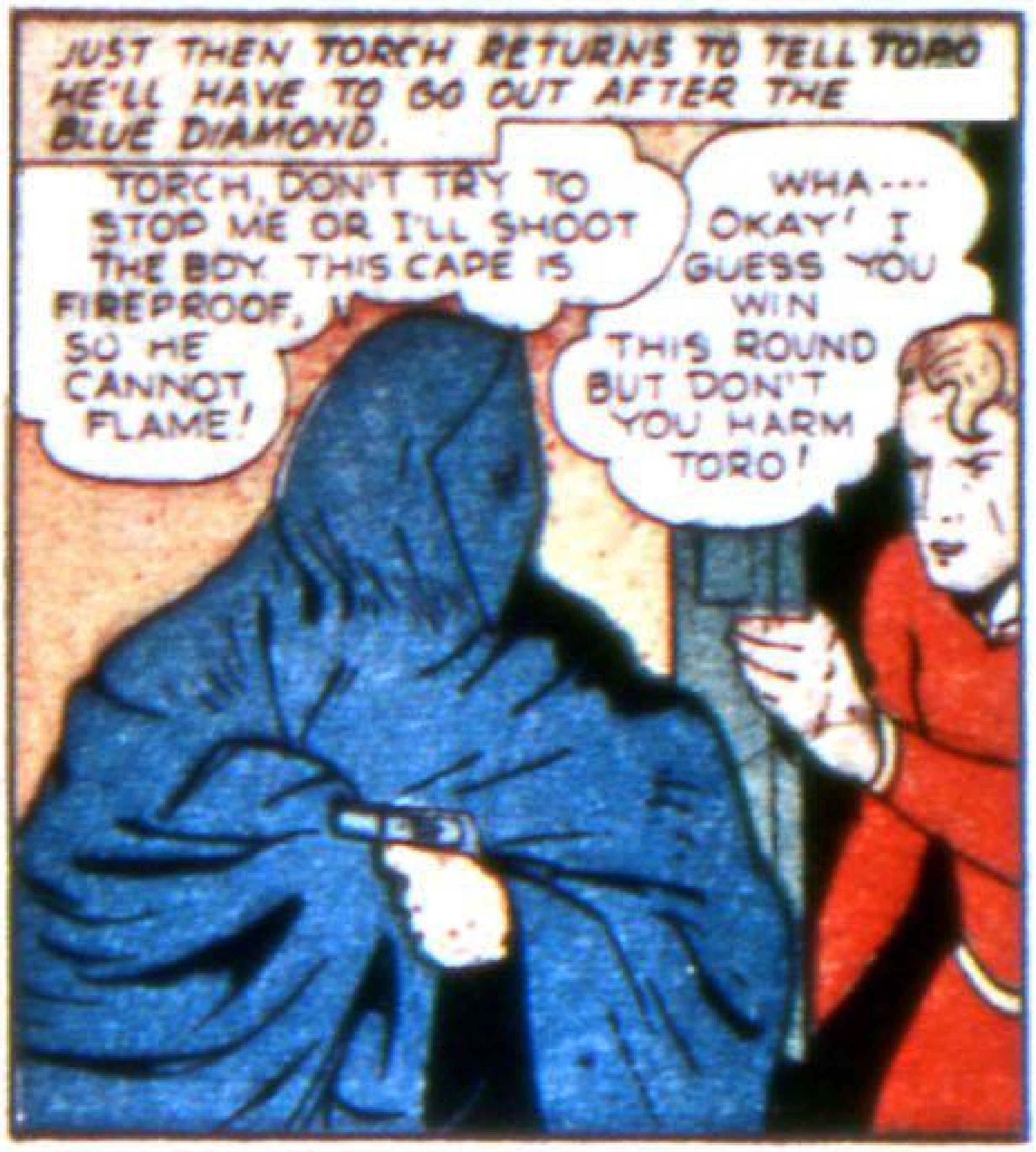

THE NAZIS SILENTLY ENTER THE BANK, USING A SKELETON KEY TO OPEN THE HEAVY METAL DOORS. THEN···
THE NIGHT WATCHMAN IS DISPOSED OF, HERR BLUE DIAMOND!
DISCONNECT THE WIRES TO THE ALARM!
THE ACETYLENE TORCHES AND DRILLS-QUICK! BRING THEM DOWN!
THE THREE MEN GO DOWN INTO THE DARK AND SILENT VAULTS.
REMEMBER THE NUMBER OF THE BOX-333!
DO NOT WASTE TIME-USE THE LARGE DRILL! AT THIS HOUR, THERE IS NO ONE TO HEAR THE NOISE!
ACH! THESE AMERICANS! HOW THEY PROTECT THEMSELVES!
DO NOT MAKE ME IMPATIENT! GET THAT DOOR OPENED!
SEVERAL MINUTES LATER, A PIECE IS REMOVED FROM THE THICK STEEL DOOR.
AH··· I SHALL BE THE FIRST TO ENTER!

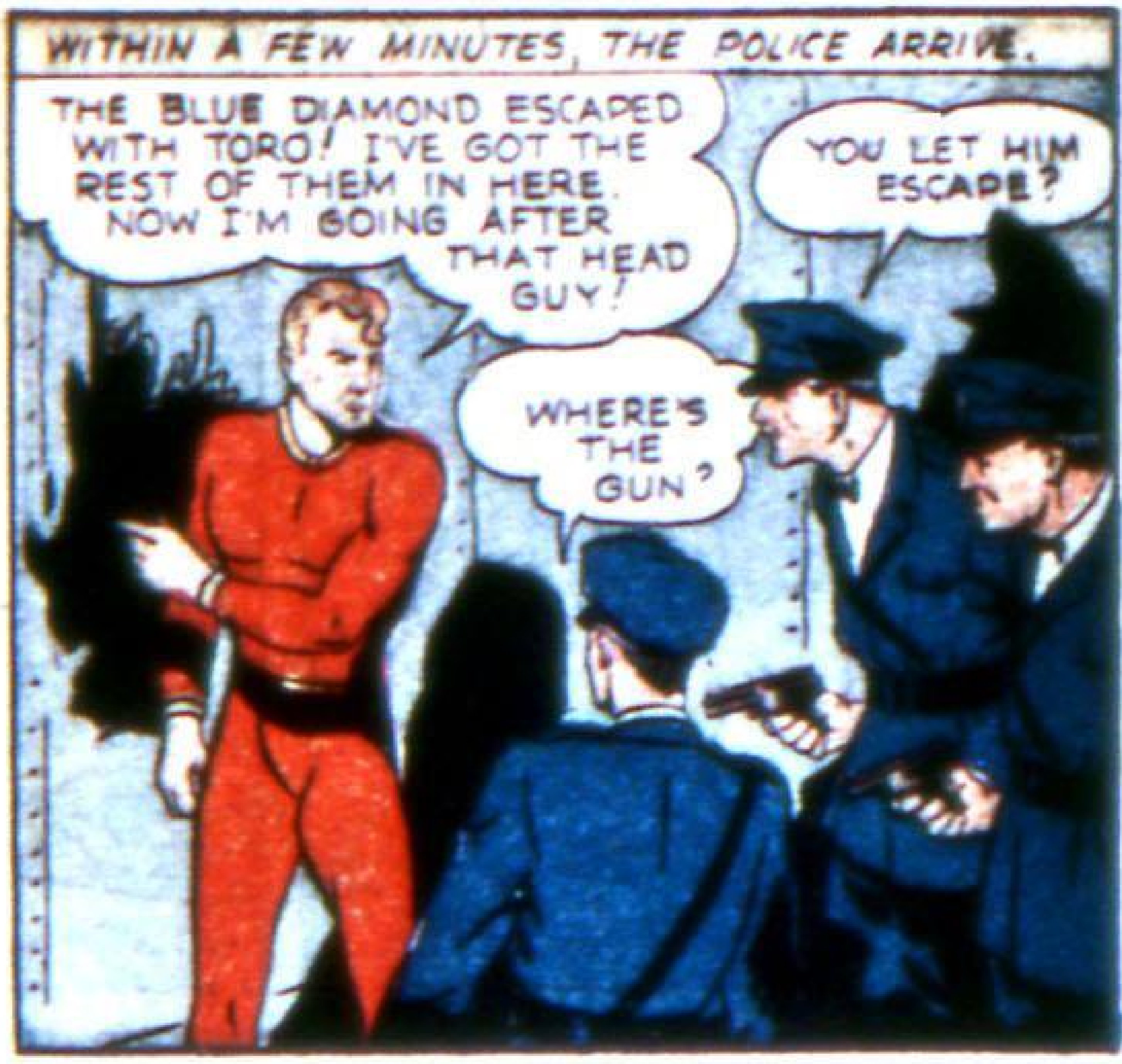

AT LAST! - BOX 333! SOON, WE HAVE THE INFRA-RED SCREEN!
CAREFUL! WE MUST TAKE NO CHANCE OF DESTROYING THE CONTENTS!
JA! I HAVE IT OPEN IN A SECOND!
ANXIOUSLY, THE NAZIS OPEN THE VAULT BOX...
EMPTY!
RIGHT YOU ARE! JUST AS EMPTY AS HITLER'S BOASTS!
THE TORCH!
HOLY GEE, TORCH! LOOK AT THAT GUY!
YOU TRAPPED YOURSELF, BLUE DIAMOND! THERE'S NO WAY FOR YOU TO GET OUT OF HERE NOW!
JUST STAND STILL AND IT WON'T BURN YOU!

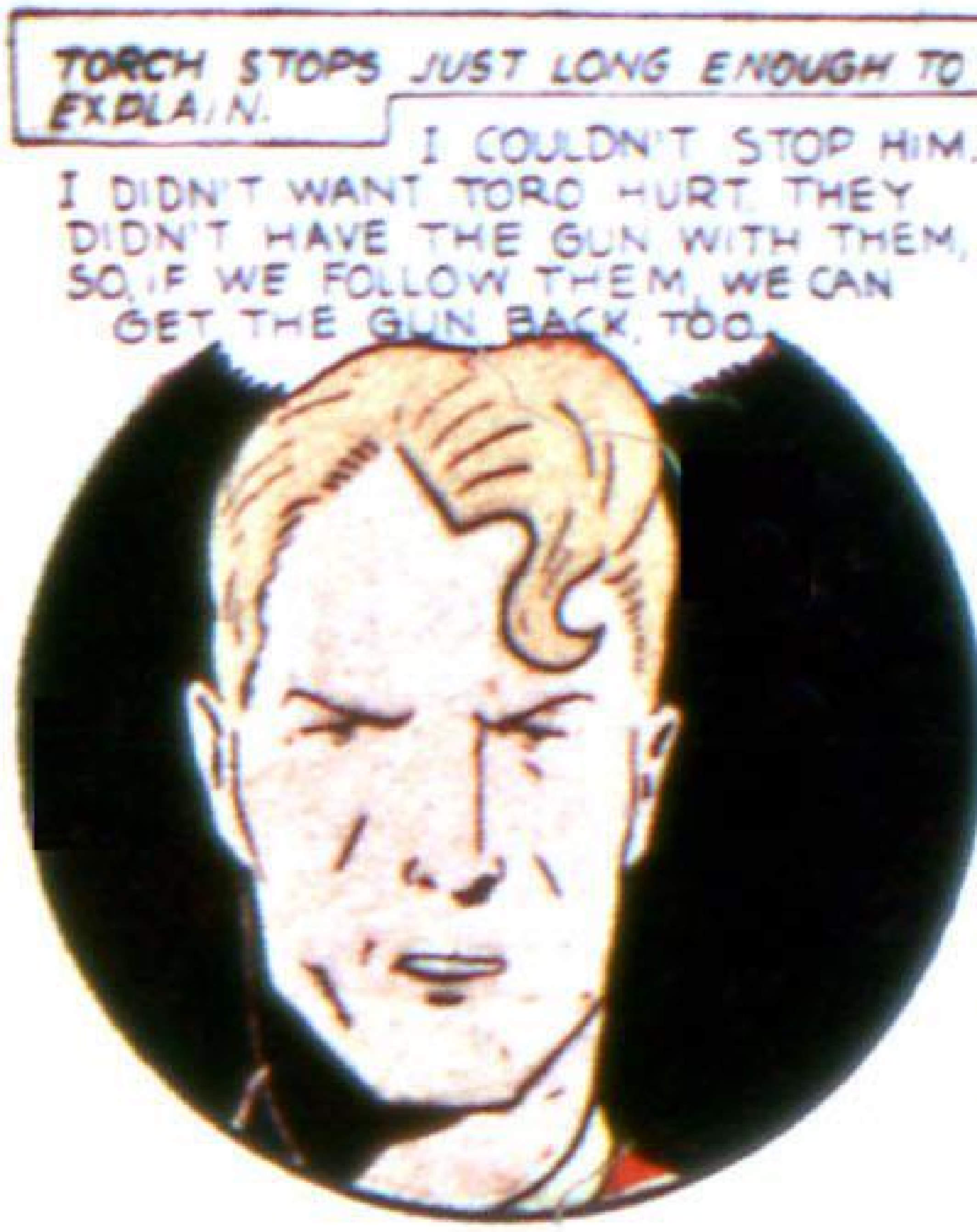

THAT GUN WON'T DO ANY GOOD. WHAT HAPPENED? DID YOU LEAVE THE PUFF GUN AT HOME?
OW-W! I- IT MELTED!
SO-- YOU'RE THE HEAD MAN OF THIS OUTFIT, EH? WELL, TRY THIS ON YOUR HEAD UNTIL THE POLICE GET HERE TO COOL YOU OFF!
WHAM
BLUE DIAMOND'S NAZI HENCHMAN OBEYS THE ORDER AND DIRECTS A HIGH PRESSURE CHEMICAL SPRAY AT TORO.
THE POLICE! WE MUST GET AWAY! THAT CHEMICAL FIRE EXTINGUISHER- USE IT!
LOOK OUT, TORO! THAT STUFF WILL PUT YOU OUT!
DUMMKOPF! FORGET THE BOY! HIS FLAME IS NOT SO INTENSE - GET THE TORCH!
NOW, MUG, I'LL POLISH YOU— OWW!
TORCH DIVES...

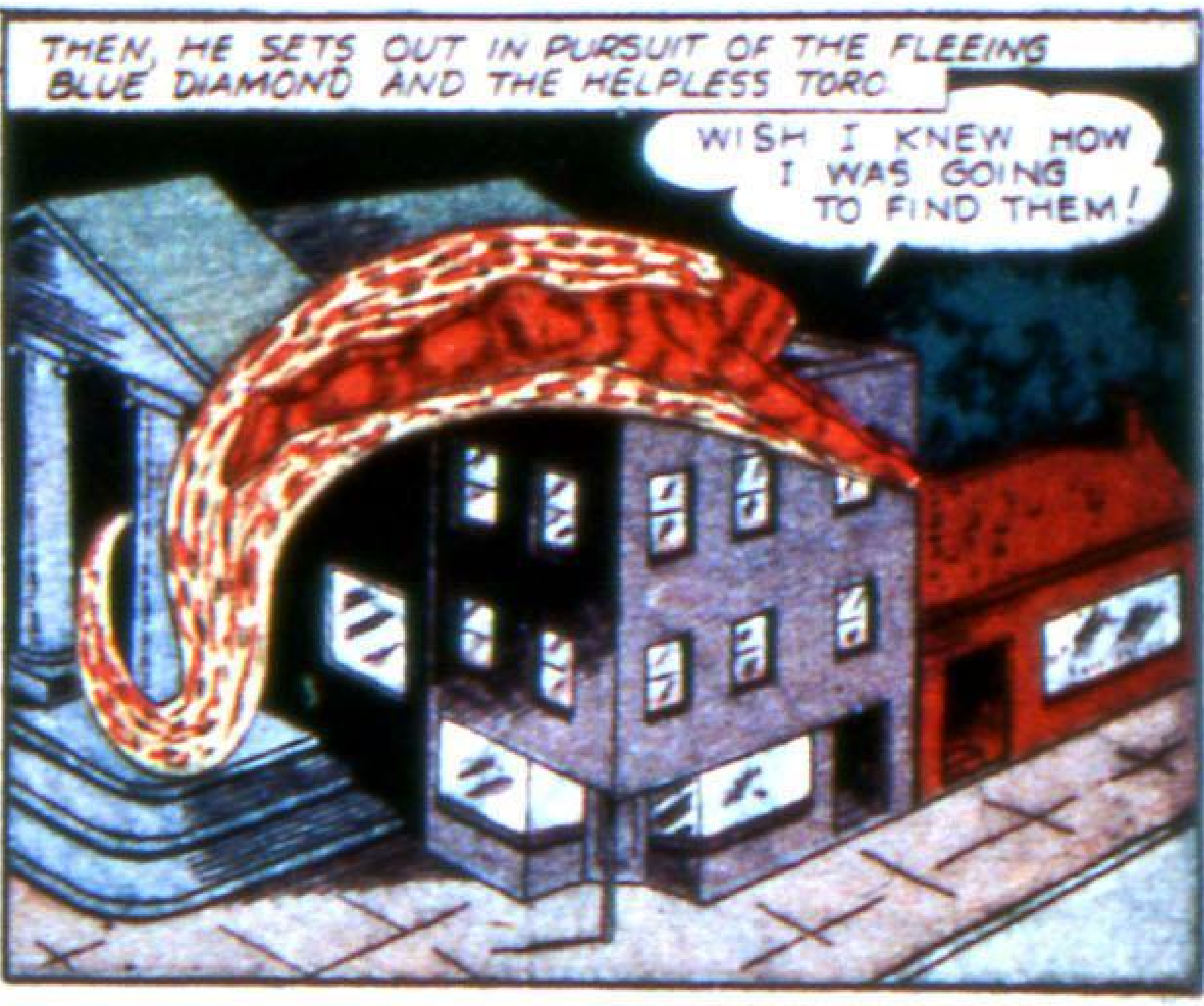

MEANWHILE, THE SINISTER BLUE DIAMOND THINKS QUICKLY---
WITH THIS, WE CAN SMOTHER TORCH'S FLAMES!
USE THIS PUMP ONLY IN EVENT OF FIRE FROM INCENDIARY BOMBS.
THE BLUE DIAMOND WANTS US TO FOLLOW HIM— ACH! I UNDERSTAND--- THE PUMP!
C'MON, TORO— SNAP OUT OF IT!
THE THREE NAZIS ROLL THE HEAVY CART AT THE FLAMING TORCH- HOPING HE'LL BURN THROUGH IT--- BUT TORCH IS ON GUARD!
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON!
WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE! CAN YOU FLAME YET, TORO?
111
222
322
TORO CAN—AND DOES!
HEY, TORO! WATCH THAT GUY! HE'S GETTING OUT!
THE OTHERS ARE NOT IMPORTANT- BUT I MUST GET AWAY!--- I CANNOT WAIT TO SAVE THEM!

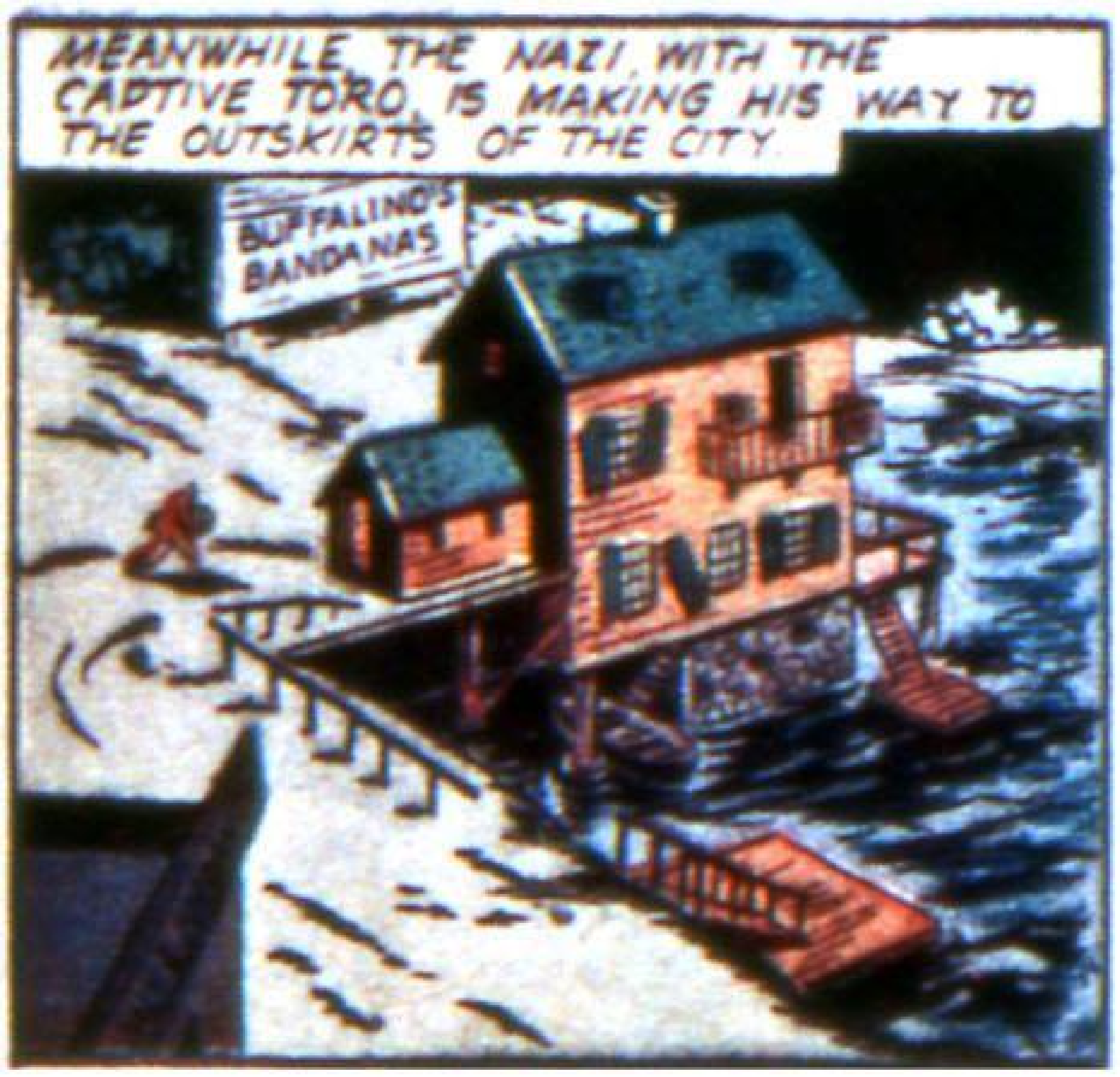

TORCH WILL CATCH ME UNLESS— AH, I HAVE IT··· I WILL HIDE IN ONE OF THESE SMALL ROOMS!
BETTER TIE THESE STOOGES UP FIRST!
TORO FASHIONS A FLAME ROPE AND MAKES THE TWO NAZIS CAPTIVE IN A CORNER OF THE ROOM— WHILE TORCH FLAMES AFTER THE ESCAPING BLUE DIAMOND.
ACH! WE ARE TRAPPED!
I'LL HAVE THAT OTHER HITLERAT BACK HERE IN A MINUTE. HE HASN'T GOTTEN FAR!
OKAY, TORCH! I'LL WATCH THESE GUYS!
TORCH FLAMES UP TO THE MAIN FLOOR OF THE BANK.
NOW, WHERE THE HECK DID THAT GUY GO TO? HE COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN OUT YET··· OR COULD HE?
MEANWHILE, DOWNSTAIRS, TORO IS STANDING GUARD OVER HIS PRISONERS, WHEN THE BLUE DIAMOND SNEAKS UP BEHIND HIM AND THROWS HIS CLOAK OVER TORO'S HEAD!
SO! I TAKE YOU BY SURPRISE! NOW, THE TORCH WILL NOT STAND IN MY WAY!
14

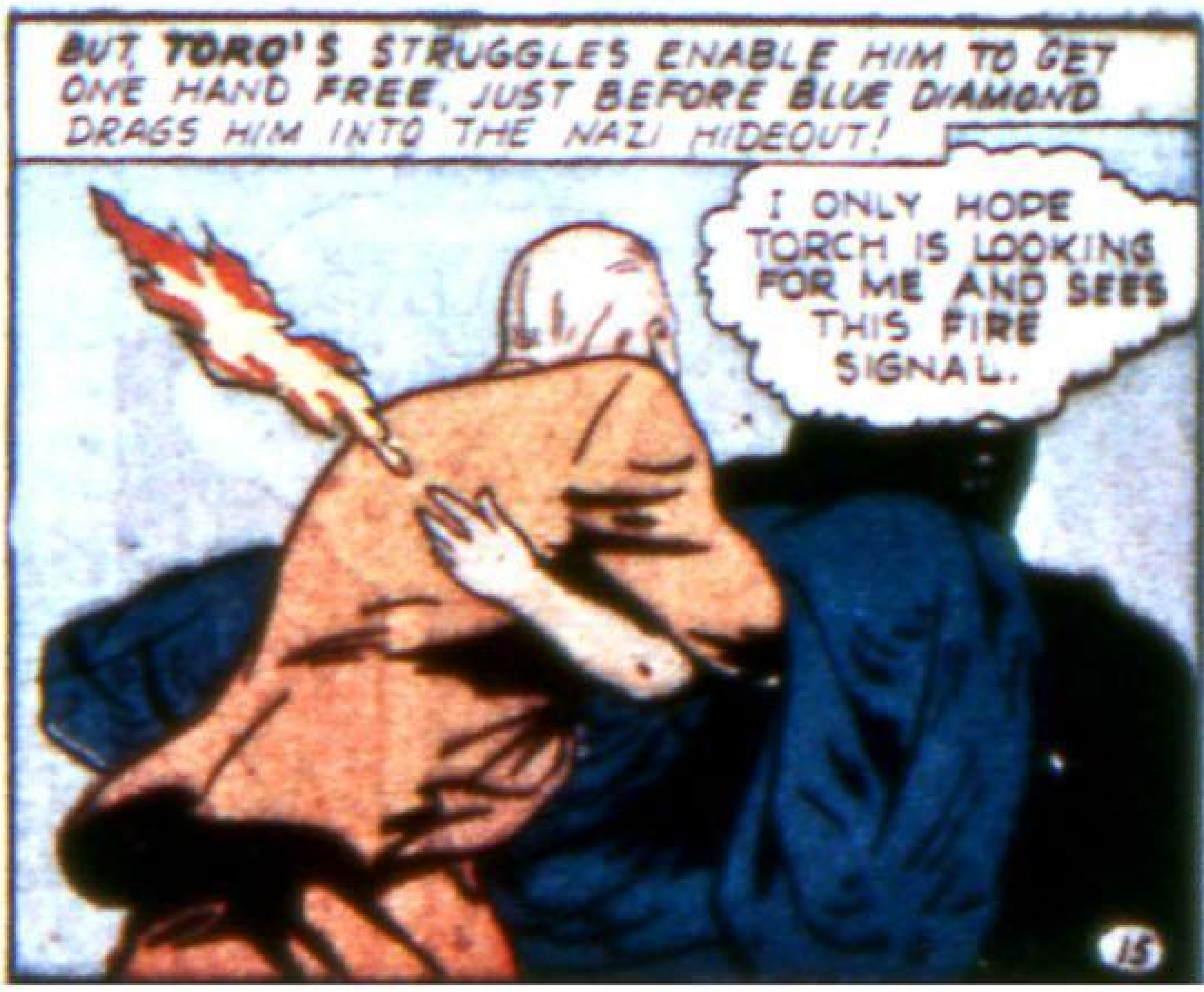

JUST THEN TORCH RETURNS TO TELL TORO HE'LL HAVE TO GO OUT AFTER THE BLUE DIAMOND.
TORCH, DON'T TRY TO STOP ME OR I'LL SHOOT THE BOY. THIS CAPE IS FIREPROOF, SO HE CANNOT FLAME!
WHA... OKAY! I GUESS YOU WIN THIS ROUND BUT DON'T YOU HARM TORO!

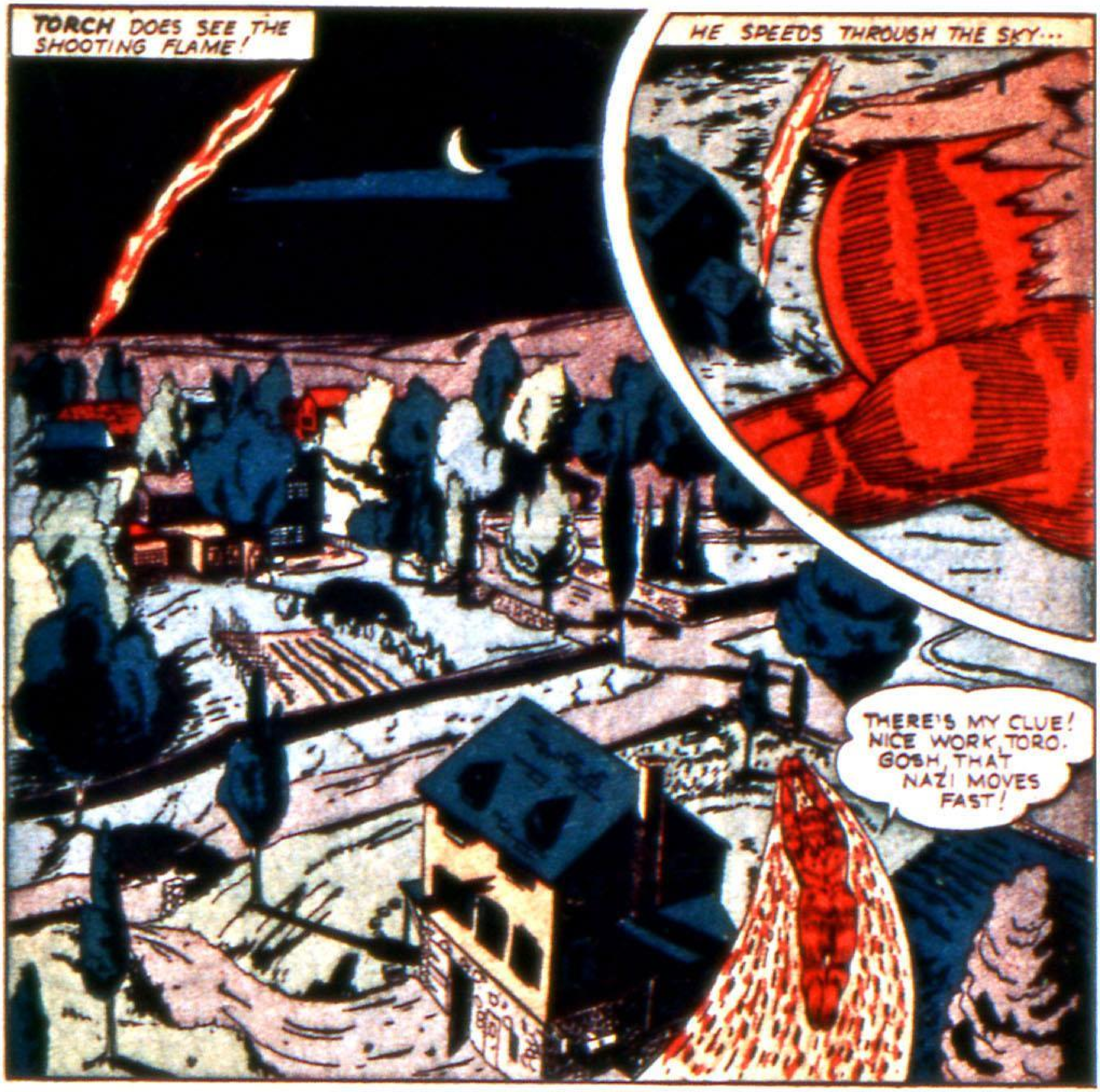

WITHIN A FEW MINUTES, THE POLICE ARRIVE.
THE BLUE DIAMOND ESCAPED WITH TORO! I'VE GOT THE REST OF THEM IN HERE. NOW I'M GOING AFTER THAT HEAD GUY!
YOU LET HIM ESCAPE?
WHERE'S THE GUN?

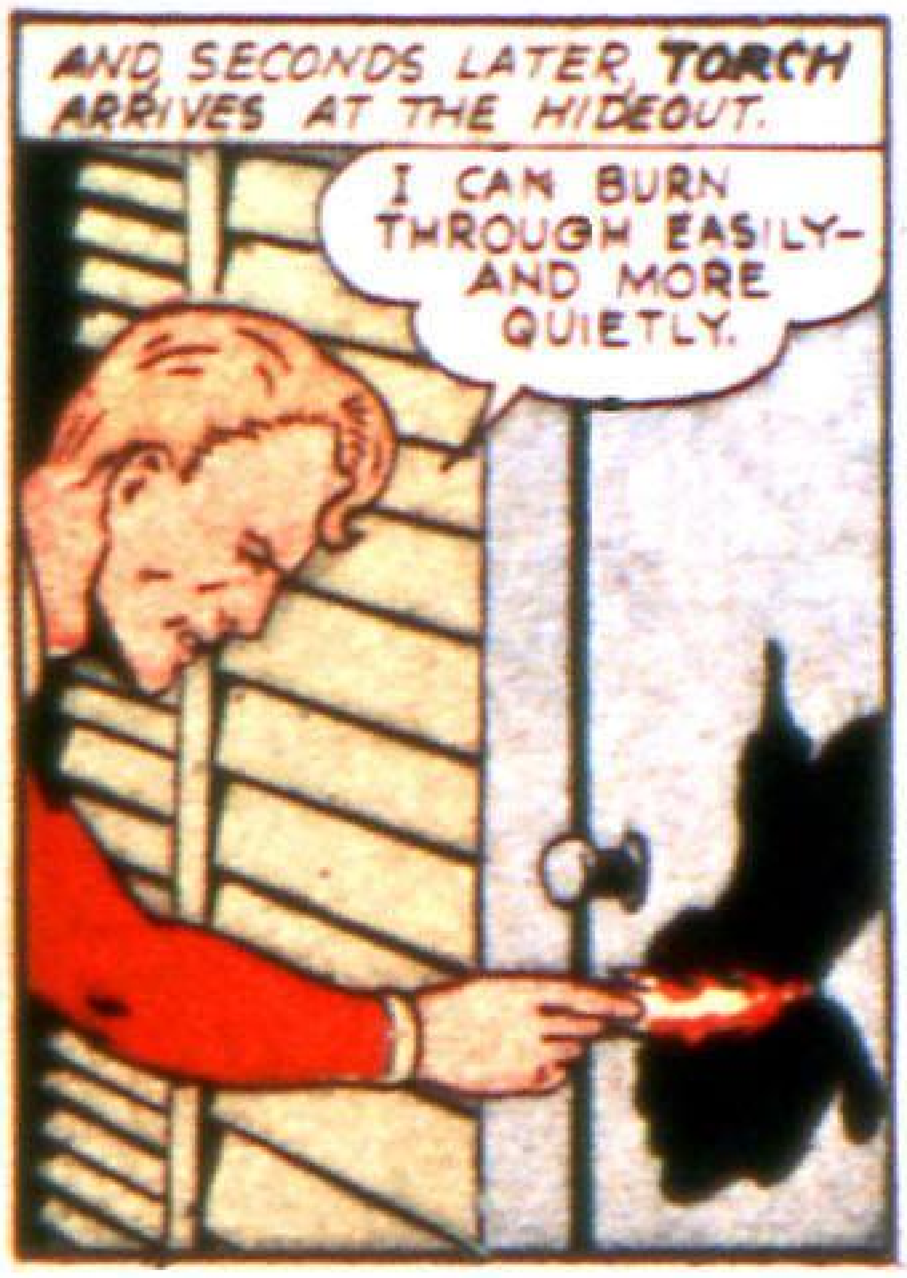

TORCH STOPS JUST LONG ENOUGH TO EXPLAIN.
I COULDN'T STOP HIM. I DIDN'T WANT TORO HURT. THEY DIDN'T HAVE THE GUN WITH THEM, SO, IF WE FOLLOW THEM, WE CAN GET THE GUN BACK, TOO.

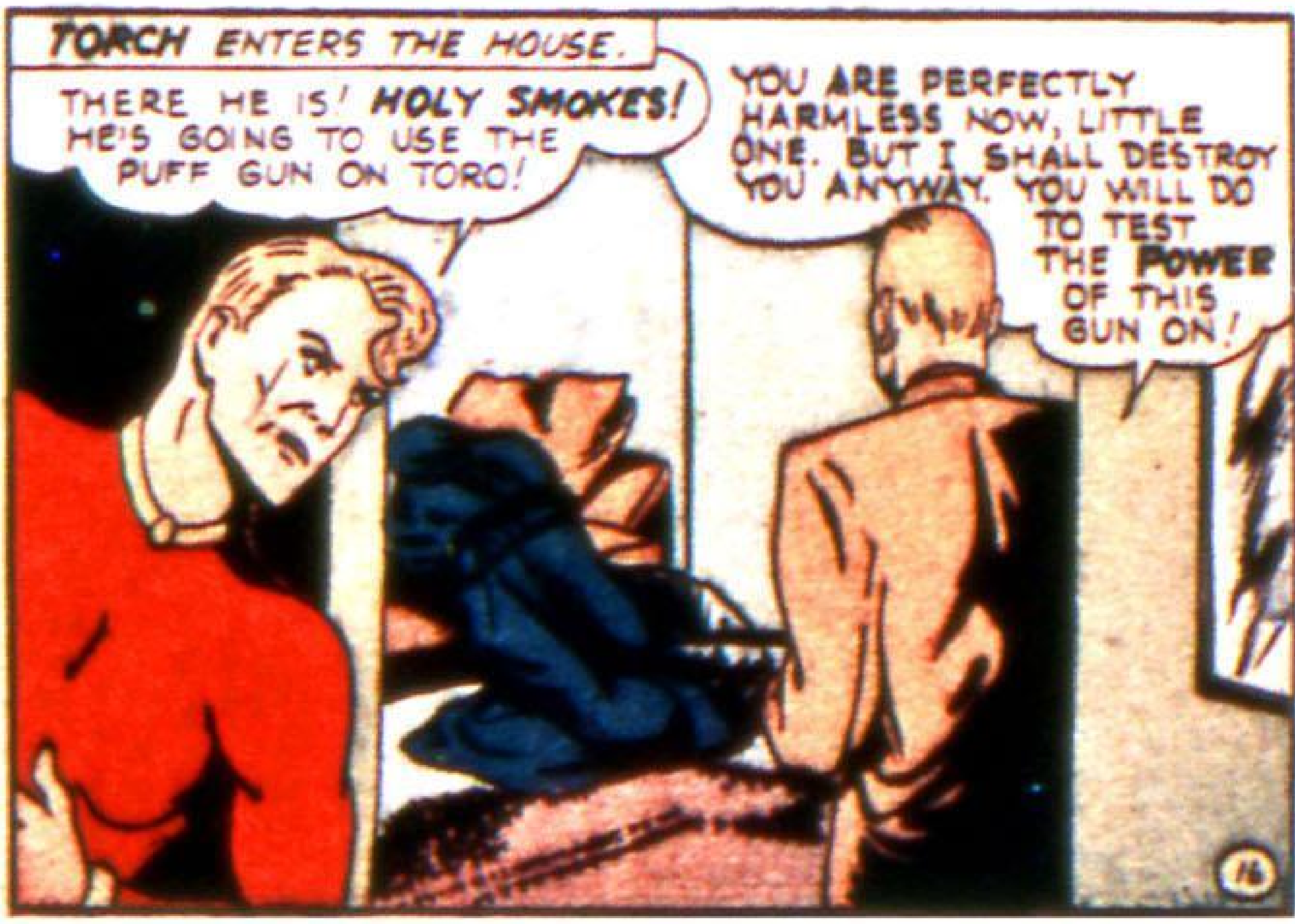

THEN, HE SETS OUT IN PURSUIT OF THE FLEEING BLUE DIAMOND AND THE HELPLESS TORO.
WISH I KNEW HOW I WAS GOING TO FIND THEM!

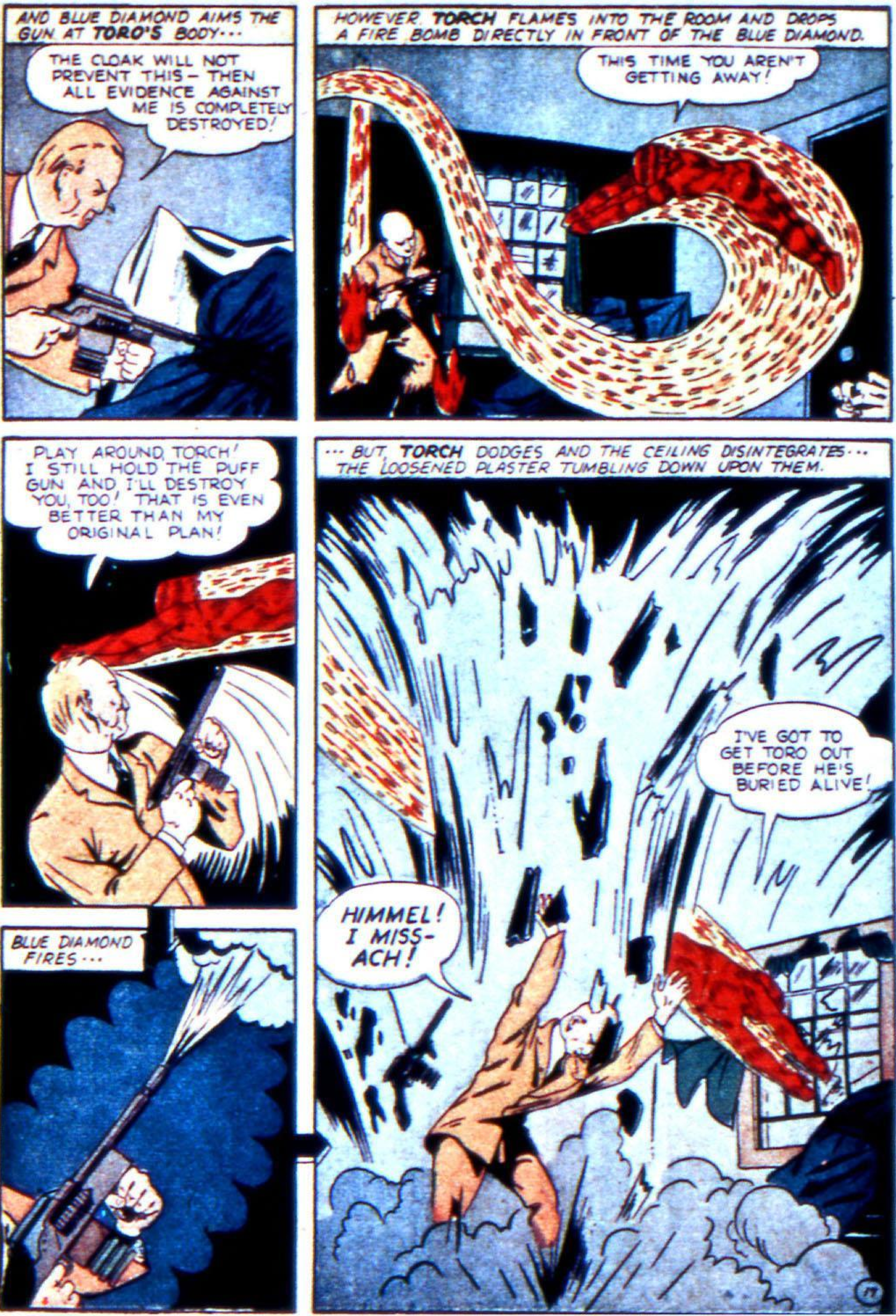

MEANWHILE THE NAZI, WITH THE CAPTIVE TORO, IS MAKING HIS WAY TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY.
BUFFALINO'S BANDANAS

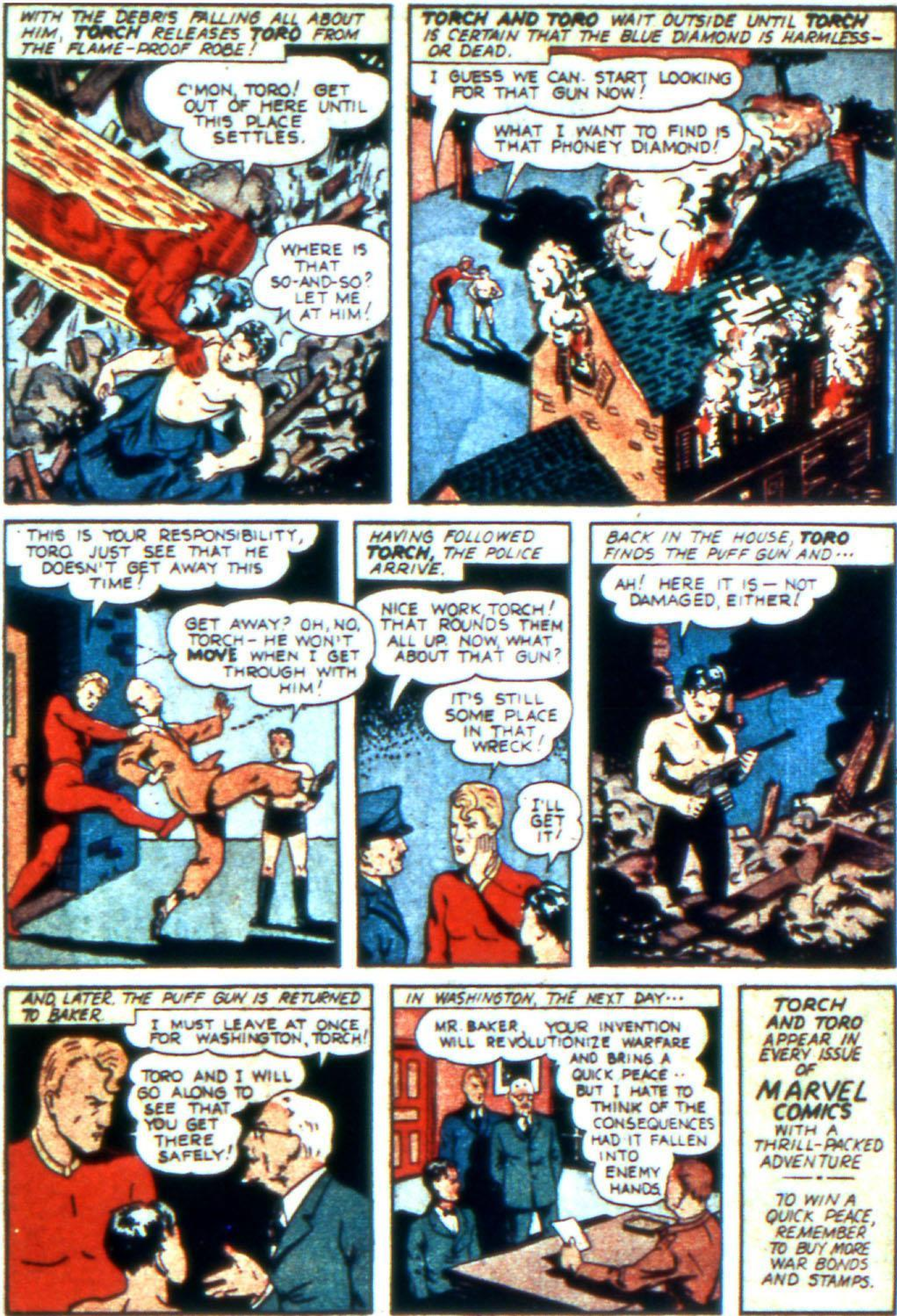

BUT, TORO'S STRUGGLES ENABLE HIM TO GET ONE HAND FREE, JUST BEFORE BLUE DIAMOND DRAGS HIM INTO THE NAZI HIDEOUT!
I ONLY HOPE TORCH IS LOOKING FOR ME AND SEES THIS FIRE SIGNAL.


TORCH DOES SEE THE SHOOTING FLAME!
HE SPEEDS THROUGH THE SKY...
THERE'S MY CLUE! NICE WORK, TORO. GOSH, THAT NAZI MOVES FAST!


AND SECONDS LATER, TORCH ARRIVES AT THE HIDEOUT.
I CAN BURN THROUGH EASILY-- AND MORE QUIETLY.

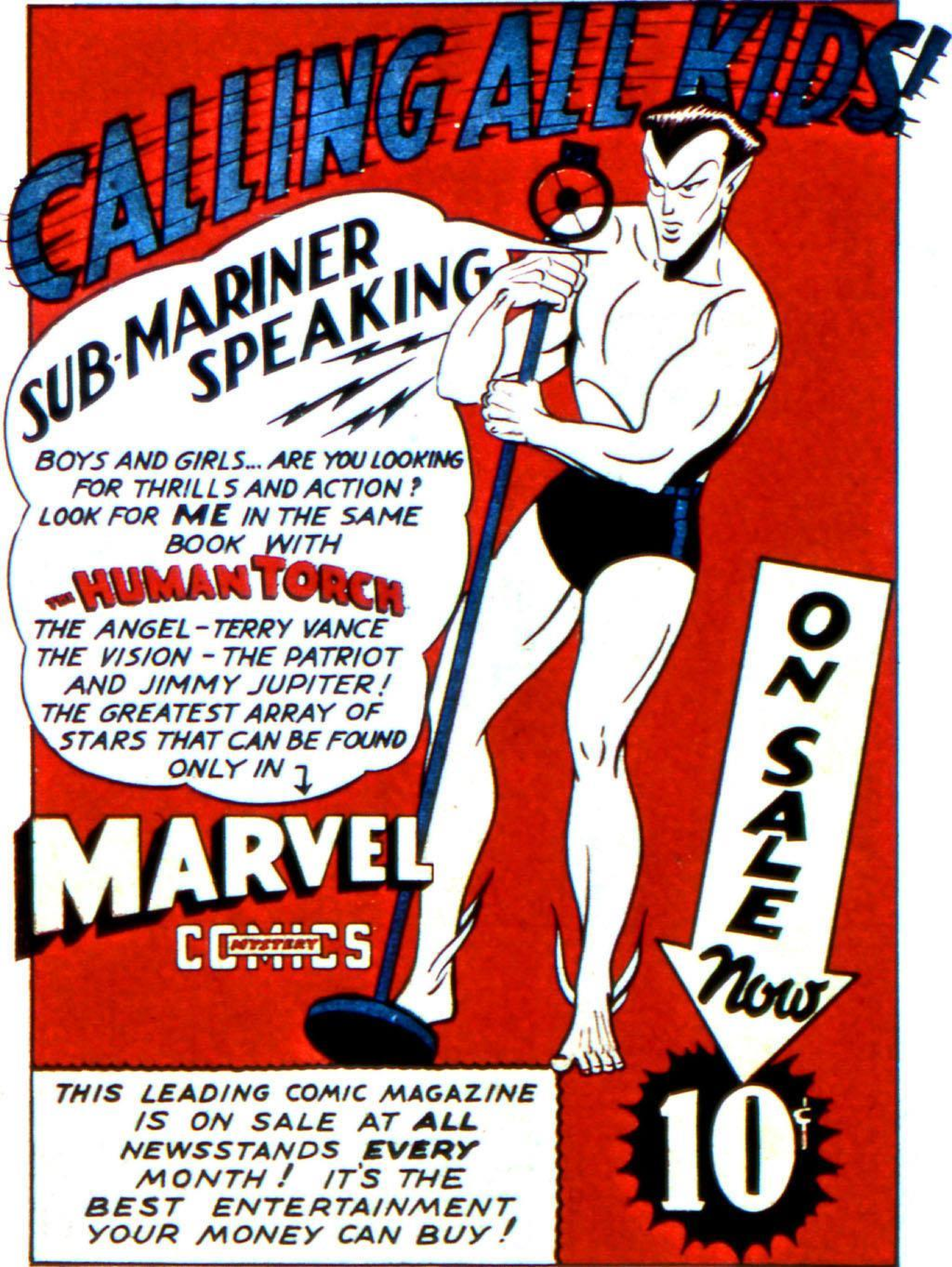

TORCH ENTERS THE HOUSE.
THERE HE IS! HOLY SMOKES! HE'S GOING TO USE THE PUFF GUN ON TORO!
YOU ARE PERFECTLY HARMLESS NOW, LITTLE ONE. BUT I SHALL DESTROY YOU ANYWAY. YOU WILL DO TO TEST THE POWER OF THIS GUN ON!


AND BLUE DIAMOND AIMS THE GUN AT **TORO'S** BODY···
THE CLOAK WILL NOT PREVENT THIS– THEN ALL EVIDENCE AGAINST ME IS COMPLETELY DESTROYED!
HOWEVER, **TORCH** FLAMES INTO THE ROOM AND DROPS A FIRE BOMB DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE BLUE DIAMOND.
THIS TIME YOU AREN'T GETTING AWAY!
PLAY AROUND, TORCH! I STILL HOLD THE PUFF GUN AND I'LL DESTROY YOU, TOO! THAT IS EVEN BETTER THAN MY ORIGINAL PLAN!
BLUE DIAMOND FIRES···
···BUT, **TORCH** DODGES AND THE CEILING DISINTEGRATES··· THE LOOSENED PLASTER TUMBLING DOWN UPON THEM.
I'VE GOT TO GET TORO OUT BEFORE HE'S BURIED ALIVE!
HIMMEL! I MISS-ACH!


WITH THE DEBRIS FALLING ALL ABOUT HIM, TORCH RELEASES TORO FROM THE FLAME-PROOF ROBE!
C'MON, TORO! GET OUT OF HERE UNTIL THIS PLACE SETTLES.
WHERE IS THAT SO-AND-SO? LET ME AT HIM!
TORCH AND TORO WAIT OUTSIDE UNTIL TORCH IS CERTAIN THAT THE BLUE DIAMOND IS HARMLESS— OR DEAD.
I GUESS WE CAN START LOOKING FOR THAT GUN NOW!
WHAT I WANT TO FIND IS THAT PHONEY DIAMOND!
THIS IS YOUR RESPONSIBILITY, TORO. JUST SEE THAT HE DOESN'T GET AWAY THIS TIME!
GET AWAY? OH, NO, TORCH— HE WON'T MOVE WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH HIM!
HAVING FOLLOWED TORCH, THE POLICE ARRIVE.
NICE WORK, TORCH! THAT ROUNDS THEM ALL UP. NOW, WHAT ABOUT THAT GUN?
IT'S STILL SOME PLACE IN THAT WRECK!
I'LL GET IT!
BACK IN THE HOUSE, TORO FINDS THE PUFF GUN AND...
AH! HERE IT IS— NOT DAMAGED, EITHER!
AND LATER, THE PUFF GUN IS RETURNED TO BAKER.
I MUST LEAVE AT ONCE FOR WASHINGTON, TORCH!
TORO AND I WILL GO ALONG TO SEE THAT YOU GET THERE SAFELY!
IN WASHINGTON, THE NEXT DAY...
MR. BAKER, YOUR INVENTION WILL REVOLUTIONIZE WARFARE AND BRING A QUICK PEACE.. BUT I HATE TO THINK OF THE CONSEQUENCES HAD IT FALLEN INTO ENEMY HANDS.

TORCH AND TORO APPEAR IN EVERY ISSUE OF
MARVEL COMICS
WITH A THRILL-PACKED ADVENTURE

TO WIN A QUICK PEACE, REMEMBER TO BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS.



CALLING ALL KIDS!

SUB-MARINER SPEAKING

BOYS AND GIRLS... ARE YOU LOOKING FOR THRILLS AND ACTION? LOOK FOR **ME** IN THE SAME BOOK WITH

THE HUMAN TORCH

THE ANGEL – TERRY VANCE
THE VISION – THE PATRIOT
AND JIMMY JUPITER!
THE GREATEST ARRAY OF STARS THAT CAN BE FOUND ONLY IN ↓

MARVEL
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THIS LEADING COMIC MAGAZINE IS ON SALE AT **ALL** NEWSSTANDS **EVERY** MONTH! IT'S THE BEST ENTERTAINMENT YOUR MONEY CAN BUY!

FIGHTING MAN

THE WORKING PAPERS gave Curt a feeling of pride, of warmth, which even the cold night wind failed to chill. It had taken a long time getting them. The folks hadn't liked the idea, especially Dad. But, Curt sort of felt that someone had to get in and help.

Evening session was over at the Clifton High and Curt put away his papers and walked out with the crowd, listening absently to the laughter and voices. He knew some of them, had known them ever since he'd graduated and yet, many of these younger people seemed like strangers to him, as if something had come between them, splitting them apart after all these years.

Dad was in the kitchen. Mother was getting ready to go to bed. Curt pulled off coat and cap, hanging them in the closet just outside in the hall, with his books on the shelf. He felt as if he'd taken a whipping his body was so tired.

He felt his mother's eyes on him. "You'd better hurry and get to bed." Her lips were tight, her eyes full of open disapproval. "I'll fix you something to eat while you wash up. You can put on your pajamas and robe—"

"I'm all right." Curt tried to make the words sound true. "I'm getting as much sleep as ever . . . good gosh, Mom, you'd think that I was going to have a—a nervous breakdown or something."

Dad asked. "Ever stop to think, young fellow, how long this may last?"

Curt didn't answer. He washed at the sink and dried his hands gingerly because those blisters had busted this afternoon when they were finishing up at the dock. He wondered if he'd ever get used to it, pushing a hand truck around, swinging heavy cases. . . .

He said crossly, "You don't understand—"

"We do. You're our son and we're thinking about you. There are plenty of able bodied men in this country to do the work without taking the children!"

"Children." Curt muttered. "I like that!" He lowered himself gratefully into a chair at the table, where Mom had put a steaming bowl of broth. It sure smelled good. He felt a queer little twinge of uneasiness at the pit of his stomach and quickly took some of the broth to cover it up.

Dad began loading his pipe. He said, "Look, young fellow. There's a couple of good jobs in the paper tonight. Sam Stevens is looking for a healthy, smart kid—"

"Doing what?"

Dad struck a match and puffed out a huge cloud of blue smoke as if wanting to hide. "Well . . . store work mostly. There'd be enough to keep you busy—"

"No, thanks." Curt hunched his shoulders. "There are plenty of jobs like that—"

"It's helping, doing your share—"

Curt plied his spoon, wishing they'd let him alone, wishing he honestly knew what was the right thing to do. Getting started like this, fumbling around in the dark almost—he knew his parents were worried for him and felt secure in the knowledge but, at the same time . . . go to work in a grocery store behind a counter. . . .

Curt muttered. "That isn't the sort of thing I want to do. There are plenty of people who won't fit in anywhere else to do that. I'm young, strong. I—I can do other things—"

"Finish your broth," Mom ordered quietly. "Then get to bed. It's late."

WALKING ALONG Front Street, Curt pulled his collar closer against the chill air. The smell of creosote and Diesel oil from the tugs came to him, and as he came nearer he could hear the grumble of lighters and booms, the indistinct murmur of waves against the pilings of the wharves. His hands still felt sore where the blisters had broken and his body was stiff from yesterday. Within him was an uneasiness over something he couldn't quite define, a sort of unrest that had wrapped him for weeks now as if he weren't sure of himself, or of what was happening to him.

Mingling with the others in line at the high gate, he warmed up a little, feeling a sort of companionship with them, as they moved up to the gate, displayed their badges and were admitted. After that they trooped along the pier front, keeping carefully within the white line marking the civilian boundary, to where the ship had come in during the night, a grey battered hulk of a freighter looking worn and even tired, her rigging and super-structure coated with ice and sooty snow.

Sometimes they worked part day, sometimes, like today, they stayed at it endlessly.

"The stuff's gotta go on!" the foreman told them when they started. "Keep it moving. Fast.

Don't stop for anything!"

It was a sort of motto with them here at the loading piers. "Keep moving! Fast!" Curt thrust his already tired body through the big door in the side of the warehouse, up the loading platform to the deck of the ship where "steves" grappled the stuff again with long curved hooks, swung it over into the hold. It went on endlessly, tirelessly, sickeningly, a chain of men and hand trucks keeping tempo to the chug of lighters and steam jennies, puffing and grunting and coughing. By noon, Curt thought he'd drop of sheer exhaustion but after a hurried lunch he went back at it again. For one thing he couldn't do otherwise.

"You're here till it's over! If it lasts all night!"

That was another motto. So far it hadn't gone past three or four in the afternoon. Once to six. Curt had just barely made class. If only he'd been a little older, hadn't had to attend school. . . .

During mid-afternoon a case of milk broke and the cans went rolling helter-skelter all over the place. It had seemed serious to Curt, although no one else appeared to think it so. He'd pulled aside to pick them up.

"Never mind 'em!" the boss loader bawled. "Hey, you! Let 'em alone! Get going. Fast!"

Curt had been too tired to worry much. He'd got going. Fast. Later he saw a couple of the others off to the side, opening the cans with their hooks, drinking the contents in greedy gulps.

"Plenty more where they came from!" A tanned little guy snickered. "You stop to pick them up—"

Curt kept going. The stuff went on by four in the afternoon and they all trooped back to get their pay. . . .

"You'll have to wait a while," the guy at the little office told them. "Can't leave just now. Take it easy."

Curt listened to the grumbling, was glad of the chance to ease up. The little office smelled of the kerosene stove, the smoke from cigarettes, the heated bodies, but he didn't mind. He leaned back in the corner, feeling the tired tingling of muscles through his body, the smart of his eyes and the raw pain in his hand. Even with heavy gloves blisters seemed to come magically.

The tramp of sudden footsteps roused him later and he pulled out of a doze to look through the window. Light shone out upon the faces of soldiers going past the little office, line after line of them. And as they passed the windows on their way down toward the dock, Curt saw into their faces, saw the expressionless eyes and set lips, the colorless skins. Men going down to be . . . loaded. Men going out in ships. Men . . . supplies . . . going overseas to other ports, to fight and perhaps never come back.

Yes, men and supplies were going out tonight. Curt remembered the convoy standing out in the bay. Waiting. He leaned toward the window now, aware of the thunder of his heart, watching the faces, the up-turned eyes in which there was something, a sort of determination that was frightening as if they knew what lay ahead. Some of them tried to grin but it was only a mask, one that didn't belong now. It was too serious. Curt drew back into his corner, remembering the cans of milk, the hurried loading.

"Get it going! Fast!"

HE WAS LATE for class but it didn't matter so much. It was hard writing too, because by then his hand was cramped from long clinging to the handle of the truck. What, he wondered was the sense of it all? Why all the struggle? Why. . . .

He walked out with the crowd at eleven, listening to the voices of the others about him, the laughter and talk. Strangers most of them. Even those who had been friends. Perhaps later—

Swinging away from the others down hill, Curt saw across the river, huge search lights like giant golden pencils writing against a blackboard of the sky. The distant drone of a plane filtered through the stillness, and a moment later Curt saw it picked up by first one light then another, followed mercilessly across the sky till it was far out of range.

It was still and the air smelled faintly of the river below, the tugs coughed along in the dark, the tide rubbed against pilings. As Curt walked, his thoughts crystallized and he began to realize that this had to be for him. He had to do it.

The faces of soldiers moving through a little square of light from a window, formed before his eyes against the dark. Men going out to fight. Men and supplies.

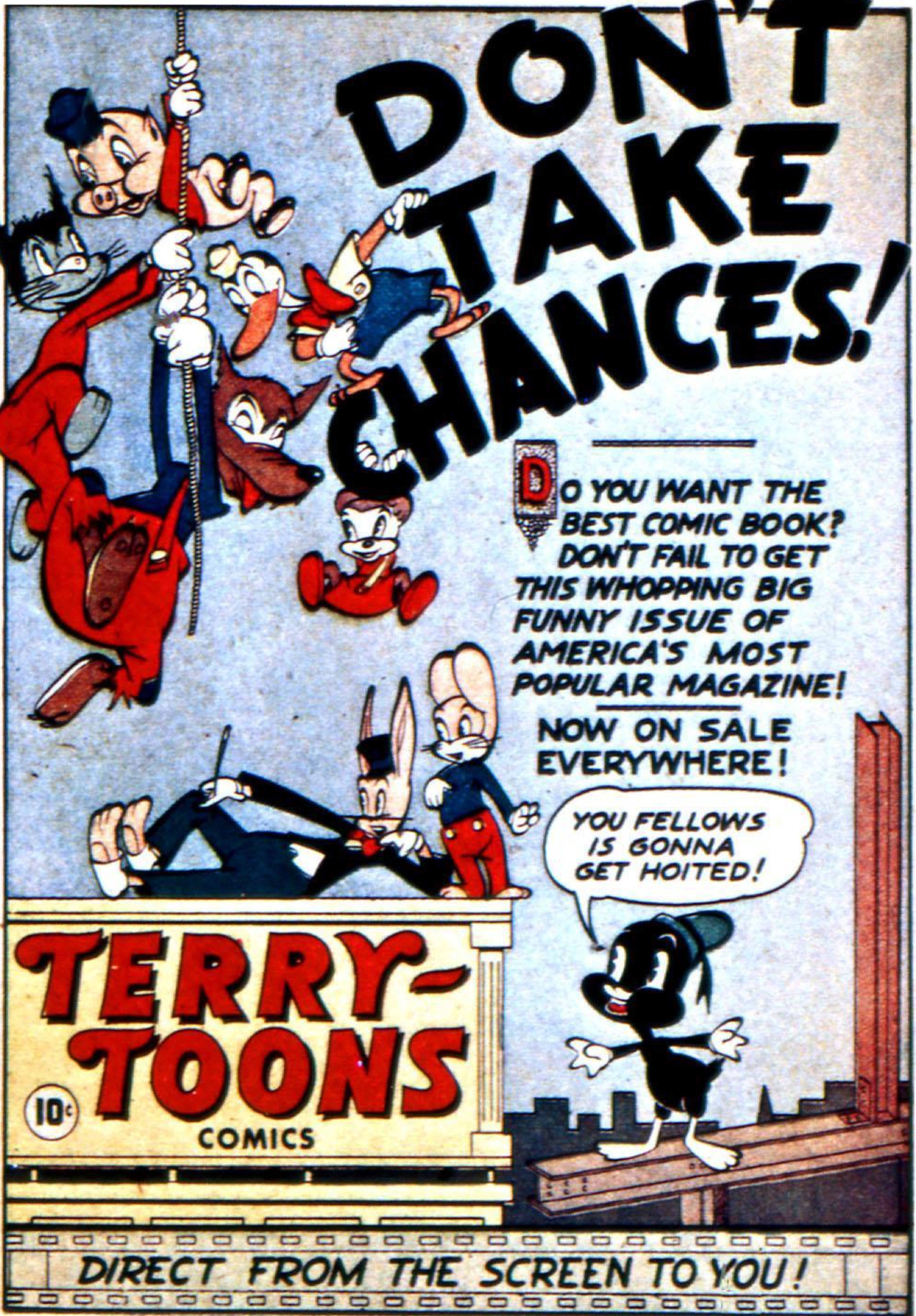
Resolutely Curt pushed back his shoulders. It might be a long time but he had to keep going.

"Keep it moving! Fast!"

Yes, he'd do that. After a while the folks wouldn't say anything. Dad felt a little . . . bad. But the money could go into bonds. That would be best anyway. Curt squared his shoulders. He was part of it and had to remain a part, a cog in the machine grinding slowly, relentlessly onward. It was tiresome and nerve-wracking. And it was wonderful.

There were many cogs too, all kinds of them, from all over the earth. All a part. All helping to keep it moving. Fast!

The End.


DON'T TAKE CHANCES!
DO YOU WANT THE BEST COMIC BOOK? DON'T FAIL TO GET THIS WHOPPING BIG FUNNY ISSUE OF AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR MAGAZINE!
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YOU FELLOWS IS GONNA GET HOITED!
TERRY-TOONS
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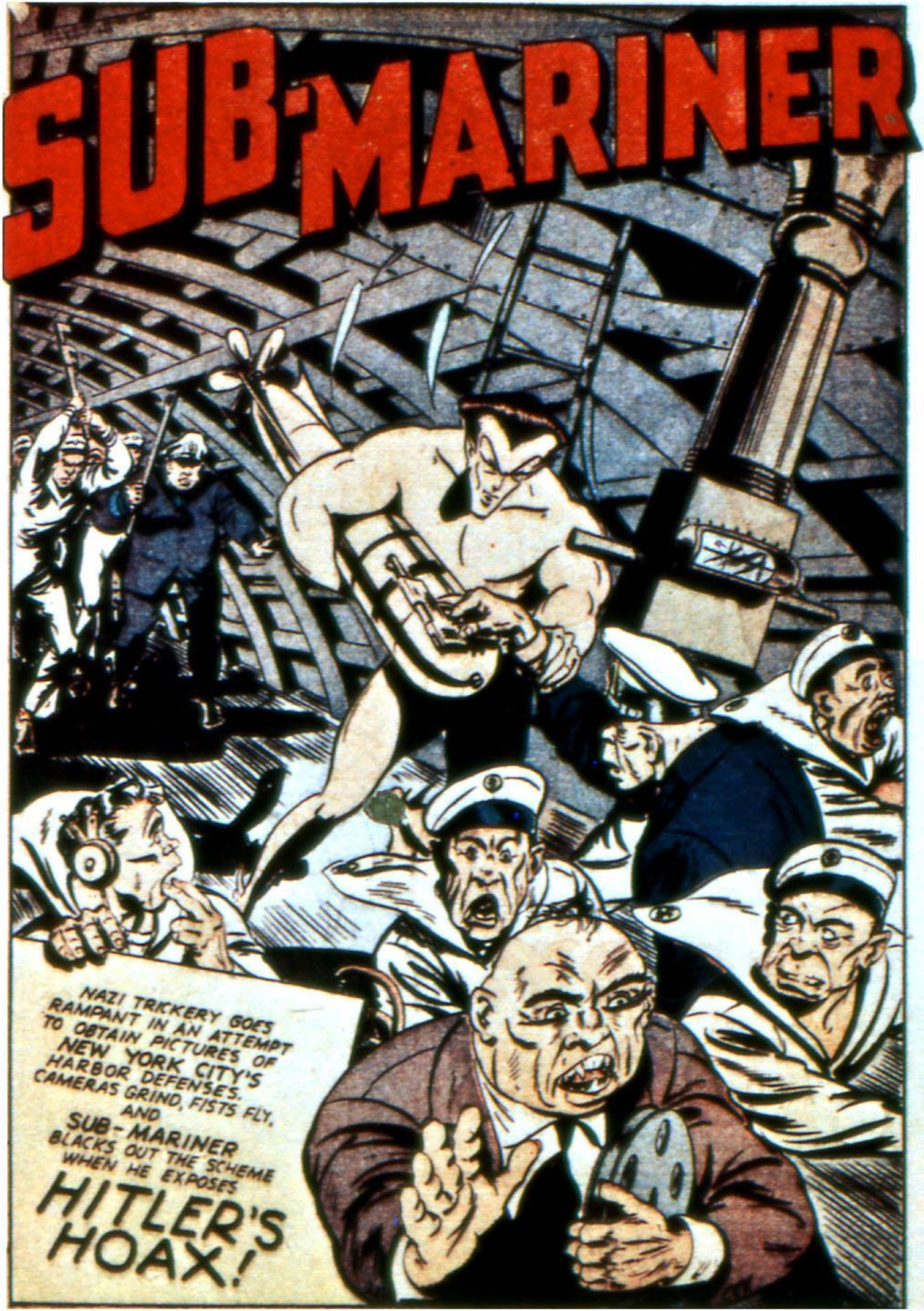
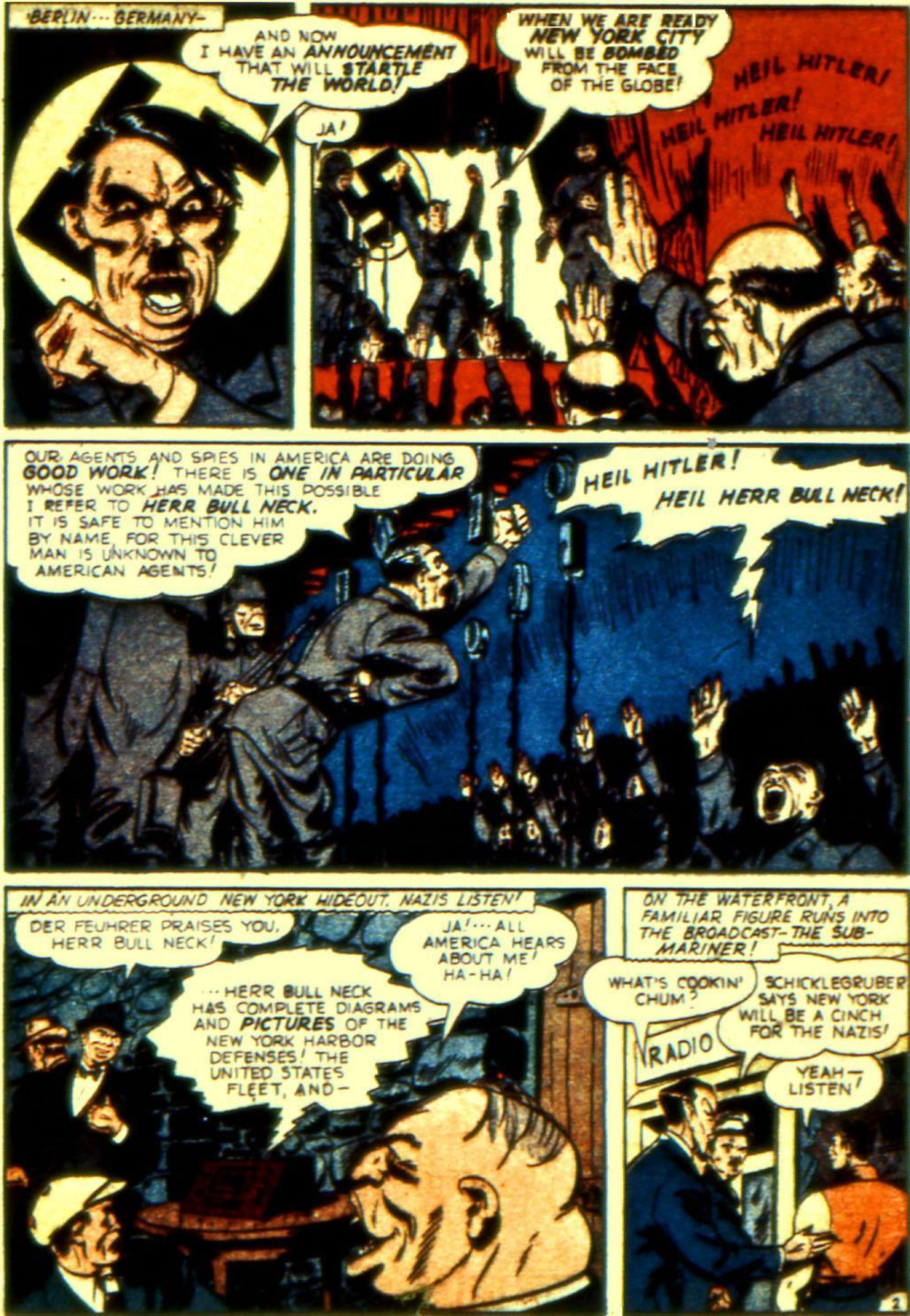
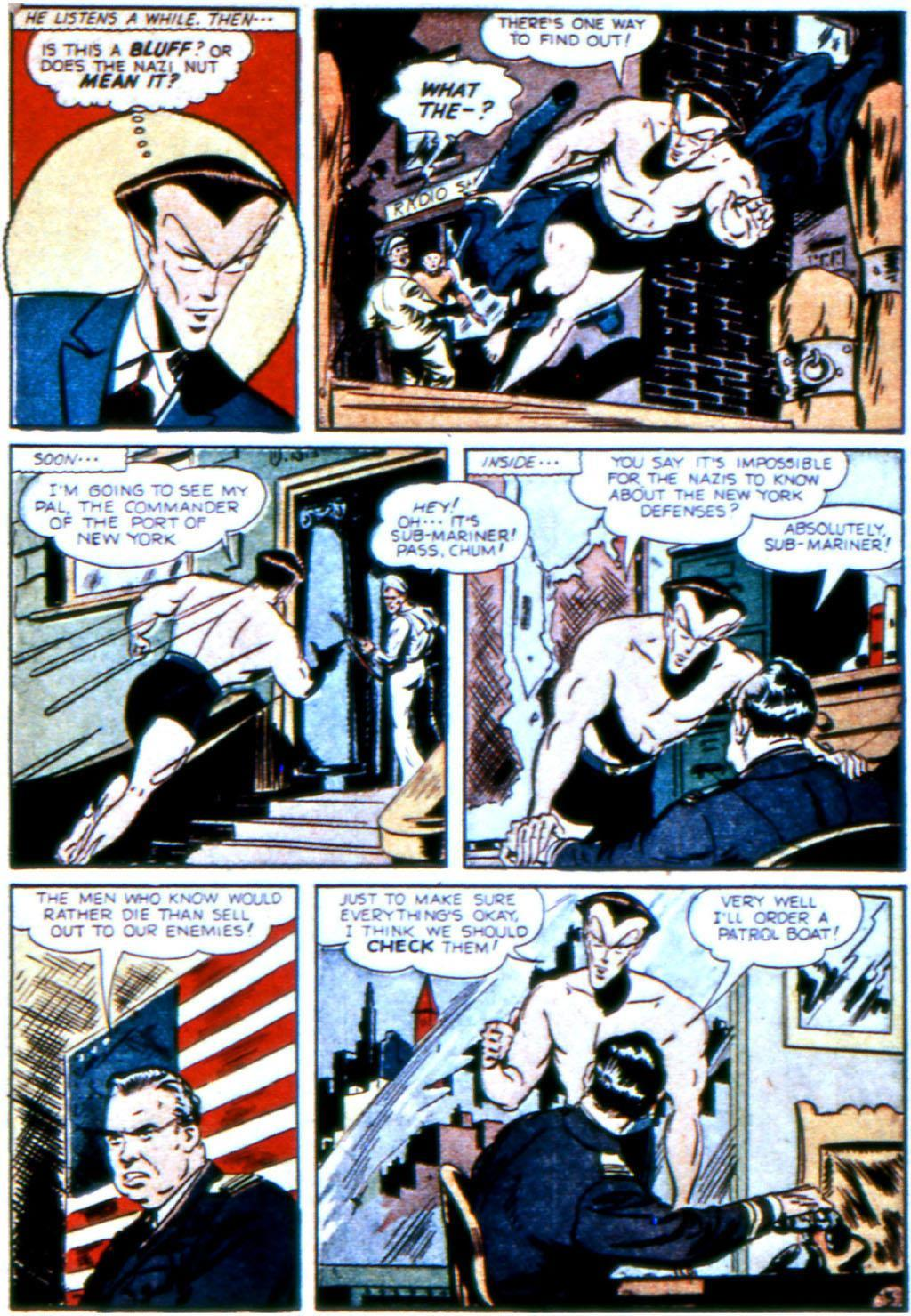
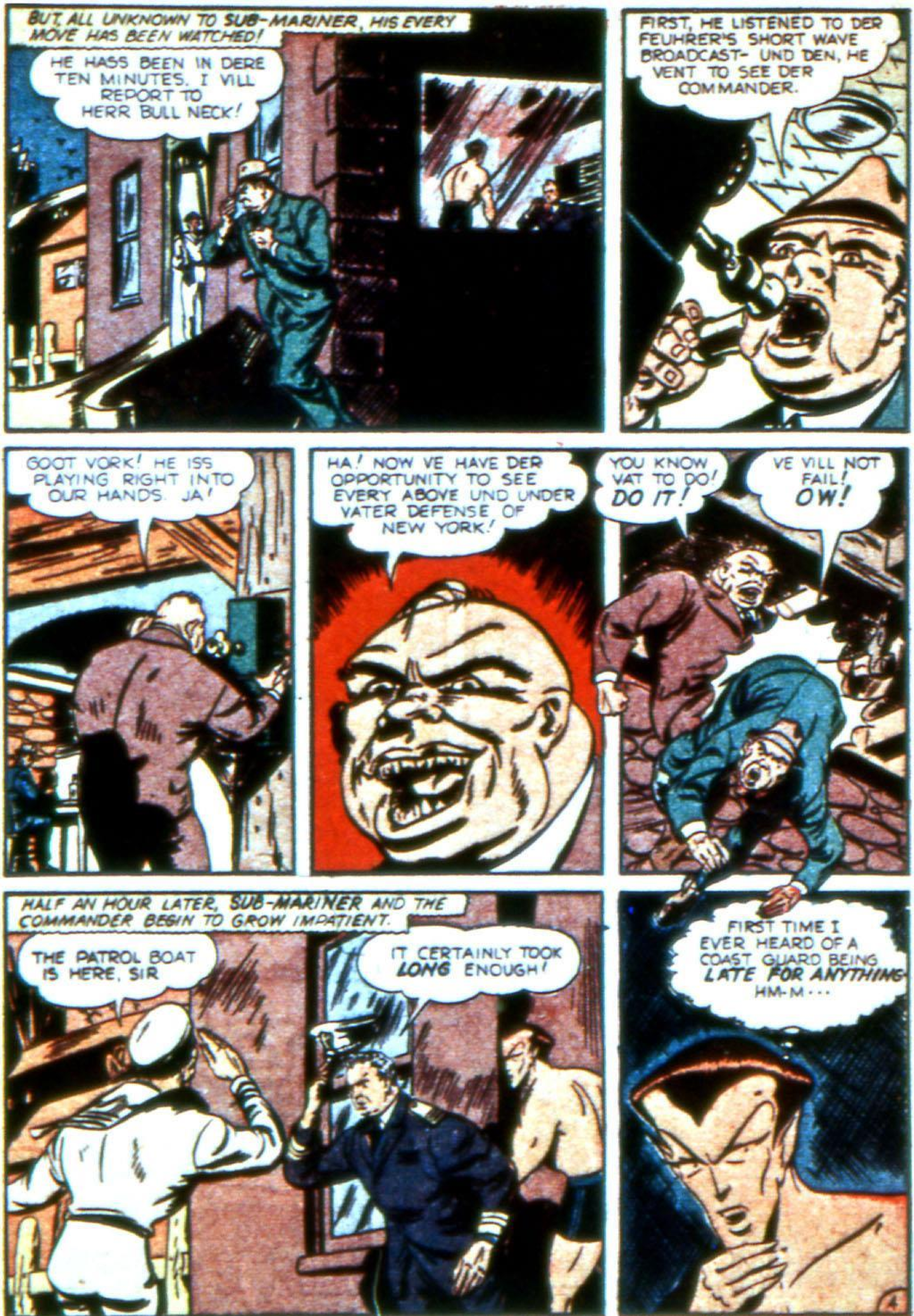
COMICS
DIRECT FROM THE SCREEN TO YOU!

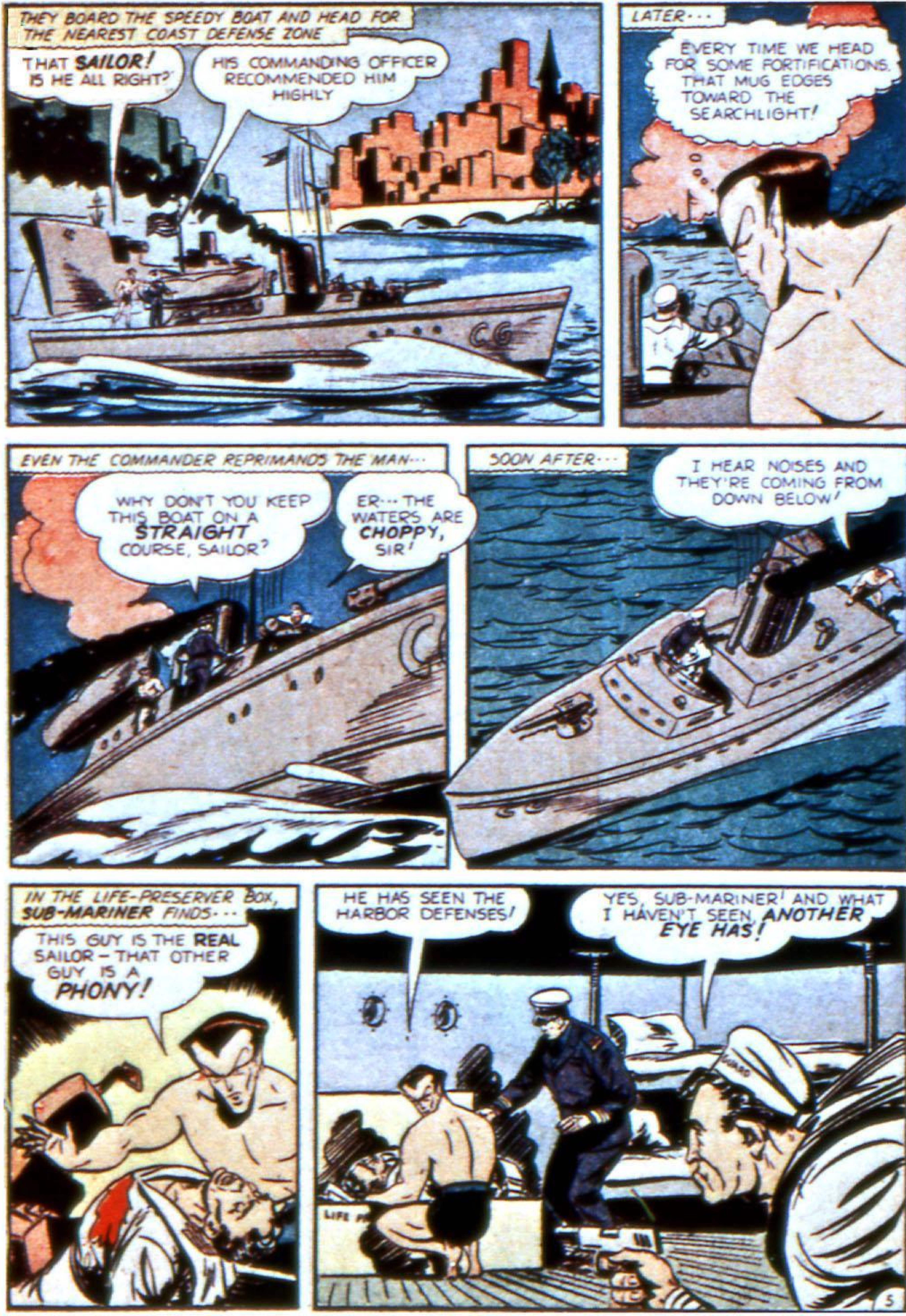

SUB-MARINER
NAZI TRICKERY GOES RAMPANT IN AN ATTEMPT TO OBTAIN PICTURES OF NEW YORK CITY'S HARBOR DEFENSES. CAMERAS GRIND, FISTS FLY, AND SUB-MARINER BLACKS OUT THE SCHEME WHEN HE EXPOSES
HITLER'S HOAX!

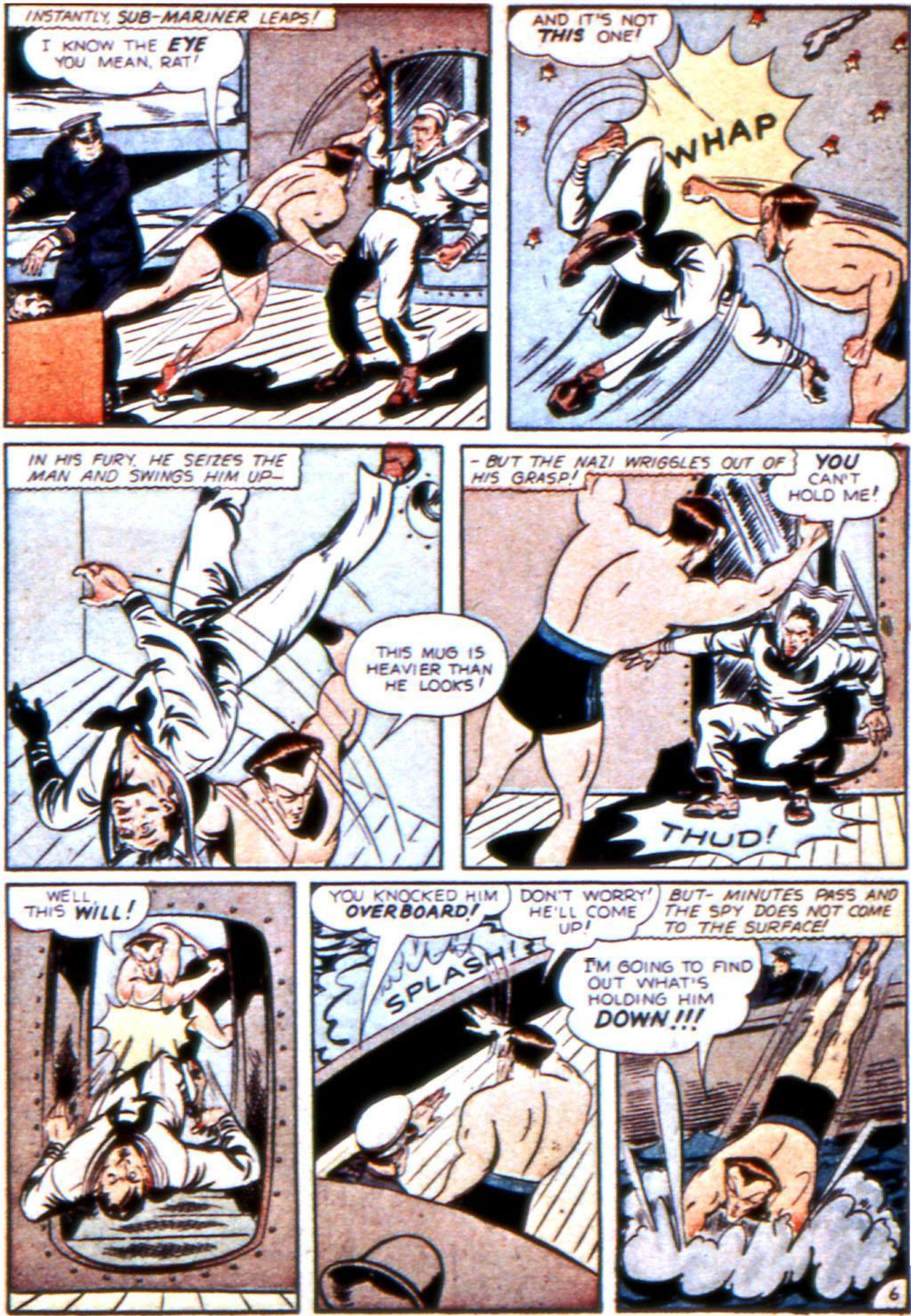


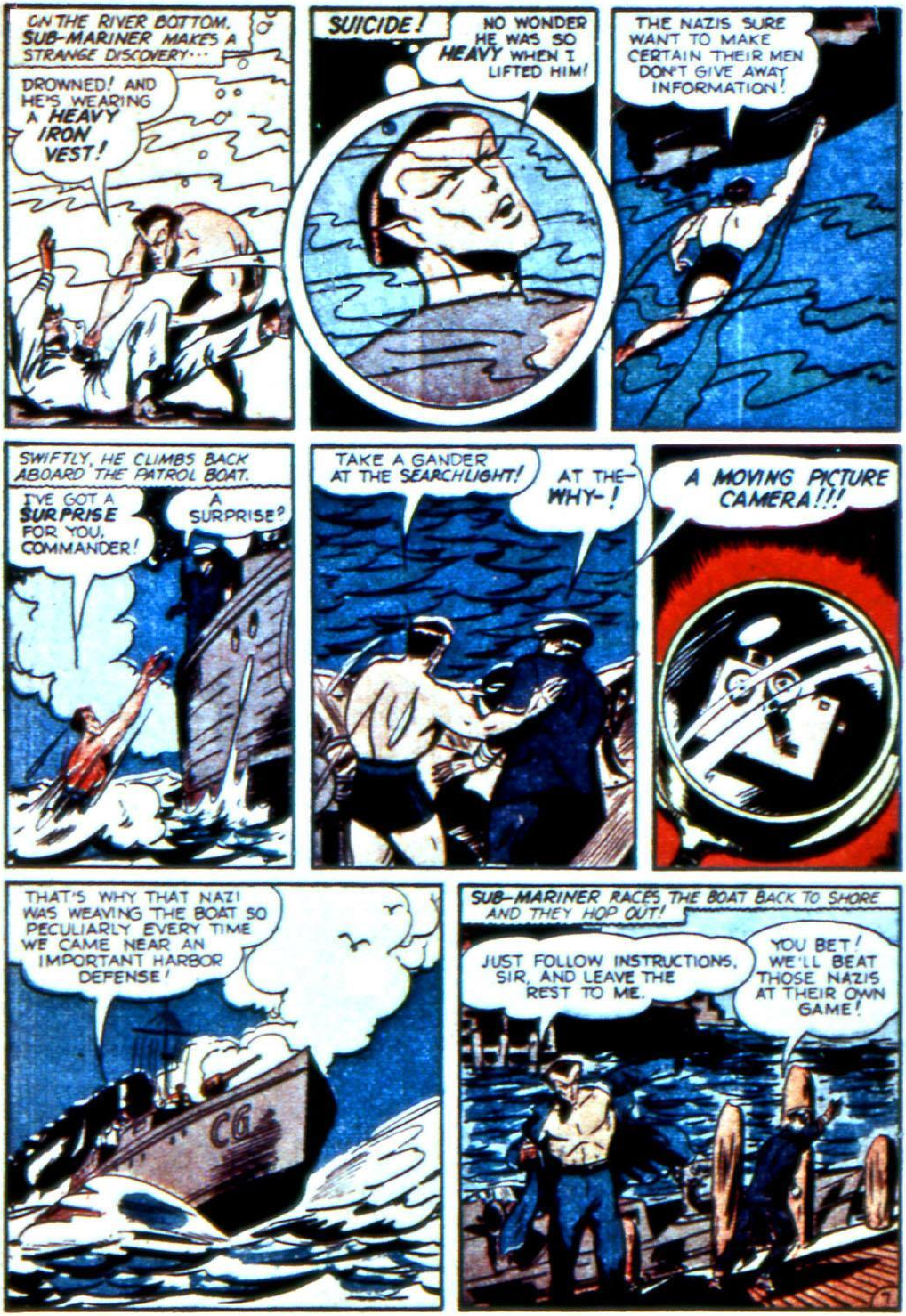
BERLIN ··· GERMANY–
AND NOW I HAVE AN ANNOUNCEMENT THAT WILL STARTLE THE WORLD!
WHEN WE ARE READY NEW YORK CITY WILL BE BOMBED FROM THE FACE OF THE GLOBE!
JA!
HEIL HITLER!
HEIL HITLER!
HEIL HITLER!
OUR AGENTS AND SPIES IN AMERICA ARE DOING GOOD WORK! THERE IS ONE IN PARTICULAR WHOSE WORK HAS MADE THIS POSSIBLE I REFER TO HERR BULL NECK. IT IS SAFE TO MENTION HIM BY NAME, FOR THIS CLEVER MAN IS UNKNOWN TO AMERICAN AGENTS!
HEIL HITLER!
HEIL HERR BULL NECK!
IN AN UNDERGROUND NEW YORK HIDEOUT, NAZIS LISTEN!
DER FEUHRER PRAISES YOU, HERR BULL NECK!
JA!··· ALL AMERICA HEARS ABOUT ME! HA-HA!
··· HERR BULL NECK HAS COMPLETE DIAGRAMS AND PICTURES OF THE NEW YORK HARBOR DEFENSES! THE UNITED STATES FLEET, AND–
ON THE WATERFRONT, A FAMILIAR FIGURE RUNS INTO THE BROADCAST–THE SUB-MARINER!
WHAT'S COOKIN' CHUM?
SCHICKLEGRUBER SAYS NEW YORK WILL BE A CINCH FOR THE NAZIS!
RADIO
YEAH– LISTEN!

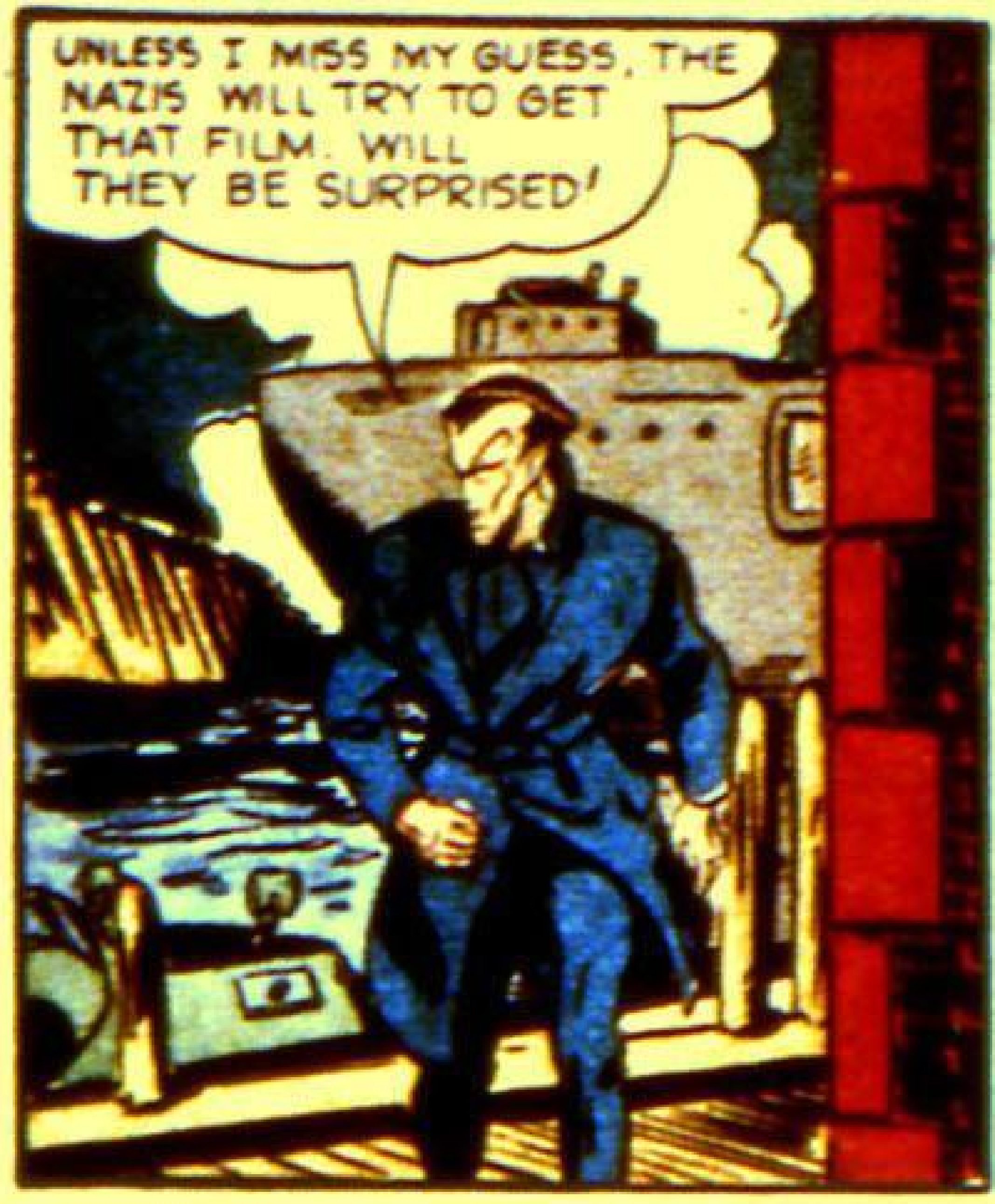

HE LISTENS A WHILE. THEN···
IS THIS A **BLUFF**? OR DOES THE NAZI NUT **MEAN IT?**
THERE'S ONE WAY TO FIND OUT!
WHAT THE-?
RADIO S
SOON···
I'M GOING TO SEE MY PAL, THE COMMANDER OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK.
HEY! OH··· IT'S SUB-MARINER! PASS, CHUM!
INSIDE···
YOU SAY IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE NAZIS TO KNOW ABOUT THE NEW YORK DEFENSES?
ABSOLUTELY, SUB-MARINER!
THE MEN WHO KNOW WOULD RATHER DIE THAN SELL OUT TO OUR ENEMIES!
JUST TO MAKE SURE EVERYTHING'S OKAY, I THINK WE SHOULD **CHECK** THEM!
VERY WELL I'LL ORDER A PATROL BOAT!

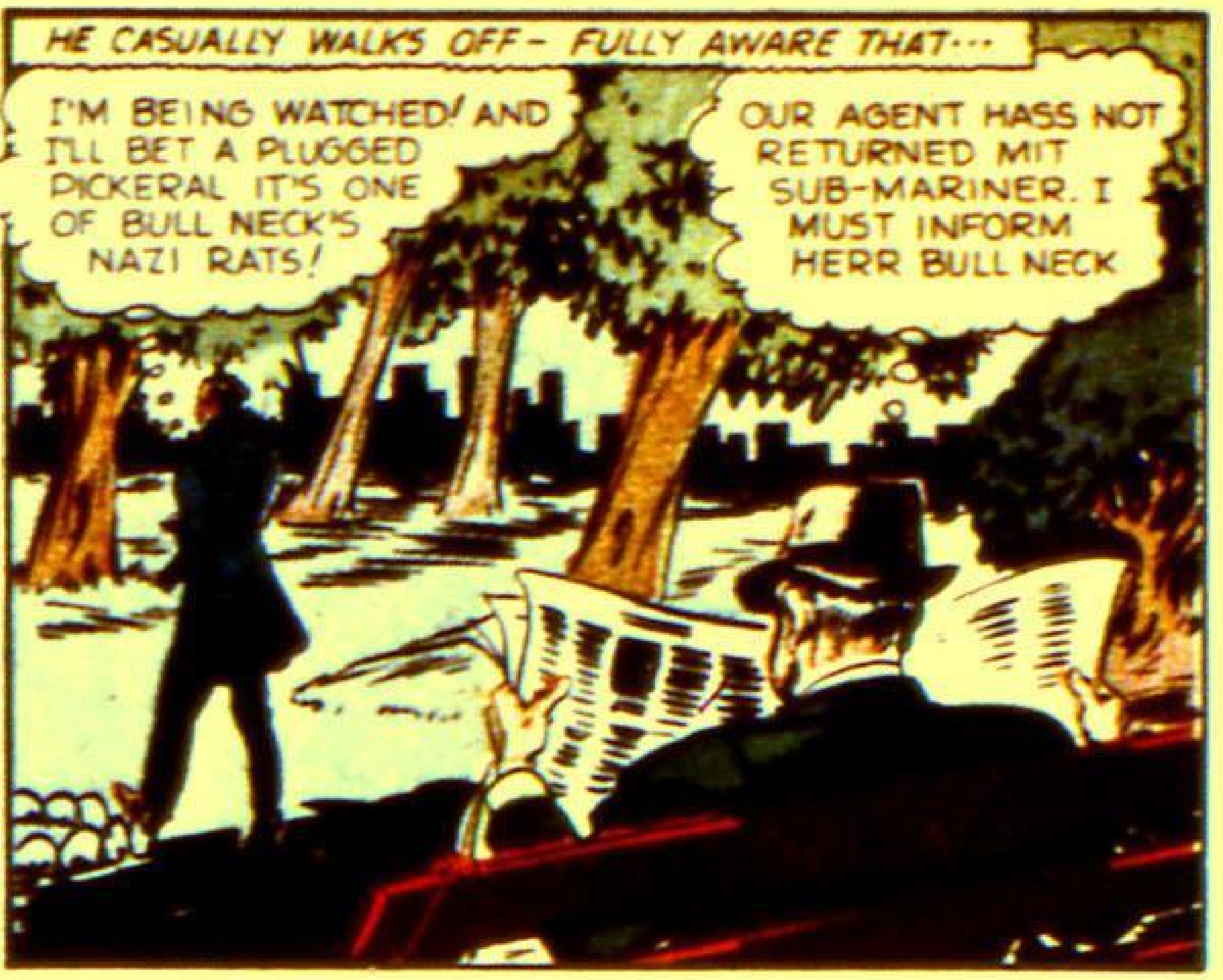

BUT, ALL UNKNOWN TO SUB-MARINER, HIS EVERY MOVE HAS BEEN WATCHED!
HE HASS BEEN IN DERE TEN MINUTES. I VILL REPORT TO HERR BULL NECK!
FIRST, HE LISTENED TO DER FEUHRER'S SHORT WAVE BROADCAST- UND DEN, HE VENT TO SEE DER COMMANDER.
GOOT VORK! HE ISS PLAYING RIGHT INTO OUR HANDS. JA!
HA! NOW VE HAVE DER OPPORTUNITY TO SEE EVERY ABOVE UND UNDER VATER DEFENSE OF NEW YORK!
YOU KNOW VAT TO DO! DO IT!
VE VILL NOT FAIL! OW!
HALF AN HOUR LATER, SUB-MARINER AND THE COMMANDER BEGIN TO GROW IMPATIENT.
THE PATROL BOAT IS HERE, SIR
IT CERTAINLY TOOK LONG ENOUGH!
FIRST TIME I EVER HEARD OF A COAST GUARD BEING LATE FOR ANYTHING HM-M...
4

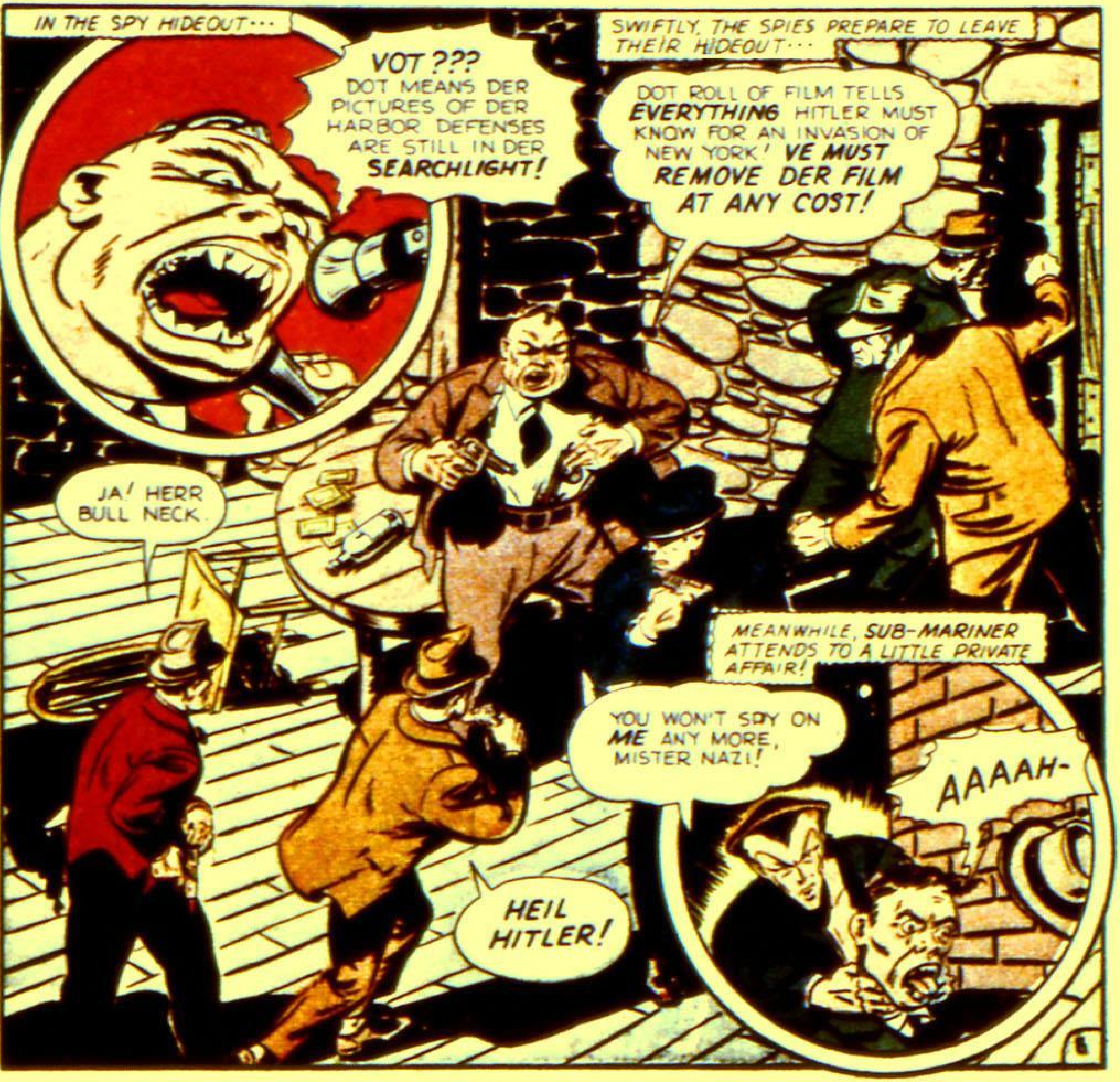

THEY BOARD THE SPEEDY BOAT AND HEAD FOR THE NEAREST COAST DEFENSE ZONE
THAT **SAILOR!** IS HE ALL RIGHT?
HIS COMMANDING OFFICER RECOMMENDED HIM HIGHLY
CG
LATER...
EVERY TIME WE HEAD FOR SOME FORTIFICATIONS, THAT MUG EDGES TOWARD THE SEARCHLIGHT!
EVEN THE COMMANDER REPRIMANDS THE MAN...
WHY DON'T YOU KEEP THIS BOAT ON A **STRAIGHT** COURSE, SAILOR?
ER... THE WATERS ARE **CHOPPY,** SIR!
SOON AFTER...
I HEAR NOISES AND THEY'RE COMING FROM DOWN BELOW!
IN THE LIFE-PRESERVER BOX, **SUB-MARINER** FINDS...
THIS GUY IS THE **REAL** SAILOR – THAT OTHER GUY IS A **PHONY!**
HE HAS SEEN THE HARBOR DEFENSES!
YES, SUB-MARINER! AND WHAT I HAVEN'T SEEN, **ANOTHER EYE HAS!**
LIFE

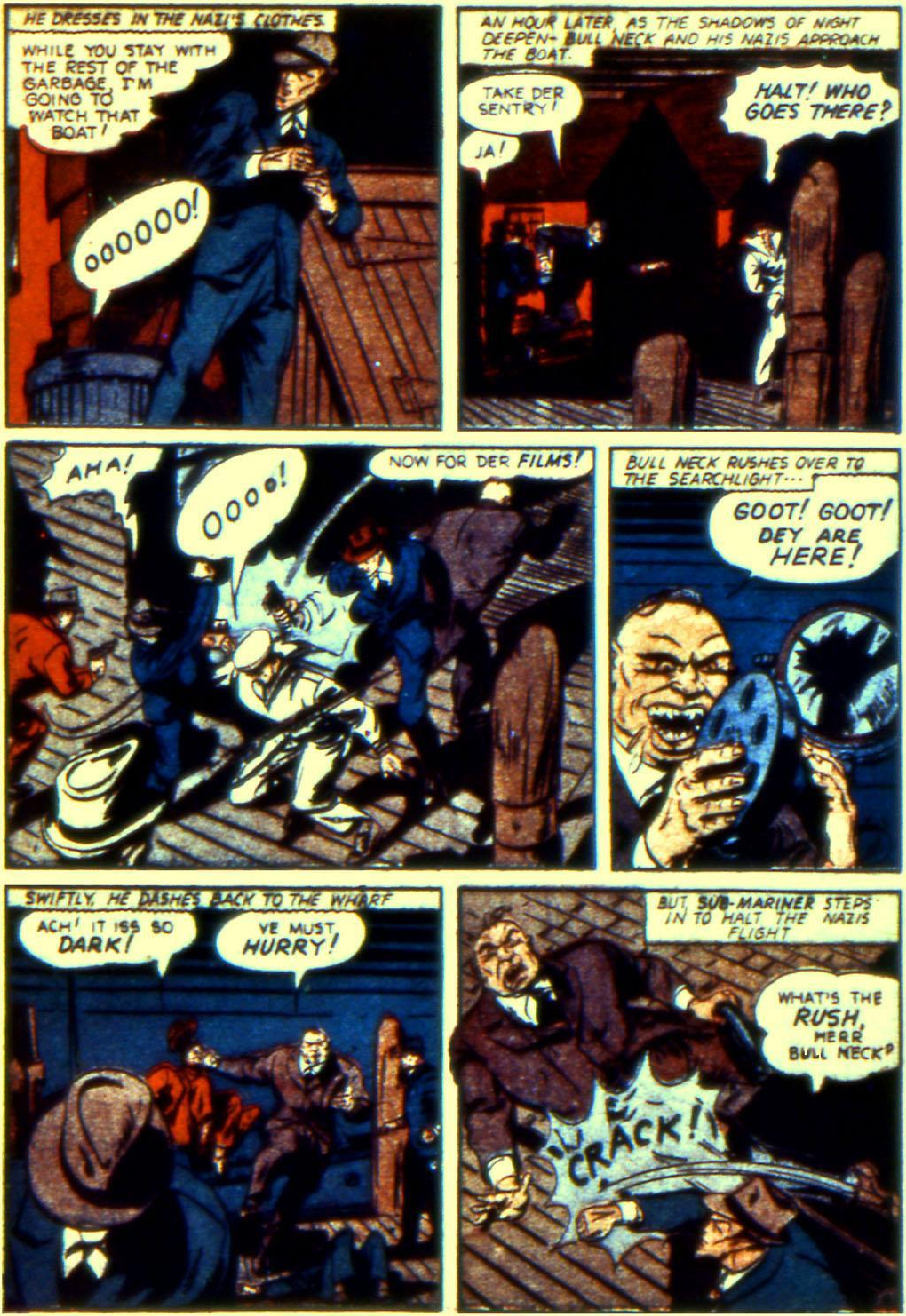

INSTANTLY, SUB-MARINER LEAPS!
I KNOW THE **EYE** YOU MEAN, RAT!
AND IT'S NOT **THIS** ONE!
WHAP
IN HIS FURY, HE SEIZES THE MAN AND SWINGS HIM UP—
THIS MUG IS HEAVIER THAN HE LOOKS!
—BUT THE NAZI WRIGGLES OUT OF HIS GRASP!
YOU CAN'T HOLD ME!
THUD!
WELL, THIS **WILL**!
YOU KNOCKED HIM **OVERBOARD**!
DON'T WORRY! HE'LL COME UP!
SPLASH!
BUT- MINUTES PASS AND THE SPY DOES NOT COME TO THE SURFACE!
I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT'S HOLDING HIM **DOWN**!!!

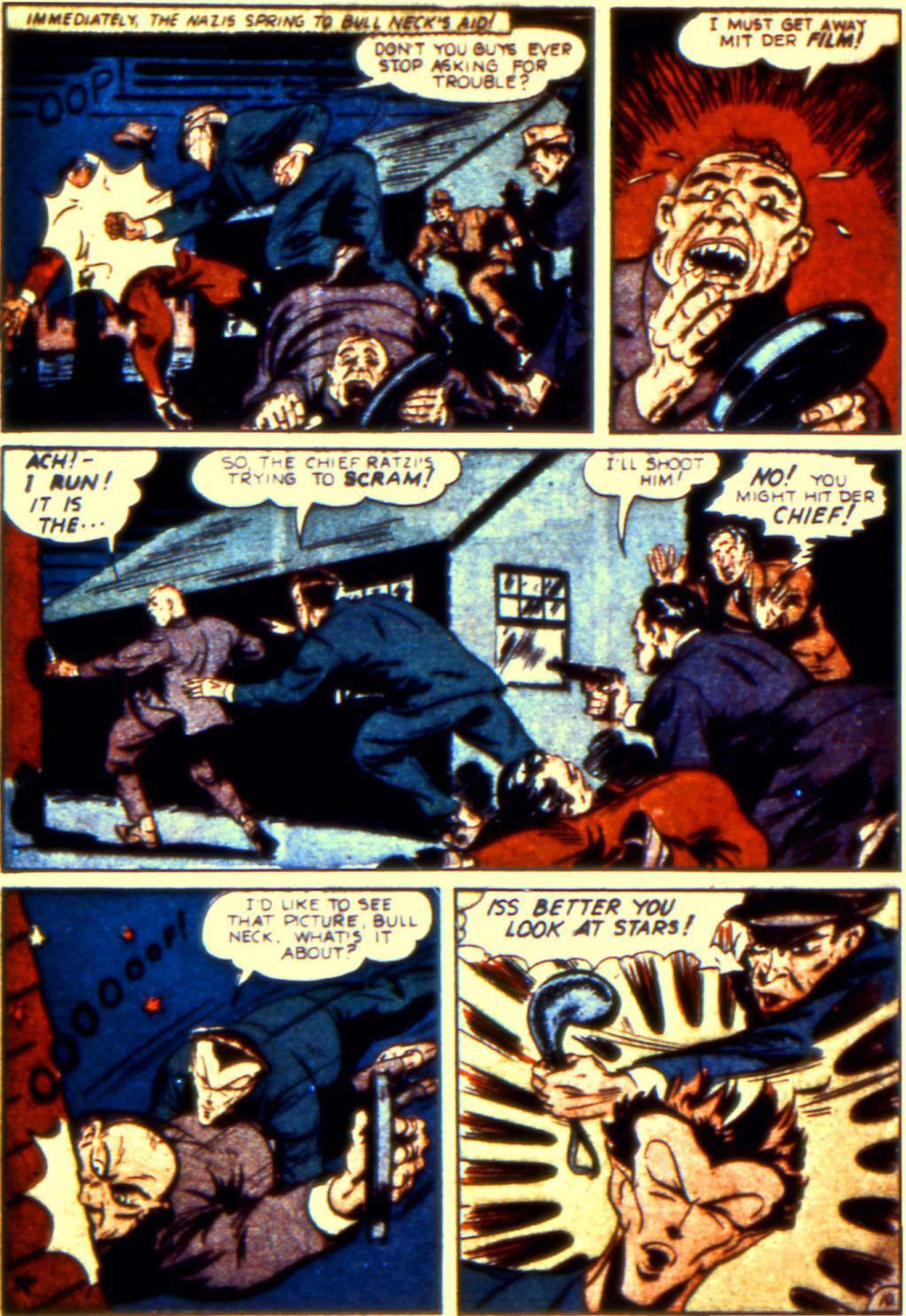

ON THE RIVER BOTTOM, SUB-MARINER MAKES A STRANGE DISCOVERY...
DROWNED! AND HE'S WEARING A HEAVY IRON VEST!
SUICIDE!
NO WONDER HE WAS SO HEAVY WHEN I LIFTED HIM!
THE NAZIS SURE WANT TO MAKE CERTAIN THEIR MEN DON'T GIVE AWAY INFORMATION!
SWIFTLY, HE CLIMBS BACK ABOARD THE PATROL BOAT.
I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU, COMMANDER!
A SURPRISE?
TAKE A GANDER AT THE SEARCHLIGHT!
AT THE- WHY-!
A MOVING PICTURE CAMERA!!!
THAT'S WHY THAT NAZI WAS WEAVING THE BOAT SO PECULIARLY EVERY TIME WE CAME NEAR AN IMPORTANT HARBOR DEFENSE!
CG
SUB-MARINER RACES THE BOAT BACK TO SHORE AND THEY HOP OUT!
JUST FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS, SIR, AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME.
YOU BET! WE'LL BEAT THOSE NAZIS AT THEIR OWN GAME!

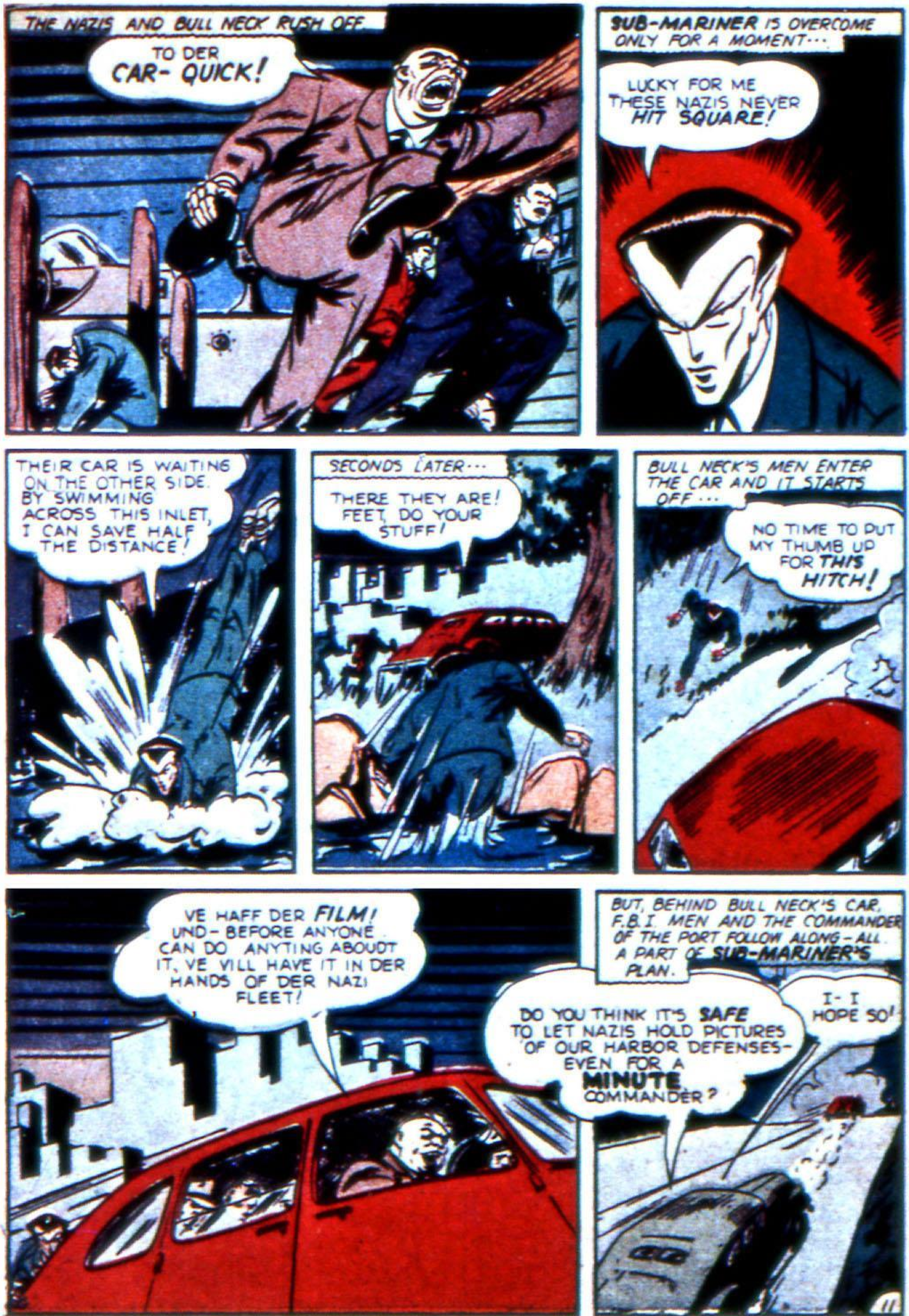

UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THE NAZIS WILL TRY TO GET THAT FILM. WILL THEY BE SURPRISED!

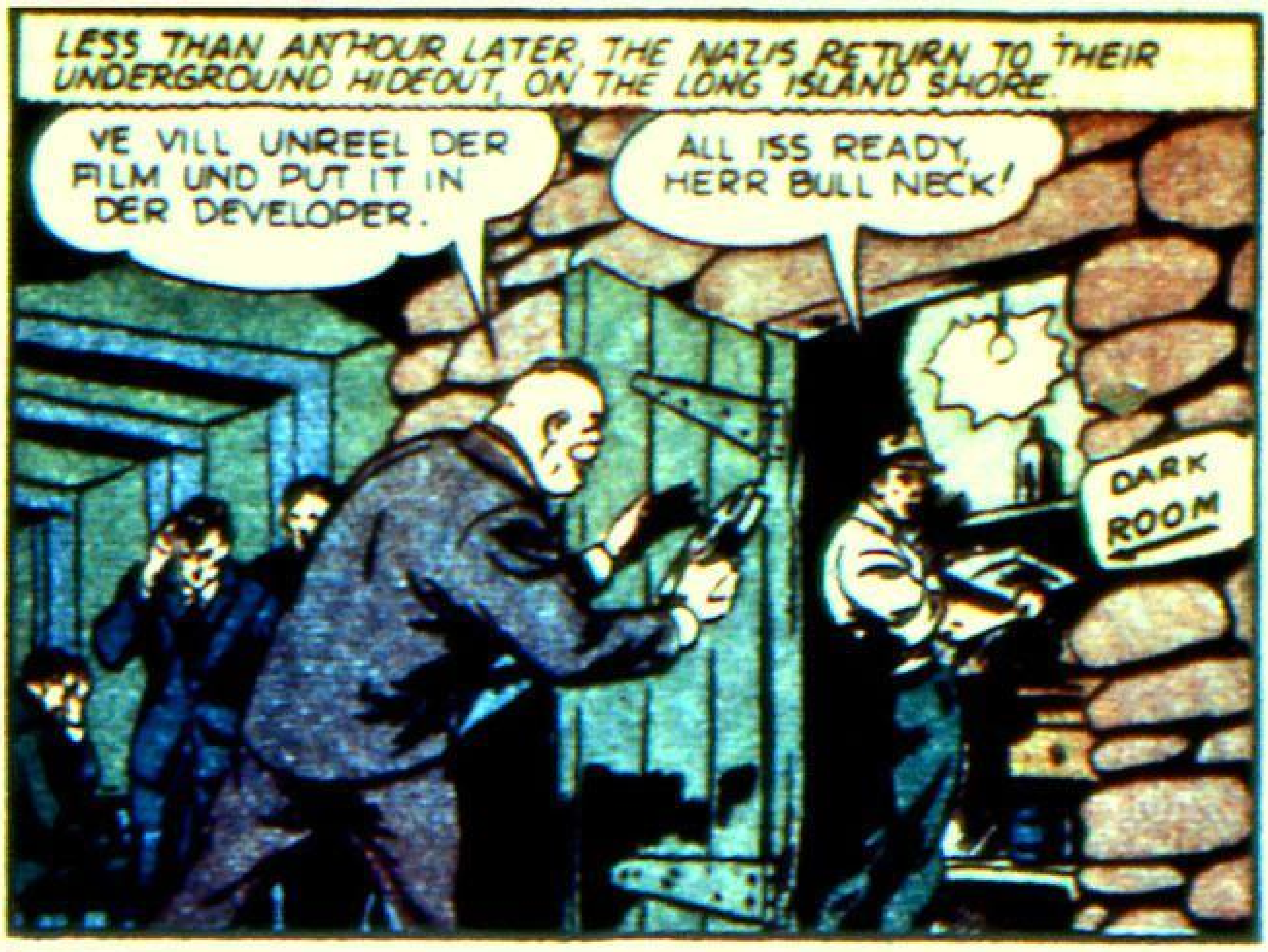

HE CASUALLY WALKS OFF– FULLY AWARE THAT···
I'M BEING WATCHED! AND I'LL BET A PLUGGED PICKERAL IT'S ONE OF BULL NECK'S NAZI RATS!
OUR AGENT HASS NOT RETURNED MIT SUB-MARINER. I MUST INFORM HERR BULL NECK

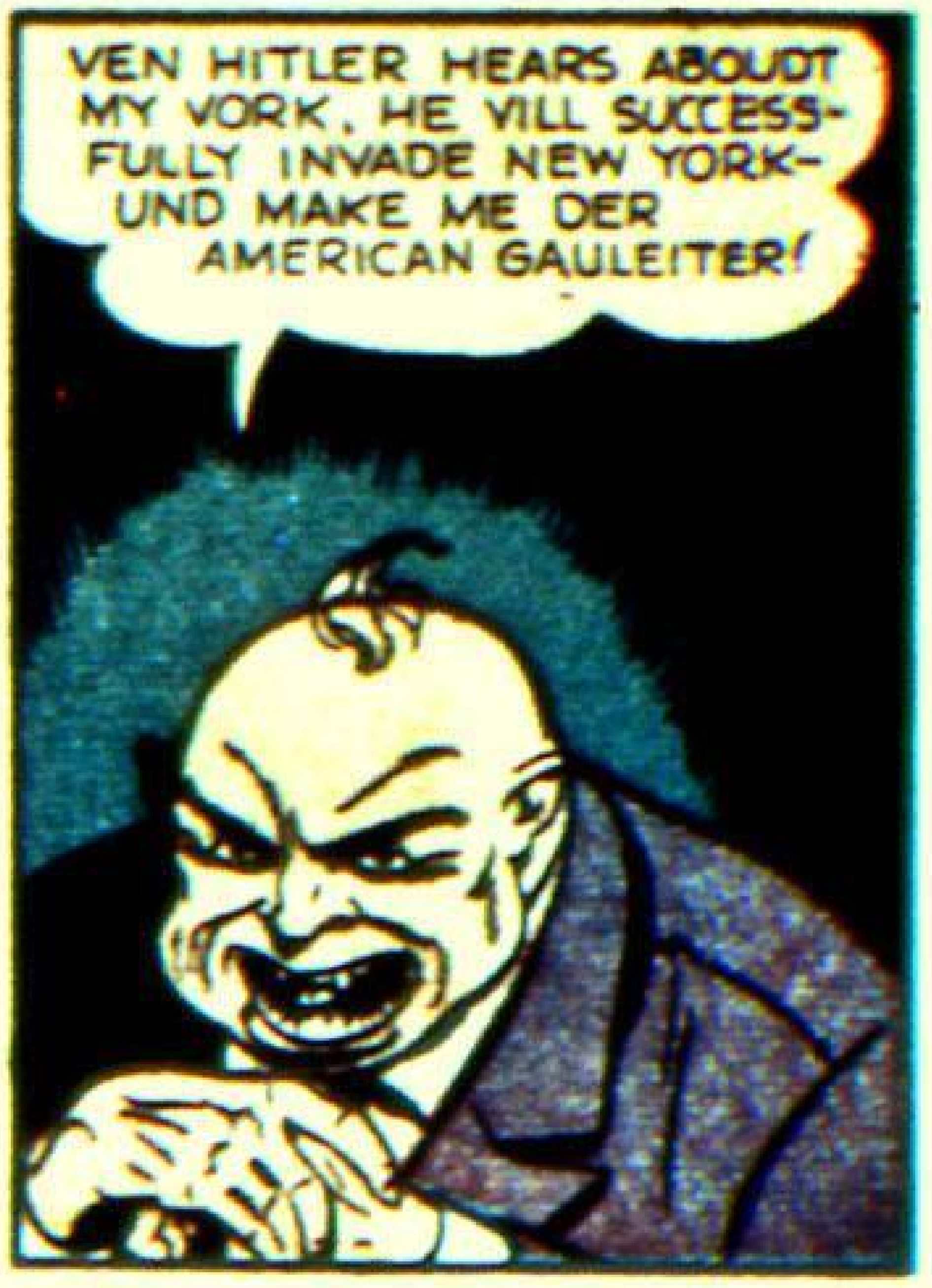

IN THE SPY HIDEOUT···
VOT ??? DOT MEANS DER PICTURES OF DER HARBOR DEFENSES ARE STILL IN DER SEARCHLIGHT!
JA! HERR BULL NECK.
SWIFTLY, THE SPIES PREPARE TO LEAVE THEIR HIDEOUT···
DOT ROLL OF FILM TELLS EVERYTHING HITLER MUST KNOW FOR AN INVASION OF NEW YORK! VE MUST REMOVE DER FILM AT ANY COST!
HEIL HITLER!
MEANWHILE, SUB-MARINER ATTENDS TO A LITTLE PRIVATE AFFAIR!
YOU WON'T SPY ON ME ANY MORE, MISTER NAZI!
AAAAH-

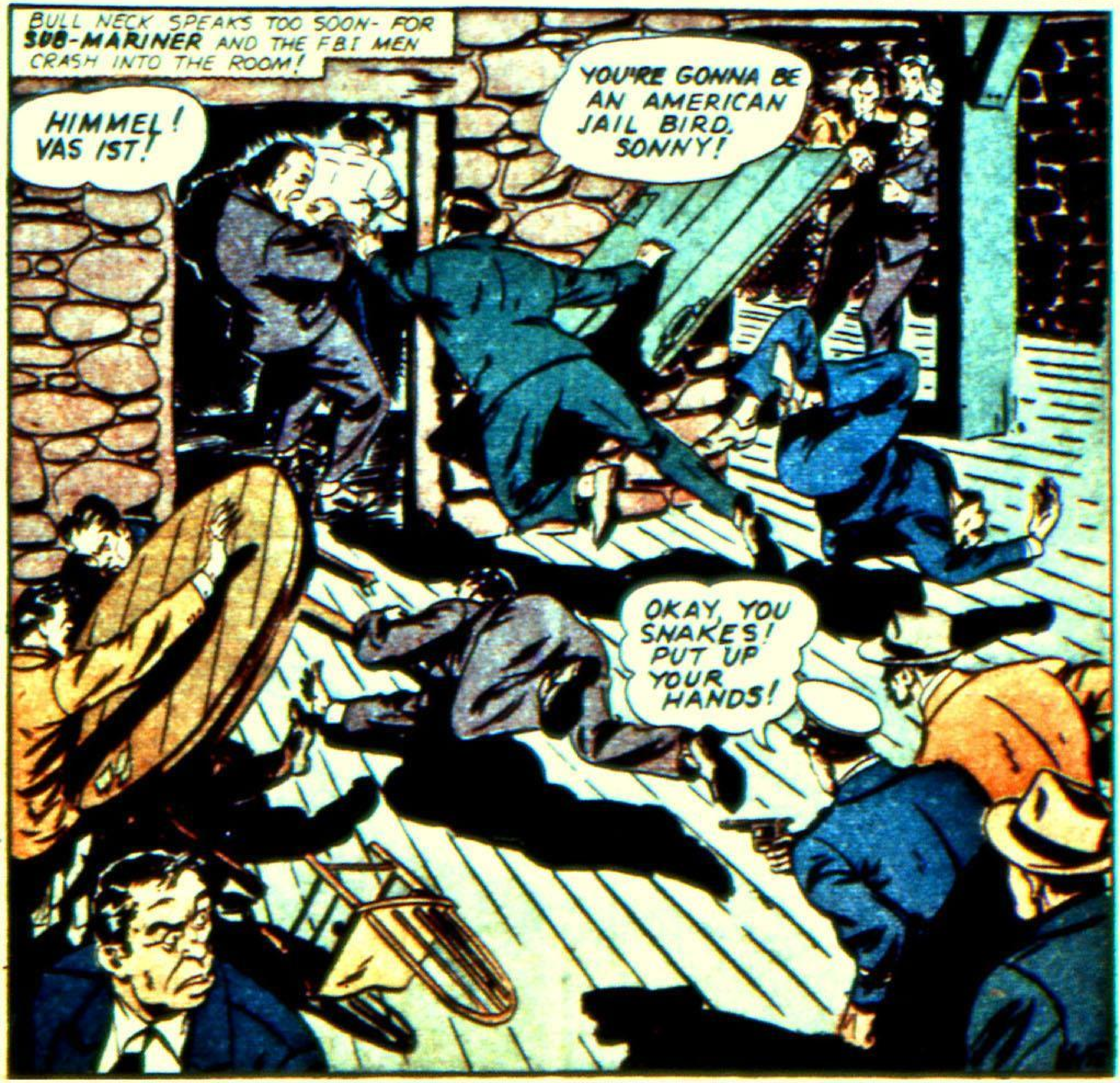

HE DRESSES IN THE NAZI'S CLOTHES
WHILE YOU STAY WITH THE REST OF THE GARBAGE, I'M GOING TO WATCH THAT BOAT!
OOOOOO!
AN HOUR LATER, AS THE SHADOWS OF NIGHT DEEPEN- BULL NECK AND HIS NAZIS APPROACH THE BOAT.
TAKE DER SENTRY!
JA!
HALT! WHO GOES THERE?
AHA!
OOOO!
NOW FOR DER FILMS!
BULL NECK RUSHES OVER TO THE SEARCHLIGHT...
GOOT! GOOT! DEY ARE HERE!
SWIFTLY, HE DASHES BACK TO THE WHARF
ACH! IT ISS SO DARK!
VE MUST HURRY!
BUT SUB-MARINER STEPS IN TO HALT THE NAZIS FLIGHT
WHAT'S THE RUSH, HERR BULL NECK?
CRACK!!

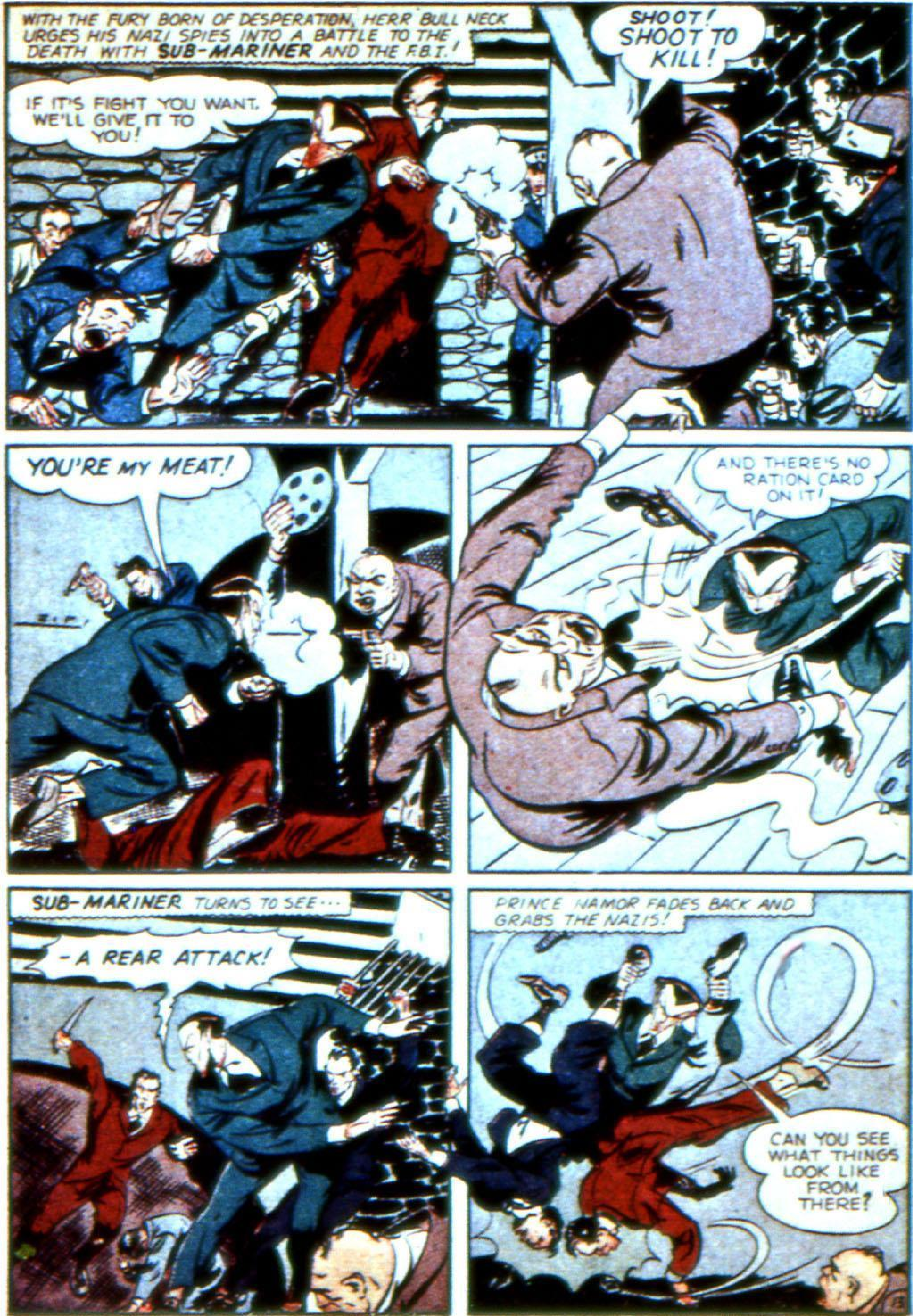

IMMEDIATELY, THE NAZIS SPRING TO BULL NECK'S AID!
OOP
DON'T YOU GUYS EVER STOP ASKING FOR TROUBLE?
I MUST GET AWAY MIT DER FILM!
ACH! — I RUN! IT IS THE...
SO, THE CHIEF RATZI'S TRYING TO SCRAM!
I'LL SHOOT HIM!
NO! YOU MIGHT HIT DER CHIEF!
OOOOOOOF!
I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT PICTURE, BULL NECK. WHAT'S IT ABOUT?
ISS BETTER YOU LOOK AT STARS!

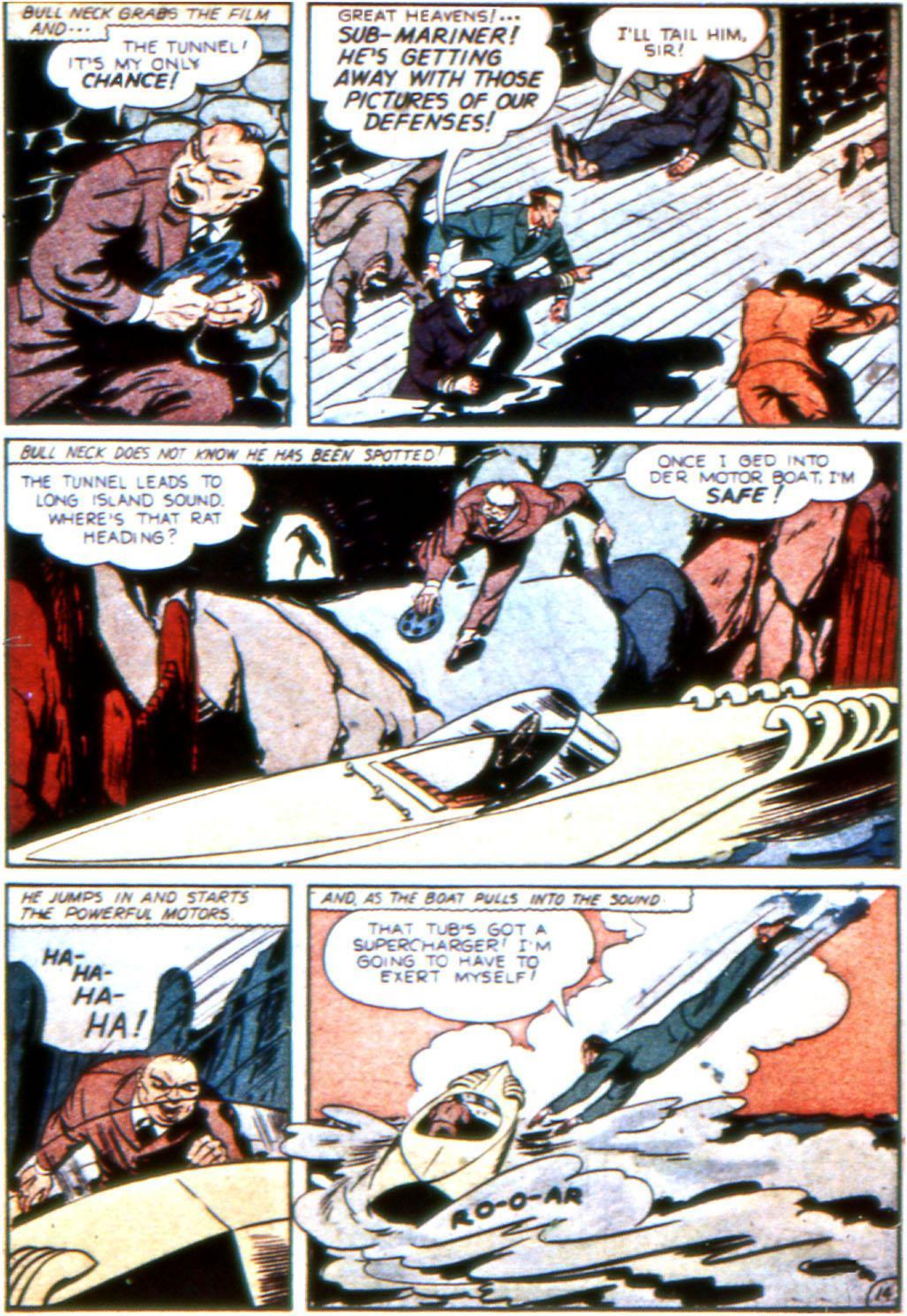

THE NAZIS AND BULL NECK RUSH OFF
TO DER CAR- QUICK!
SUB-MARINER IS OVERCOME ONLY FOR A MOMENT···
LUCKY FOR ME THESE NAZIS NEVER HIT SQUARE!
THEIR CAR IS WAITING ON THE OTHER SIDE. BY SWIMMING ACROSS THIS INLET, I CAN SAVE HALF THE DISTANCE!
SECONDS LATER···
THERE THEY ARE! FEET, DO YOUR STUFF!
BULL NECK'S MEN ENTER THE CAR AND IT STARTS OFF···
NO TIME TO PUT MY THUMB UP FOR THIS HITCH!
VE HAFF DER FILM! UND- BEFORE ANYONE CAN DO ANYTING ABOUDT IT, VE VILL HAVE IT IN DER HANDS OF DER NAZI FLEET!
BUT, BEHIND BULL NECK'S CAR, F.B.I. MEN AND THE COMMANDER OF THE PORT FOLLOW ALONG- ALL A PART OF SUB-MARINER'S PLAN.
DO YOU THINK IT'S SAFE TO LET NAZIS HOLD PICTURES OF OUR HARBOR DEFENSES- EVEN FOR A MINUTE, COMMANDER?
I- I HOPE SO!

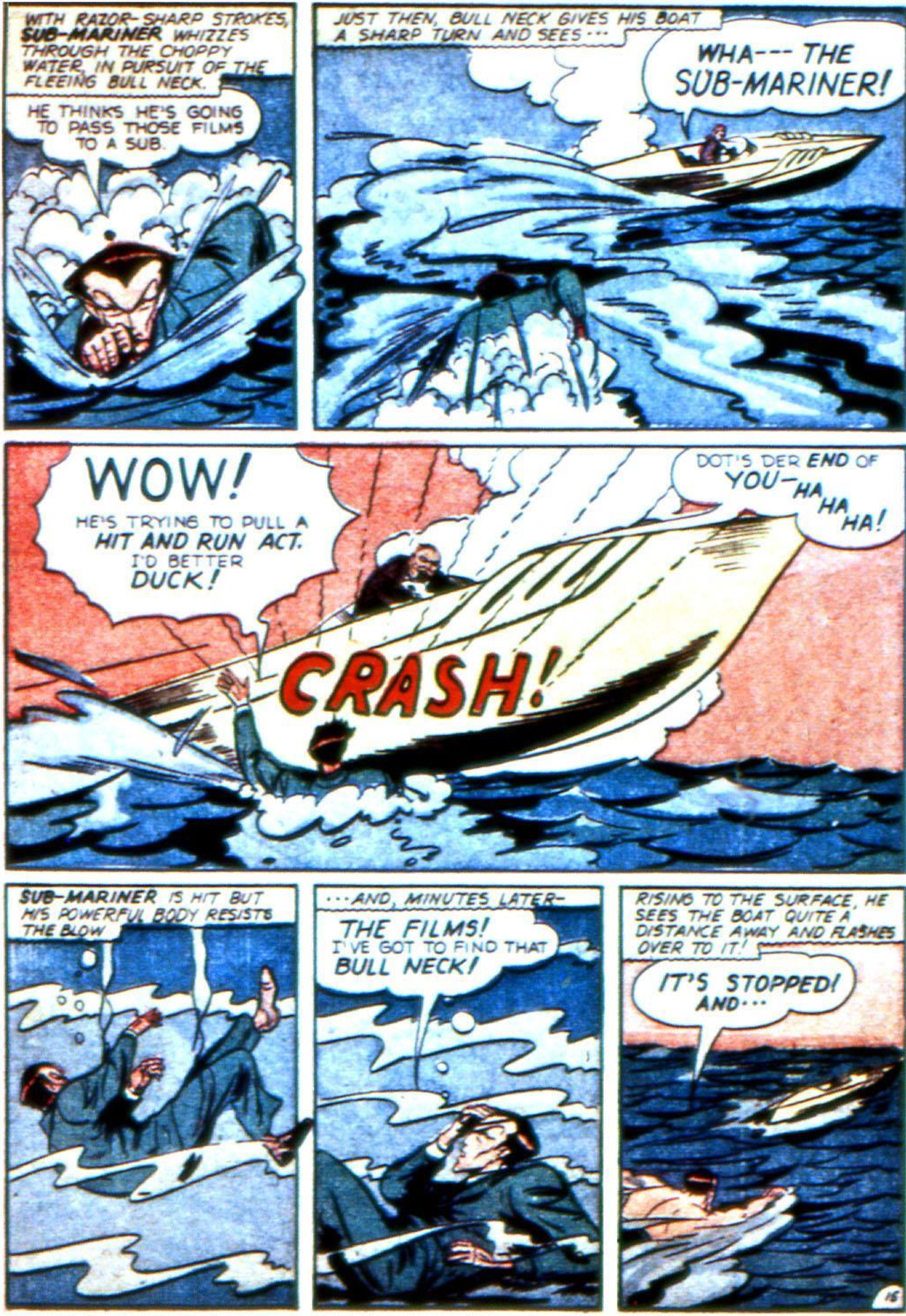

LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER, THE NAZIS RETURN TO THEIR UNDERGROUND HIDEOUT, ON THE LONG ISLAND SHORE.
VE VILL UNREEL DER FILM UND PUT IT IN DER DEVELOPER.
ALL ISS READY, HERR BULL NECK!
DARK ROOM

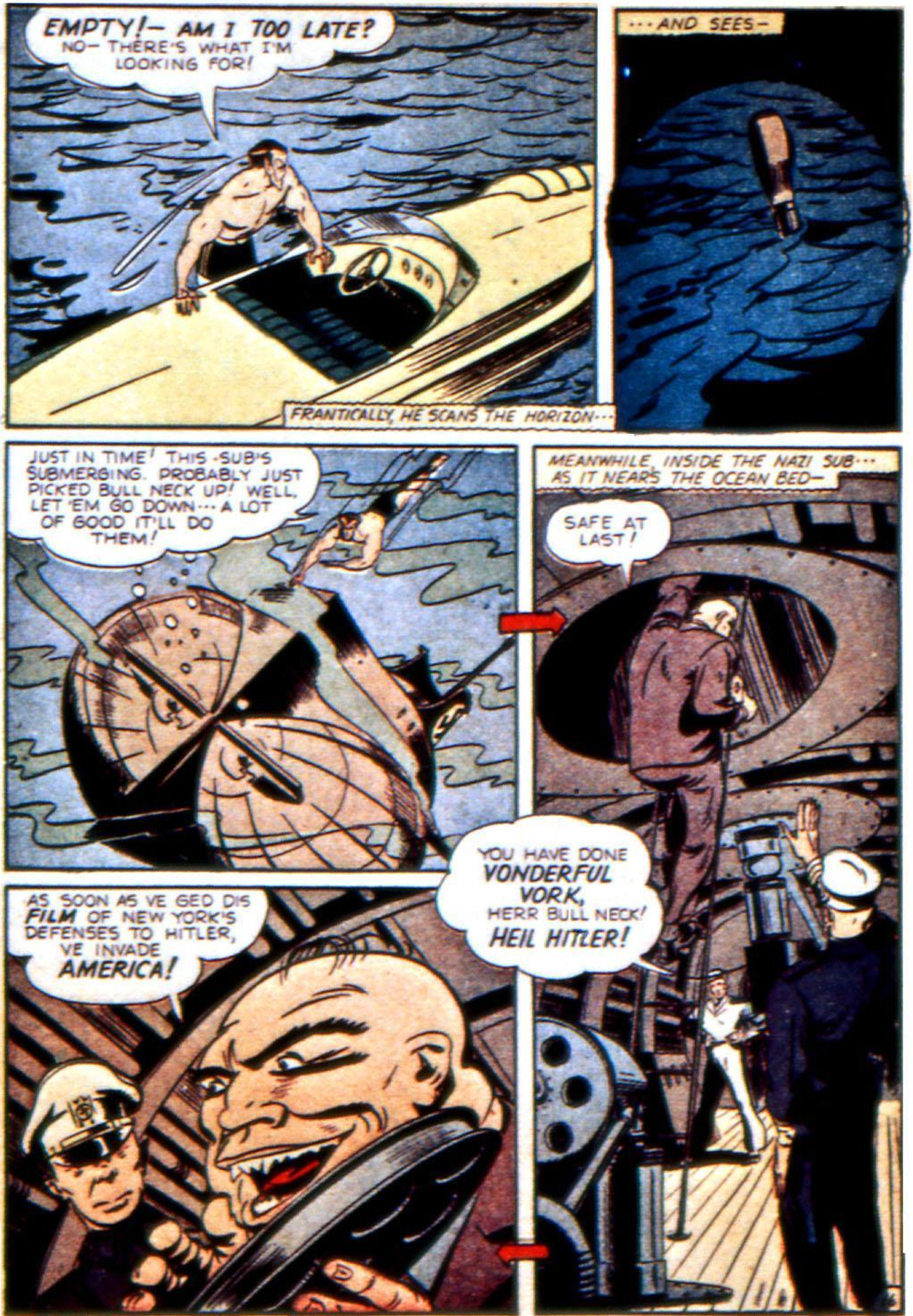

VEN HITLER HEARS ABOUDT MY VORK, HE VILL SUCCESSFULLY INVADE NEW YORK- UND MAKE ME DER AMERICAN GAULEITER!

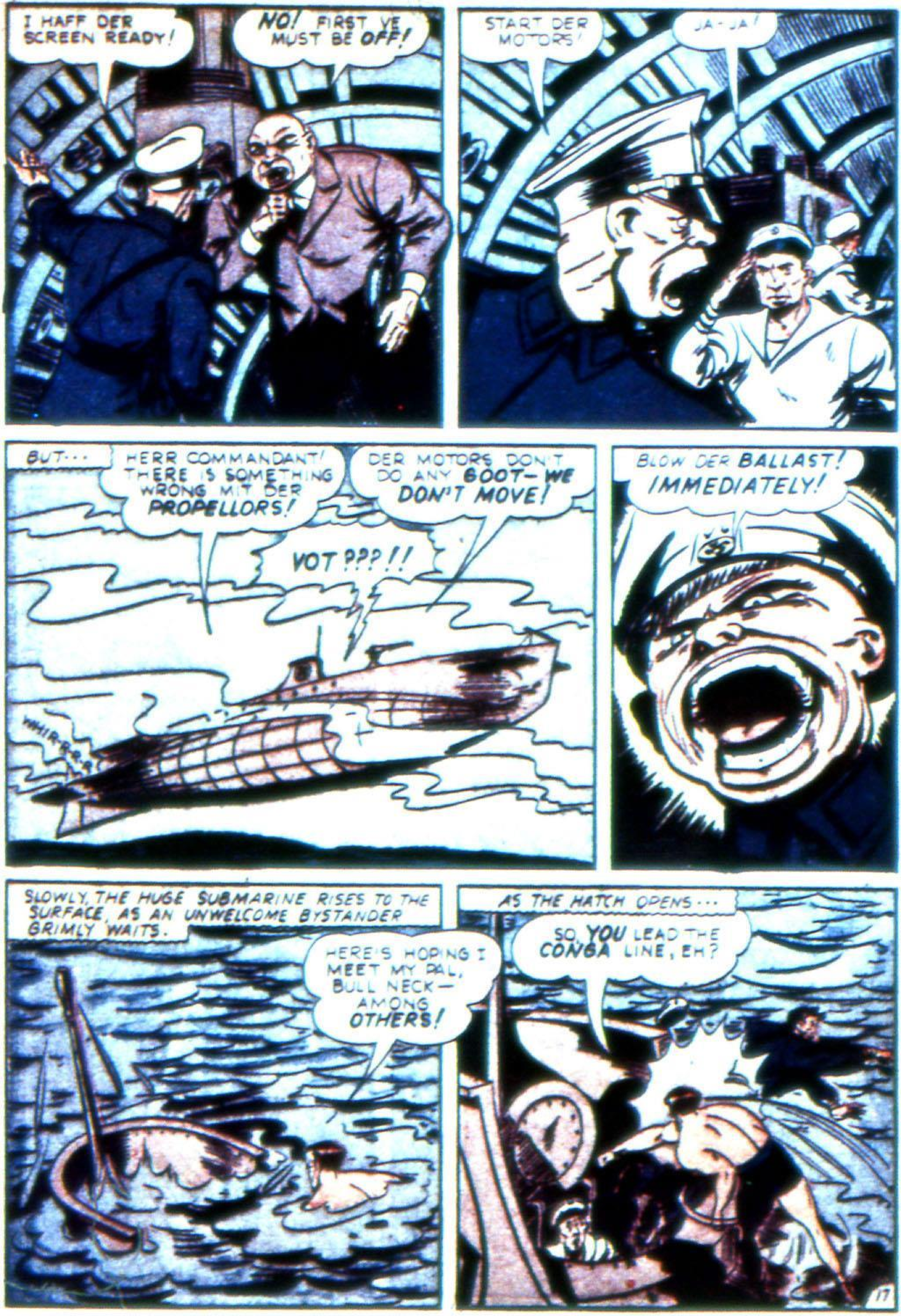

BULL NECK SPEAKS TOO SOON- FOR SUB-MARINER AND THE F.B.I. MEN CRASH INTO THE ROOM!
HIMMEL! VAS IST!
YOU'RE GONNA BE AN AMERICAN JAIL BIRD, SONNY!
OKAY, YOU SNAKES! PUT UP YOUR HANDS!

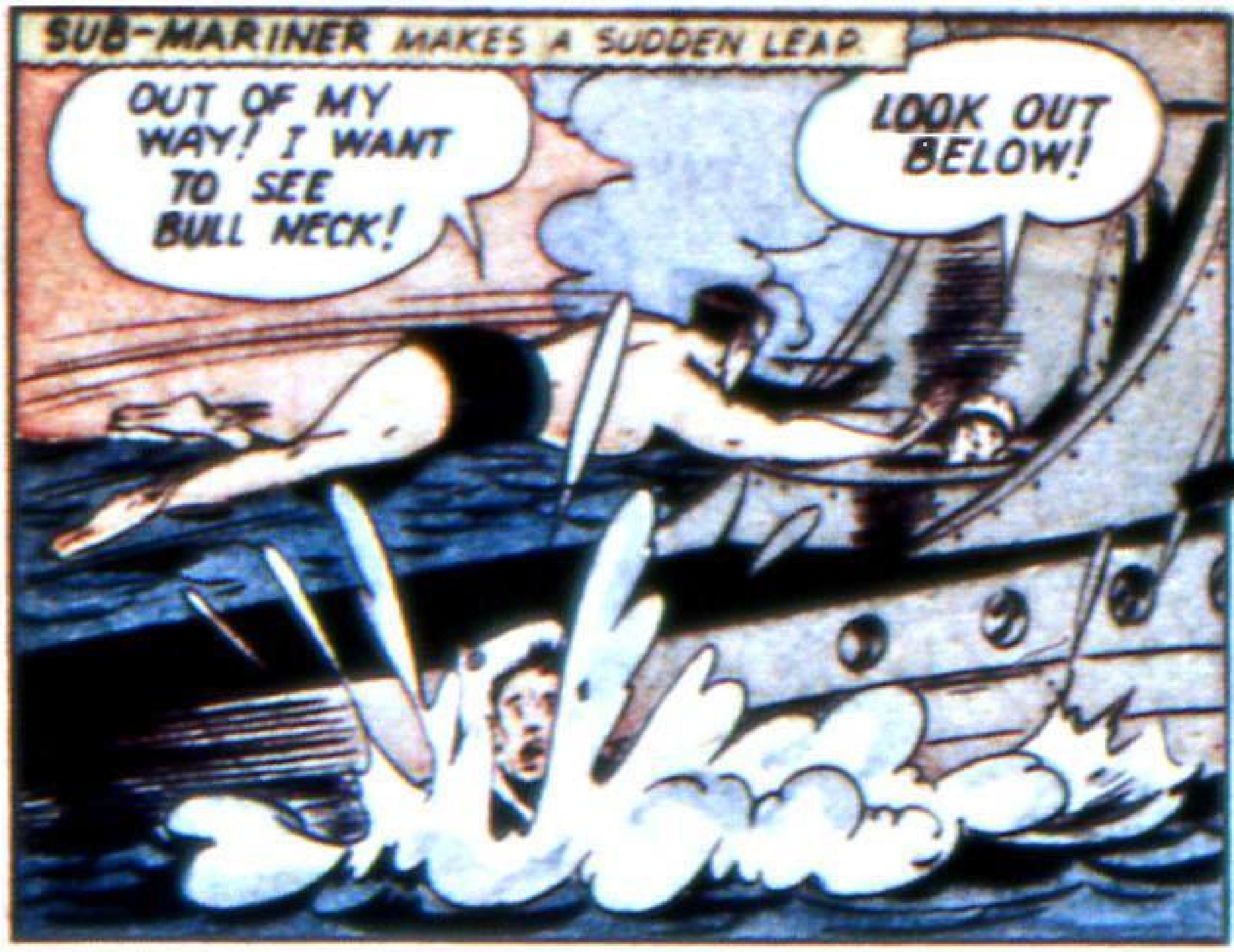

WITH THE FURY BORN OF DESPERATION, HERR BULL NECK URGES HIS NAZI SPIES INTO A BATTLE TO THE DEATH WITH SUB-MARINER AND THE F.B.I.!
IF IT'S FIGHT YOU WANT, WE'LL GIVE IT TO YOU!
SHOOT! SHOOT TO KILL!
YOU'RE MY MEAT!
ZIP
AND THERE'S NO RATION CARD ON IT!
SUB-MARINER TURNS TO SEE...
-A REAR ATTACK!
PRINCE NAMOR FADES BACK AND GRABS THE NAZIS!
CAN YOU SEE WHAT THINGS LOOK LIKE FROM THERE?

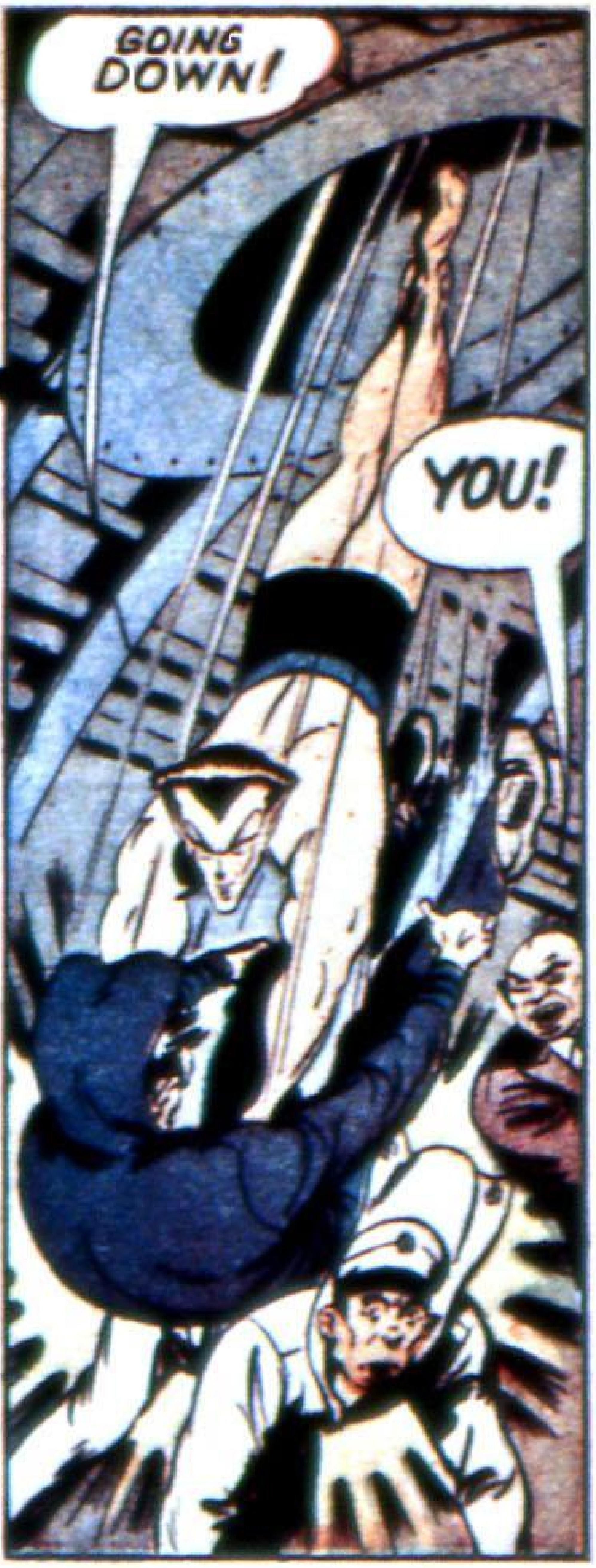

BULL NECK GRABS THE FILM AND...
THE TUNNEL! IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!
GREAT HEAVENS!... SUB-MARINER! HE'S GETTING AWAY WITH THOSE PICTURES OF OUR DEFENSES!
I'LL TAIL HIM, SIR!
BULL NECK DOES NOT KNOW HE HAS BEEN SPOTTED!
THE TUNNEL LEADS TO LONG ISLAND SOUND. WHERE'S THAT RAT HEADING?
ONCE I GED INTO DER MOTOR BOAT, I'M SAFE!
HE JUMPS IN AND STARTS THE POWERFUL MOTORS.
HA-HA-HA-HA!
AND, AS THE BOAT PULLS INTO THE SOUND
THAT TUB'S GOT A SUPERCHARGER! I'M GOING TO HAVE TO EXERT MYSELF!
RO-O-AR

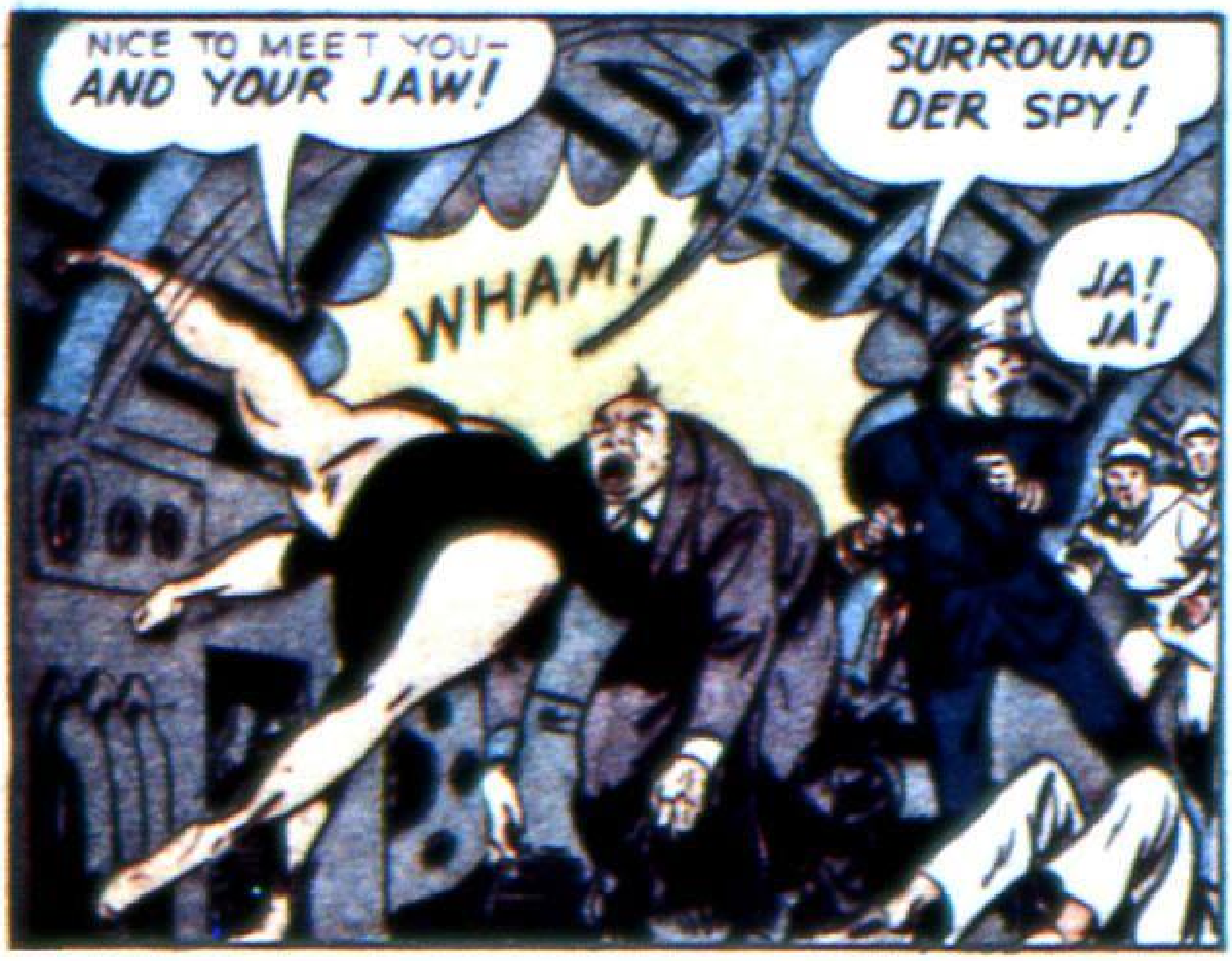

WITH RAZOR-SHARP STROKES, SUB-MARINER WHIZZES THROUGH THE CHOPPY WATER, IN PURSUIT OF THE FLEEING BULL NECK.
HE THINKS HE'S GOING TO PASS THOSE FILMS TO A SUB.
JUST THEN, BULL NECK GIVES HIS BOAT A SHARP TURN AND SEES···
WHA--- THE SUB-MARINER!
WOW! HE'S TRYING TO PULL A HIT AND RUN ACT. I'D BETTER DUCK!
DOT'S DER END OF YOU–HA HA HA!
CRASH!
SUB-MARINER IS HIT BUT HIS POWERFUL BODY RESISTS THE BLOW
···AND, MINUTES LATER–
THE FILMS! I'VE GOT TO FIND THAT BULL NECK!
RISING TO THE SURFACE, HE SEES THE BOAT QUITE A DISTANCE AWAY AND FLASHES OVER TO IT!
IT'S STOPPED! AND···

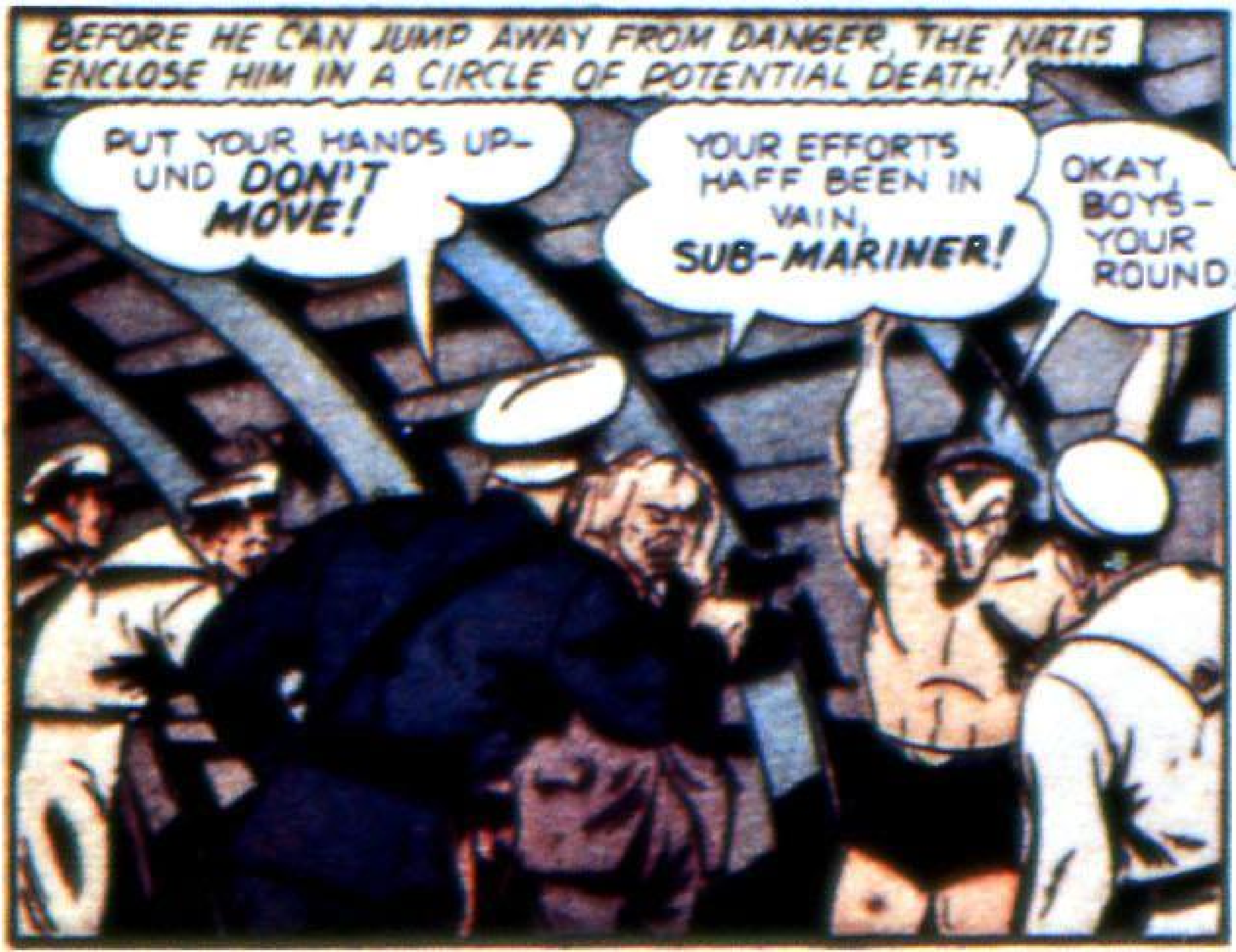

EMPTY!— AM I TOO LATE? NO— THERE'S WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR!
FRANTICALLY, HE SCANS THE HORIZON···
···AND SEES—
JUST IN TIME! THIS SUB'S SUBMERGING. PROBABLY JUST PICKED BULL NECK UP! WELL, LET 'EM GO DOWN··· A LOT OF GOOD IT'LL DO THEM!
MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE NAZI SUB··· AS IT NEARS THE OCEAN BED—
SAFE AT LAST!
YOU HAVE DONE VONDERFUL VORK, HERR BULL NECK! HEIL HITLER!
AS SOON AS VE GED DIS FILM OF NEW YORK'S DEFENSES TO HITLER, VE INVADE AMERICA!

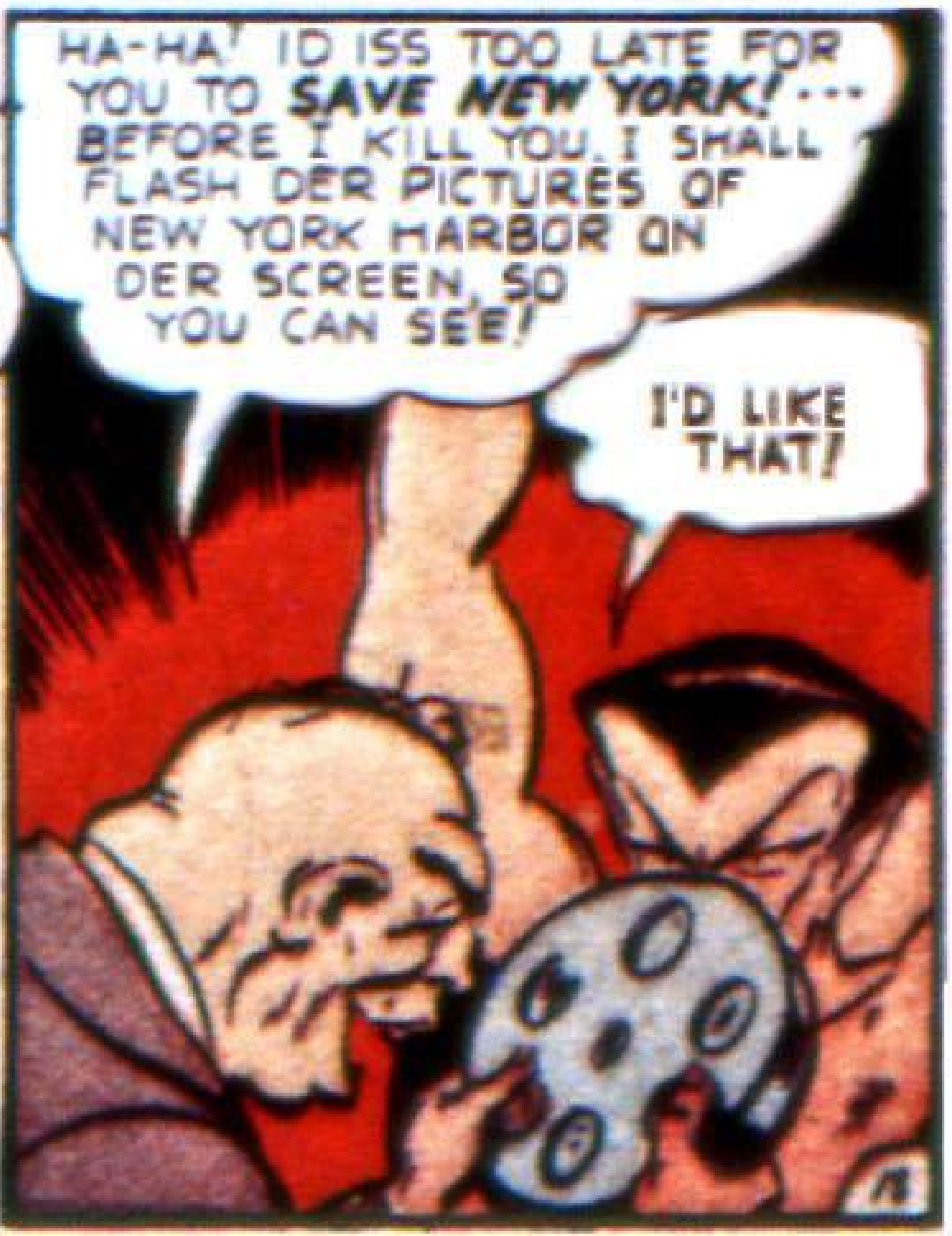

I HAFF DER SCREEN READY!
NO! FIRST VE MUST BE OFF!
START DER MOTORS!
JA-JA!
BUT...
HERR COMMANDANT! THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG MIT DER PROPELLORS!
DER MOTORS DON'T DO ANY GOOT— WE DON'T MOVE!
VOT???!!
WHIR-R-R-R
BLOW DER BALLAST! IMMEDIATELY!
SLOWLY, THE HUGE SUBMARINE RISES TO THE SURFACE, AS AN UNWELCOME BYSTANDER GRIMLY WAITS.
HERE'S HOPING I MEET MY PAL, BULL NECK— AMONG OTHERS!
AS THE HATCH OPENS...
SO, YOU LEAD THE CONGA LINE, EH?

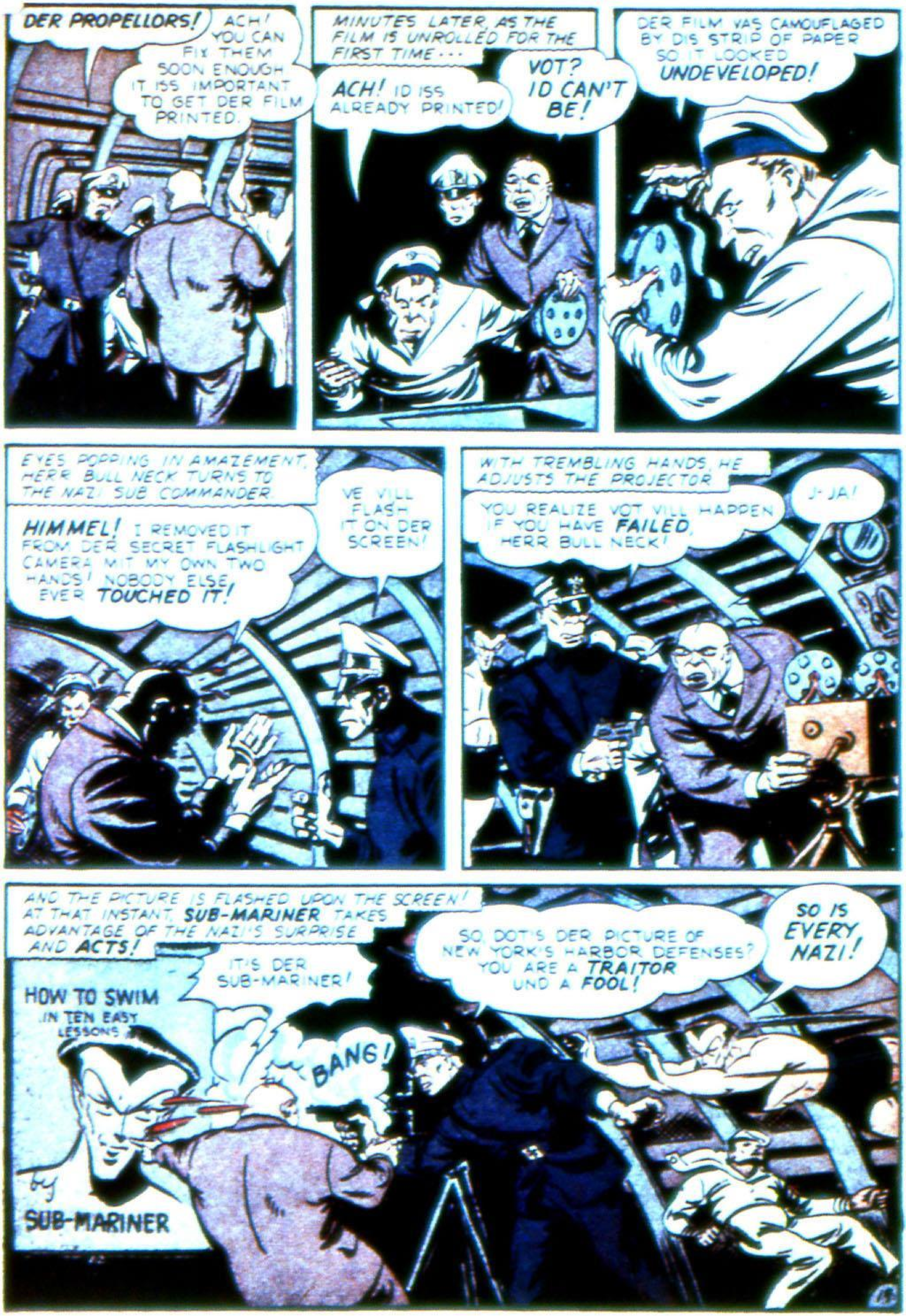

SUB-MARINER MAKES A SUDDEN LEAP
OUT OF MY WAY! I WANT TO SEE BULL NECK!
LOOK OUT BELOW!

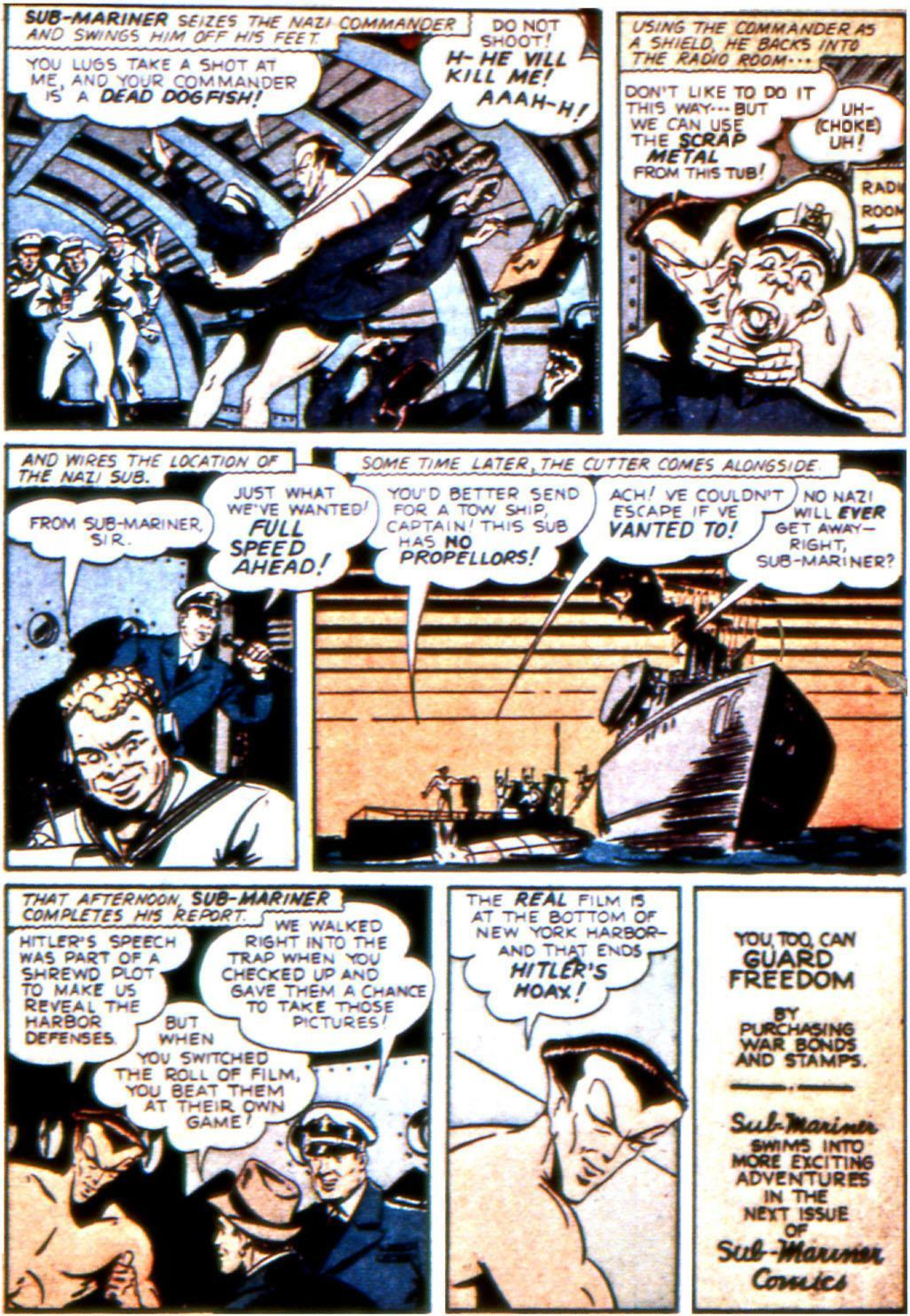

GOING DOWN!
YOU!


NICE TO MEET YOU— AND YOUR JAW!
SURROUND DER SPY!
WHAM!
JA! JA!


BEFORE HE CAN JUMP AWAY FROM DANGER, THE NAZIS ENCLOSE HIM IN A CIRCLE OF POTENTIAL DEATH!
PUT YOUR HANDS UP— UND DON'T MOVE!
YOUR EFFORTS HAFF BEEN IN VAIN, SUB-MARINER!
OKAY, BOYS— YOUR ROUND!


HA-HA! ID ISS TOO LATE FOR YOU TO SAVE NEW YORK!... BEFORE I KILL YOU, I SHALL FLASH DER PICTURES OF NEW YORK HARBOR ON DER SCREEN, SO YOU CAN SEE!
I'D LIKE THAT!


DER PROPELLORS!
ACH! YOU CAN FIX THEM SOON ENOUGH. IT ISS IMPORTANT TO GET DER FILM PRINTED.
MINUTES LATER, AS THE FILM IS UNROLLED FOR THE FIRST TIME...
ACH! ID ISS ALREADY PRINTED!
VOT? ID CAN'T BE!
DER FILM VAS CAMOUFLAGED BY DIS STRIP OF PAPER SO IT LOOKED UNDEVELOPED!
EYES POPPING IN AMAZEMENT, HERR BULL NECK TURNS TO THE NAZI SUB COMMANDER.
HIMMEL! I REMOVED IT FROM DER SECRET FLASHLIGHT CAMERA MIT MY OWN TWO HANDS! NOBODY ELSE EVER TOUCHED IT!
VE VILL FLASH IT ON DER SCREEN!
WITH TREMBLING HANDS, HE ADJUSTS THE PROJECTOR.
YOU REALIZE VOT VILL HAPPEN IF YOU HAVE FAILED, HERR BULL NECK!
J-JA!
AND THE PICTURE IS FLASHED UPON THE SCREEN! AT THAT INSTANT, SUB-MARINER TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE NAZI'S SURPRISE AND ACTS!
HOW TO SWIM IN TEN EASY LESSONS by SUB-MARINER
IT'S DER SUB-MARINER!
SO, DOT'S DER PICTURE OF NEW YORK'S HARBOR DEFENSES? YOU ARE A TRAITOR UND A FOOL!
SO IS EVERY NAZI!
BANG!
13


SUB-MARINER SEIZES THE NAZI COMMANDER AND SWINGS HIM OFF HIS FEET.
YOU LUGS TAKE A SHOT AT ME, AND YOUR COMMANDER IS A DEAD DOGFISH!
DO NOT SHOOT! H- HE VILL KILL ME! AAAH-H!
USING THE COMMANDER AS A SHIELD, HE BACKS INTO THE RADIO ROOM...
DON'T LIKE TO DO IT THIS WAY... BUT WE CAN USE THE SCRAP METAL FROM THIS TUB!
UH- (CHOKE) UH!
RADI ROOM
AND WIRES THE LOCATION OF THE NAZI SUB.
FROM SUB-MARINER, SIR.
JUST WHAT WE'VE WANTED! FULL SPEED AHEAD!
SOME TIME LATER, THE CUTTER COMES ALONGSIDE.
YOU'D BETTER SEND FOR A TOW SHIP, CAPTAIN! THIS SUB HAS NO PROPELLORS!
ACH! VE COULDN'T ESCAPE IF VE VANTED TO!
NO NAZI WILL EVER GET AWAY-RIGHT, SUB-MARINER?
THAT AFTERNOON, SUB-MARINER COMPLETES HIS REPORT.
HITLER'S SPEECH WAS PART OF A SHREWD PLOT TO MAKE US REVEAL THE HARBOR DEFENSES.
WE WALKED RIGHT INTO THE TRAP WHEN YOU CHECKED UP AND GAVE THEM A CHANCE TO TAKE THOSE PICTURES!
BUT WHEN YOU SWITCHED THE ROLL OF FILM, YOU BEAT THEM AT THEIR OWN GAME!
THE REAL FILM IS AT THE BOTTOM OF NEW YORK HARBOR- AND THAT ENDS HITLER'S HOAX!
YOU, TOO, CAN GUARD FREEDOM BY PURCHASING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS.
Sub-Mariner SWIMS INTO MORE EXCITING ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF Sub-Mariner Comics

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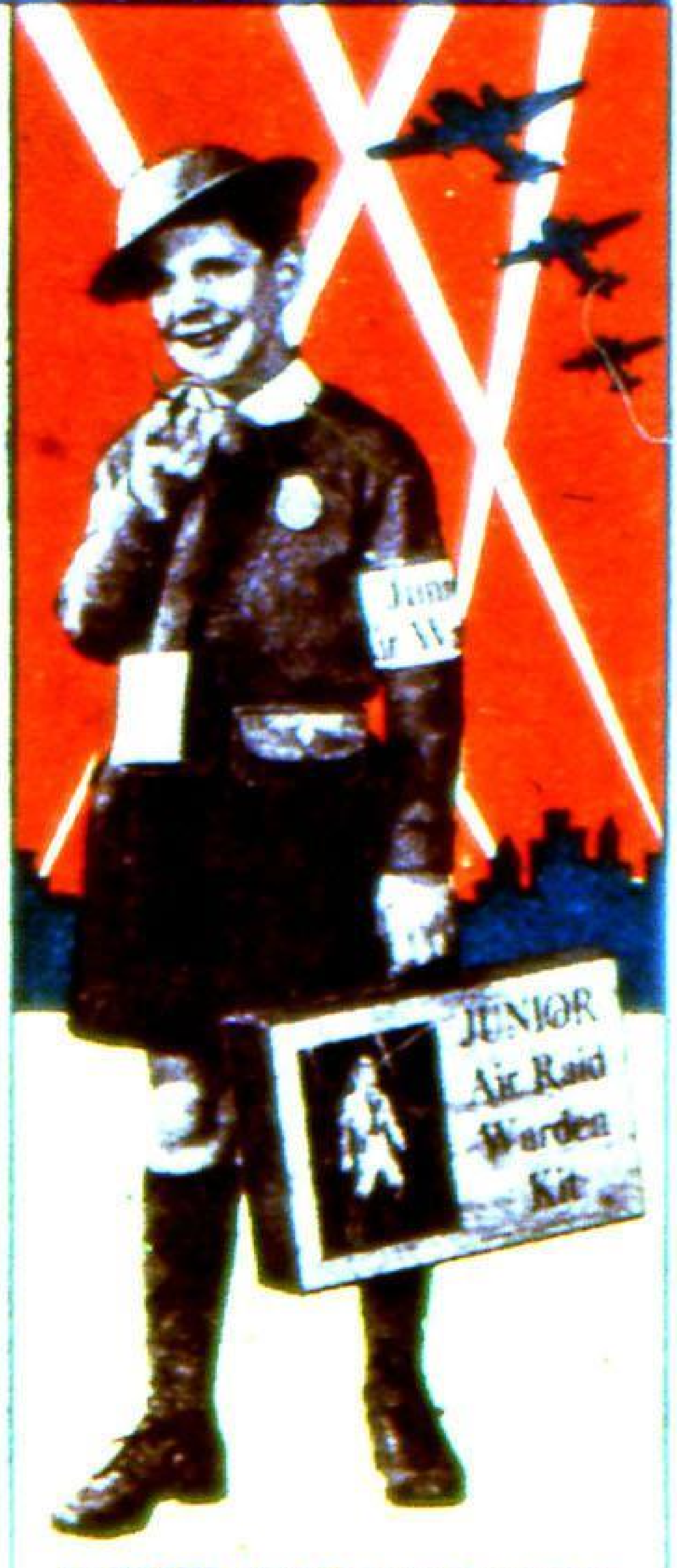

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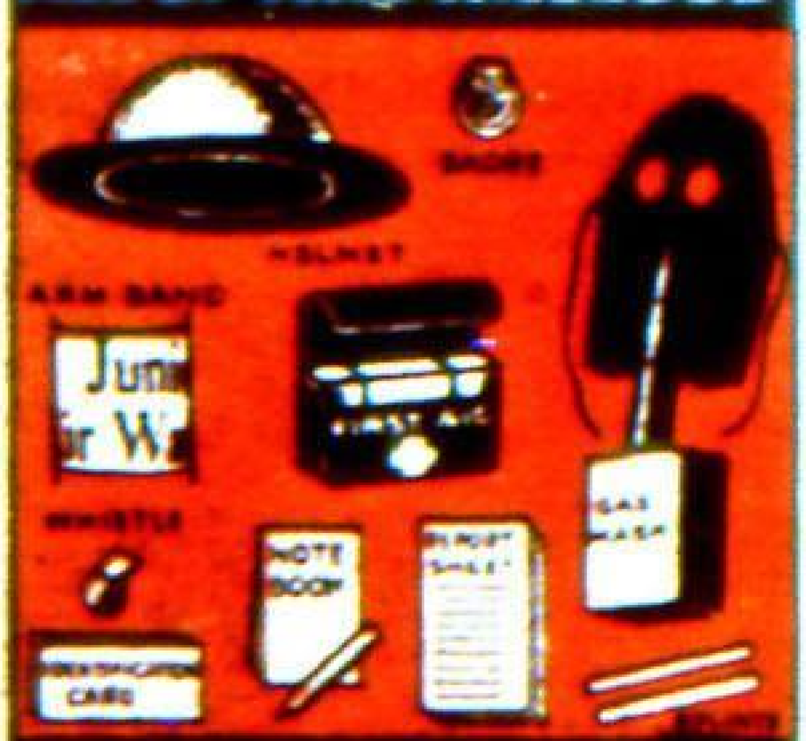

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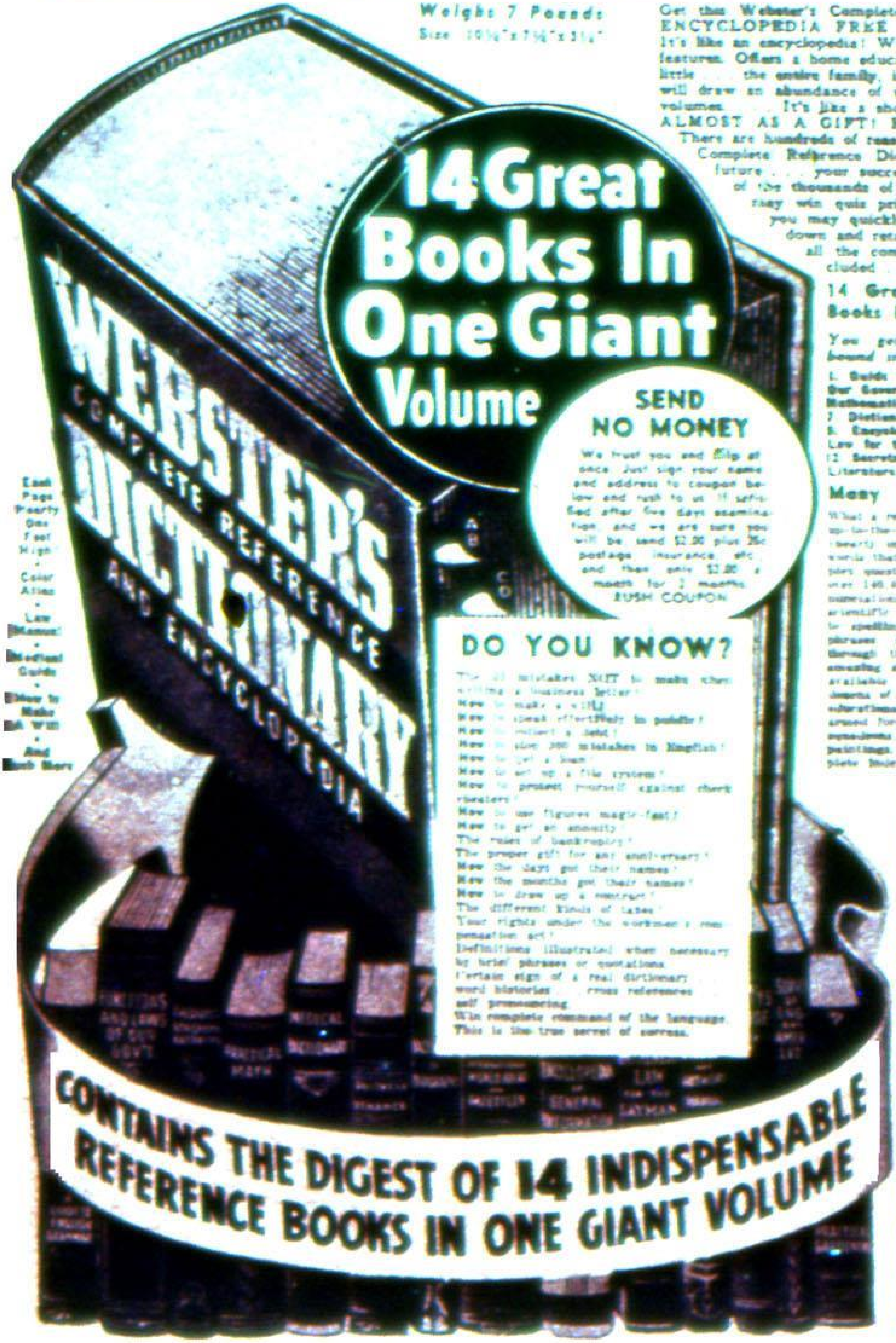
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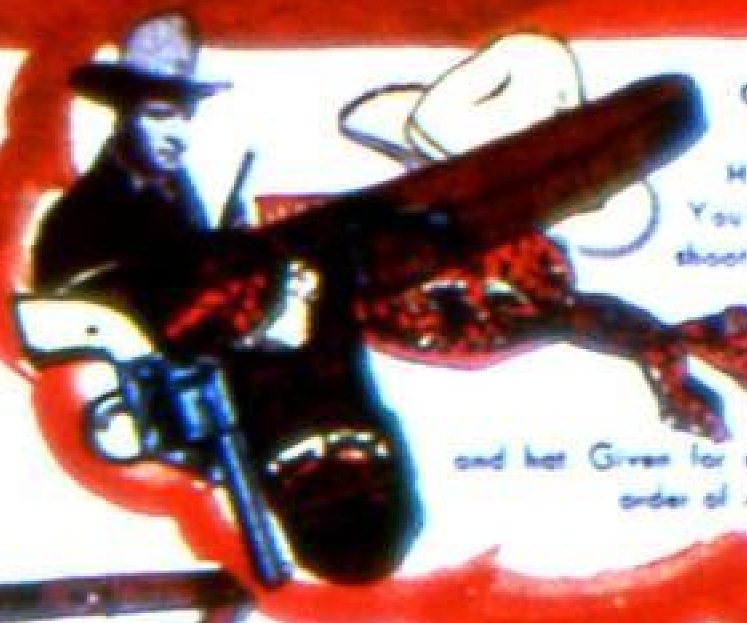

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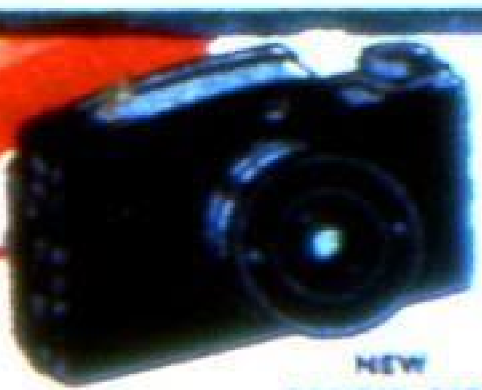

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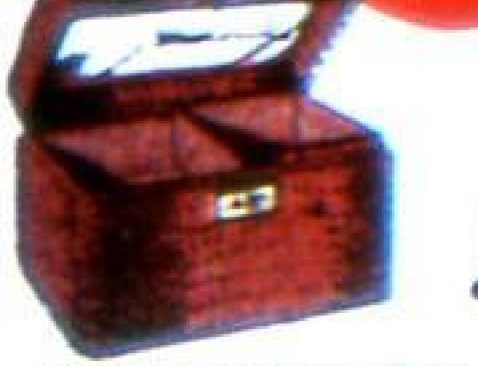

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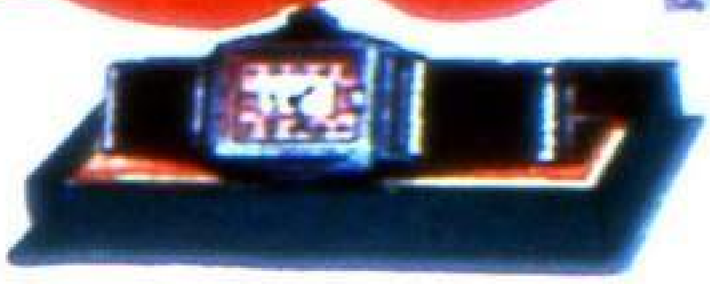

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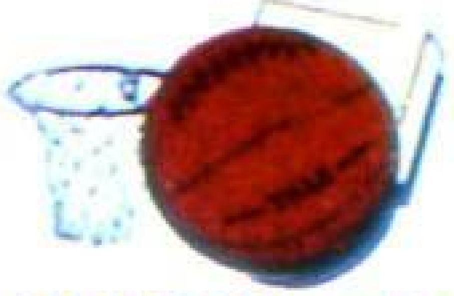

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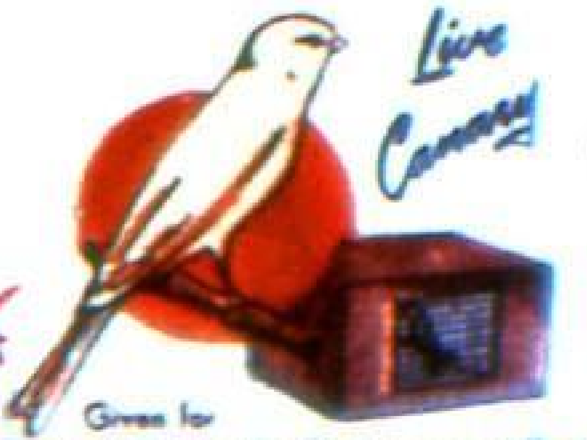

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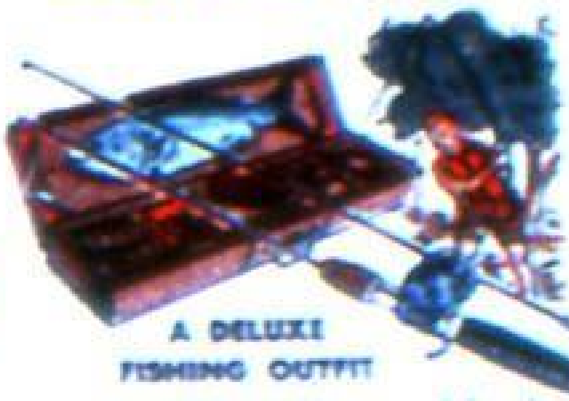

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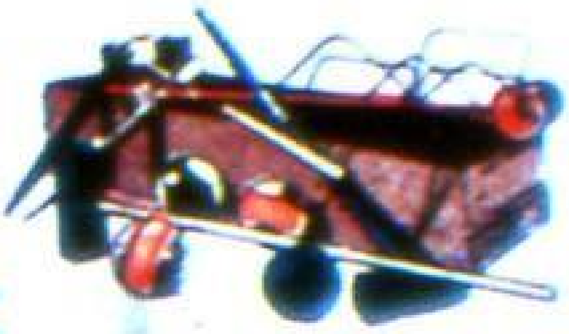

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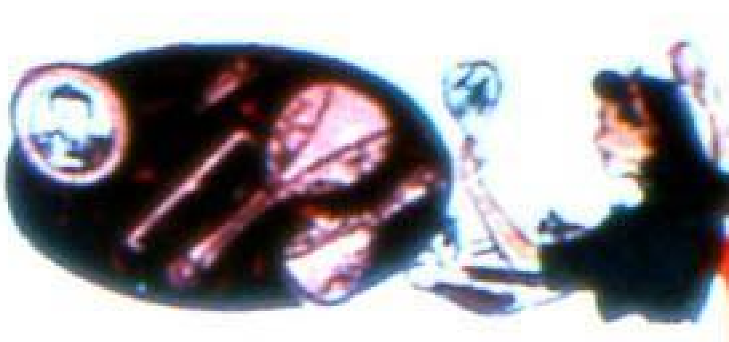

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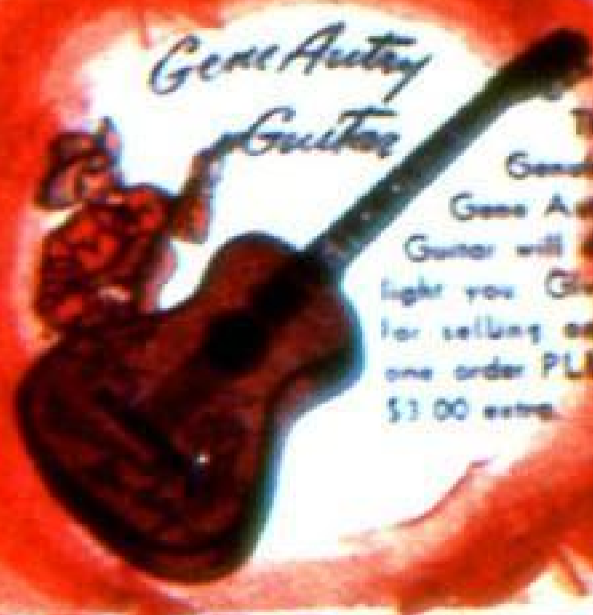

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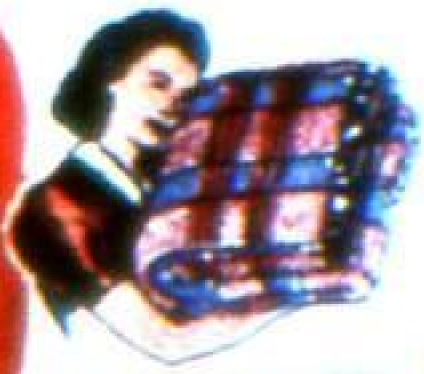

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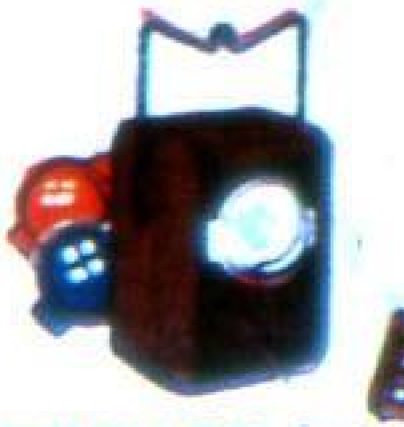
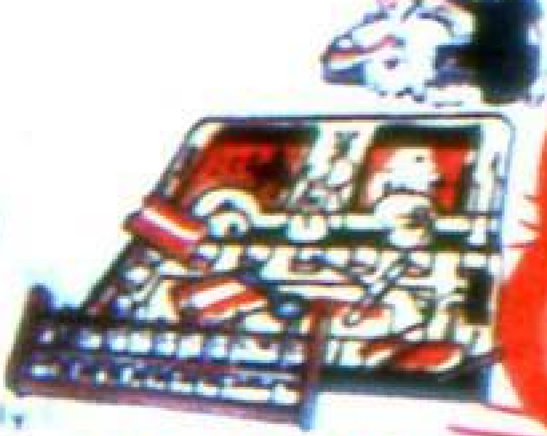
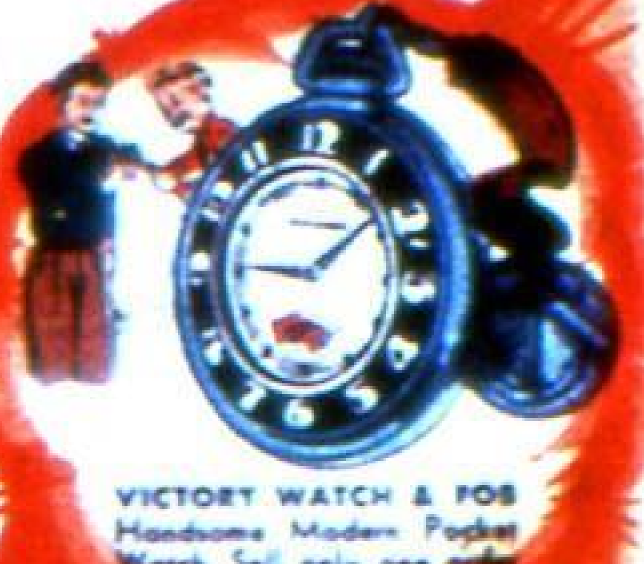


VICTORY LIGHT. Easily carried flashlight with three lenses—RED for warning, WHITE for regular use, BLUE for blackouts. Complete with batteries. Sell one order.



CHEMISTRY SET. Famous "Chemcraft" Set for interesting home experiments. Sell only one order of American Seeds.



VICTORY WATCH & FOB Handsome Modern Pocket Watch. Sell only one order of American Seeds.

AMERICAN SEEDS FOR VICTORY GARDENS

THE "VICTORY BADGE" WE SEND YOU, HELPS YOU TO SELL SEEDS

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are given WITHOUT COST for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated.

Everybody wants American Seeds for Victory Gardens—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once, or, if you prefer, take one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. GET BUSY—send coupon today for free prize book and seeds.

OUR 25TH YEAR.

Send No Money—We Trust You

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Please send the BIG PRIZE BOOK and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is ______________________

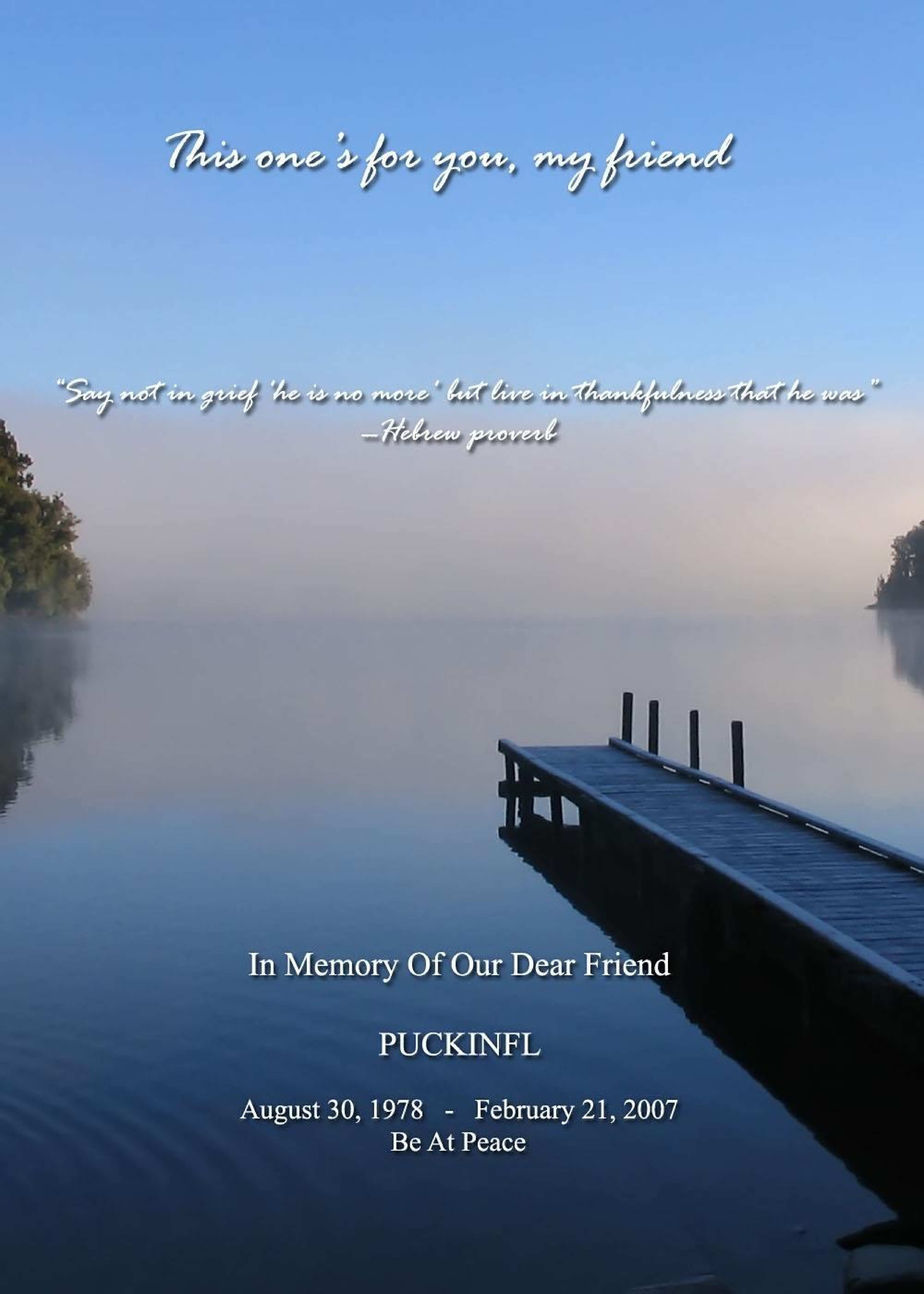
Name ______________________

R.F.D. Box or Street No. ______________________

City ______________________

State ______________________

MAIL COUPON TODAY!



This one's for you, my friend

> *“Say not in grief ‘he is no more’ but live in thankfulness that he was”*
> *—Hebrew proverb*

In Memory Of Our Dear Friend

PUCKINFL

August 30, 1978 - February 21, 2007
Be At Peace